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## RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

BY MRS. C. R. CORSON.

### I.

#### THE GRECO-RUSSIAN CHURCH.



ONE of the best means, perhaps, of apprehending correctly the character of a race is to study its religion. Religions are, as it were, the molds into which the successive generations recorded by history are cast. Often even after the mold is broken do they retain its imprint. On the other hand, religions, like rivers, tak-

ing the color of the beds wherein they flow, are influenced by the particular character of the peoples that adopt them, by their climate, by the land they inhabit. In no country is this more evident than in Russia, where Christianity presents so unique a phase and seems so wholly a part of the life blood of the nation. In no other country could Church and State have become so wholly one and the same thing.

It is well known how the Russian Slavs were originally governed by Scandinavian princes; how in 864, Rurick, no doubt one of those enterprising sea-kings, taking possession of the coasts of the Baltic, brought the land under his rule and founded that vast monarchy—the Empire of Russia. Less known, perhaps, is the introduction of Christianity into the land.

Two brothers, Dir and Orkhold, after being companions of Rurick, broke away from him

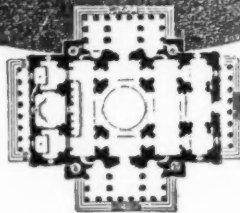
and founded a second monarchy with Kiev for its capital. Next, trying to push their conquests still farther south, they attacked Constantinople. Here they were converted to Christianity, and forthwith sent missionaries to Russia to convert their subjects likewise. It has been a matter of dispute among historians whether the precise date of this event is 866 or 867. If it were in the former year, it was under Photius, the schismatic Patriarch of Constantinople; if in the latter, under Ignatius the Patriarch in communion with the Church of Rome. Whichever it was, the Cross was planted, and planted so deep in the soil of Russia that of all modern nations there is no other at the present time that can be said to have preserved so unalterable a faith in the Savior and so childlike a submission to the decrees of Providence.

Studying the history of this Christianization, we find its *modus operandi* pretty much the same as in Western Europe. More force was employed than persuasion: the sword being by far the more effective of the two. Neither Clovis nor Charlemagne reasoned with his troops. However, it was not till 988 that coercive measures were employed and Christianity became duly established. The empire had recovered its unity in 882 under Oleg, and in 988 Vladimir the Apostolic determined what should be the religion of the land. He was the grandson of Olga, the so-called Russian Helena, who had been baptized at Constantinople, and exercised upon her grandson the same influence that the mother of Constantine the Great exercised over her son.

But Vladimir, despite his surname, was of no Christian disposition. Cruel and violent,

he ruled chiefly through terror. In order to decide upon the form of divine worship in his empire, he sent ambassadors east and west to examine the rites and doctrines of the Latins, Mohammedans, and Greeks, and selected the latter, then in communion with Rome, because they were the most imposing. The great schism which now separates the two churches, did not occur before the middle of the eleventh century, and was effected by Michael Caerularius, Patriarch of Constantinople.

with the consent of the eastern Patriarchs placed the whole government of the Russian Church in the hands of the Holy Synod dependent on the Czar. Catherine II. next seized all church property, and the prelates were then paid a fixed salary by the state. Although this Synod is on the one hand wholly subservient to the Czar, it enjoys on the other, owing to the system of centralization of the Russian government, an immense power in the church.



ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL.

This led toward the consolidation of the power of the Crown, and the final establishment of the Czar as the head of the church. The policy of the Czar from that time has always been to subject the ecclesiastical to the imperial power, to make the church a national church, subject to no other law than his; in short, creating that absolute autocracy which constitutes the government of Russia to this day. It was achieved in 1667 when the Czar Alexis Michaelovitch, at variance with the Patriarch of Moscow, Nikon, caused the latter's deposition and purposely left the See vacant. In 1721 Peter the Great,

The bishops of the Russian Church at Kiev, Novgorod, and St. Petersburg are called archbishops and the one in Siberia, metropolitan. They cannot marry and are therefore selected from the monks. All Russian religions follow the rule of St. Basil, which is very strict. They cannot be professed before the age of forty, the women not before fifty. The novitiate lasts three years. Few monks receive holy orders. The "white" or secular clergy on the other hand must all be married. They are mostly sons of priests.

The creed of the Russian Church with the exception of a few points is the same as that



of the Roman Catholic Church. It differs in rejecting the supremacy of the Pope and the dogma of the Holy Ghost's proceeding from the Son. Contrary to the Catholics, the Russians hold that marriage may be dissolved in cases of adultery, and consider baptism by sprinkling, invalid. Since the last century there has been great progress made in education among certain classes in certain sections of the country. Prelates in high places have shown leanings to Protestant views; there are obvious efforts made in various ways to soften down the points of difference between the two churches; but Eastern orthodoxy is too deeply rooted in the Slav character to adopt readily any progressive church-measures.

In a discussion on church matters, a woman of high rank said to Mr. Leroy-Beaulieu, the eminent writer on Russian affairs in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "As far as religion proper is concerned, I am simply a Christian, without any particular creed: my tendencies are rather Protestant than otherwise; but as a Russian, I am *passionately* orthodox."

This remark strikes the key-note of the religious feeling among all classes in Russia. "Autocracy, Orthodoxy, Nationality" has been the Czar's triple device all along: obedience to God, the Czar, the country. The Constitution of Russia opens with a scriptural declaration to the effect that the people *must* submit to supreme power "not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake."

This so-called orthodox church then is the corner-stone of Russia's power; yet, like all powers, it has its undermining influence, which springs from the very foundation of the official church, creating schism within schism. It is called Raskol—the Russian name for schism, and has its root in the spirit of conservatism that pervades all that is Russian but especially the ancient Muscovite whose adherence to the letter of his liturgical books and the original formalism of the Byzantine church, causes him to look upon all innovation as satanic.

It is this stubborn steadfastness, this ignorant attachment to ancestral notions and customs that through so many years has kept the nation behind all others in the march of progress. It forms the basis of the Russian's character and distinguishes him from both the Latins and Germans. Before this blind force even the genius of Peter the Great had to bend. It opposed and annihilated all his

efforts at civilizing the country. Dormant through seven or eight centuries it showed its full spirit about the middle of the seventeenth, when the Patriarch Nikon undertook to reform the Slavonic-Russian liturgy, and, leaning upon the secular arm, imposed its use upon all the Muscovite provinces. The higher clergy upheld the Patriarch, the lower and the mass of the people offered violent resistance. This became the starting point of the Raskol. The multitude of sects it broke into after its severance from orthodox allegiance, scattered over Russia and forms to this day a power not easily dealt with as its force resides purely in its spiritual independence, indeed the only independence the poor Russian ever enjoyed. As moreover the largest portion represent industry and honest wealth, it would be poor policy to trouble them. They style themselves *starovèry*, true-believers, and in the early days of persecution showed themselves equal to any of the martyrs of the primitive church.

The worst feature of the Raskol is its pagan substratum. In the eyes of some of the sects connected with it, religion means witchcraft; the officiating priest is a magician, the ceremonies are enchantments. Yet even the orthodox believer of the official church is not free from this sort of superstition. This eastern turn of mind is truly Manichæan in tendency. It trusts Divine Good; but Evil is supernatural likewise and must be placated. The story of the moujik who placed two candles before the image of St. George, one for the knight and one for the dragon, illustrates this. The difference between the Raskolnik and the orthodox church-member lies chiefly in the obstinate fidelity to ancient rules of the former and the pliant disposition of the latter, ready to make friends with all creeds. It is said that settling among Buddhists, for instance, he does not hesitate to accept their images and offer them his in exchange, dividing peacefully his devotions between the two.

A case which presents an interesting problem to the moralist and statesman is the present expulsion of the Jews from Russia; it might, perhaps, be traced to that intense adherence to the letter—the formalism of Byzantine Christianity—a Christianity that will brook no foreign element in its midst. And not only in the East but somewhat also in the West. The history of Europe shows both in the past and in the present that wherever the

Jewish element threatened predominance, it was counteracted in one way or another. Despite the rationalism and materialism of the time, its civilization is Christian.

## II.

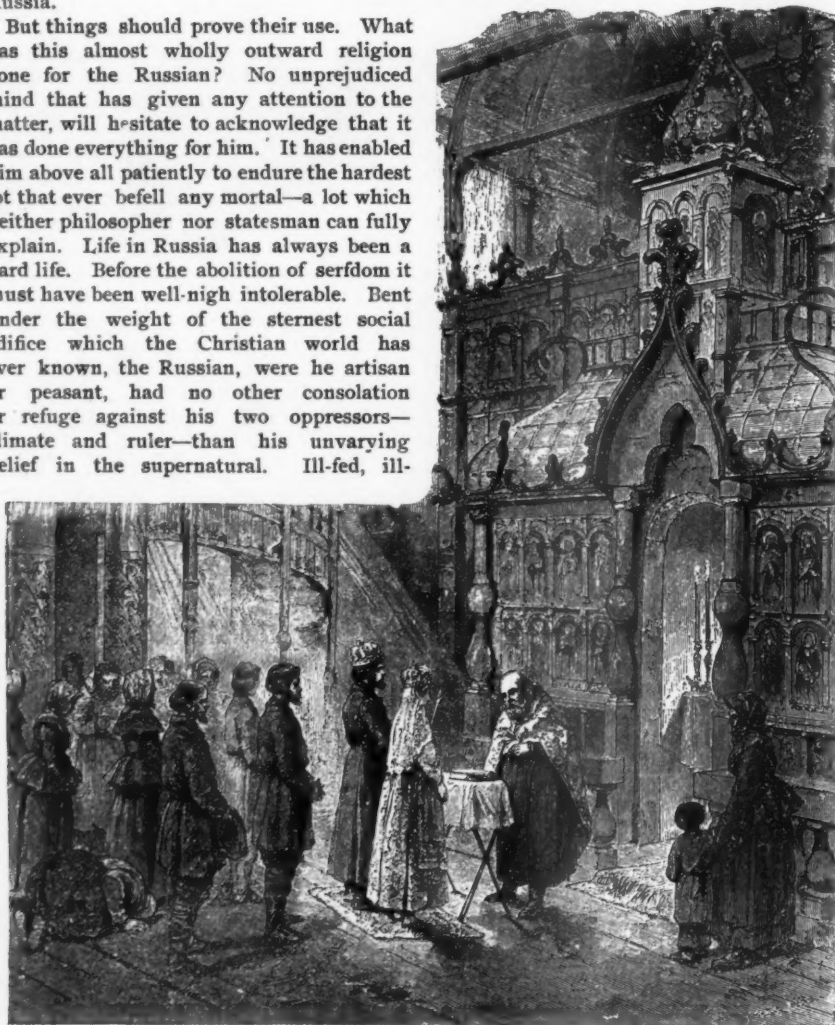
### THE RUSSIANS—RUSSIAN MORALS AND CUSTOMS.

It has been seen in the foregoing chapter that Russia, in the sense of the letter, is devotedly Christian. In that sense it truly deserves to be called, as it sometimes is, Holy Russia.

But things should prove their use. What has this almost wholly outward religion done for the Russian? No unprejudiced mind that has given any attention to the matter, will hesitate to acknowledge that it has done everything for him. It has enabled him above all patiently to endure the hardest lot that ever befell any mortal—a lot which neither philosopher nor statesman can fully explain. Life in Russia has always been a hard life. Before the abolition of serfdom it must have been well-nigh intolerable. Bent under the weight of the sternest social edifice which the Christian world has ever known, the Russian, were he artisan or peasant, had no other consolation or refuge against his two oppressors—climate and ruler—than his unvarying belief in the supernatural. Ill-fed, ill-

paid, crushed in all his native energy, whichever way he turned his eyes, misery stared him in the face. The country he belongs to is forbidding in the extreme. Endless plains, barely broken here and there by small woods of meager trees, a landscape all horizontal, so to say, where the sky occupies the largest place, and the earth presents but a starved vegetation, all invite him to turn his eyes heavenward—to the unseen.

Tied to the ground of his native place from his birth, with little or no chance of educa-



A RUSSIAN MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

tion, he becomes what might be called a realistic dreamer; the natural and the spiritual becoming confounded. He hears prophetic voices in the fierce winds which, blowing from the north pole and sweeping over the forests, make the pines and birches and trembling aspens wail a song of woe in which he unconsciously joins.

His countenance has in it a corresponding note of sadness; his whole being is set in a minor key. This world never meant joy. Religion has thus become his dominant passion, his anchor and refuge, his chief glory.

bride and groom are called prince and princess on their wedding-day. They are made to stand before the tabernacle, exchange rings and give each other the marriage kiss. To recall to their minds that henceforth they should have all things in common, they are made to drink three times out of the same cup. After this their hands are tied together and they are led three times around the altar to signify that they are to walk through life in close union.

The funeral rites are of a like realistic nature; here the farewell kiss corresponds to



THE KREMLIN.

Fame, in his eyes, detached from the Cross, means nothing. To arouse his patriotism or pride, some religious interest must be attached to the cause before he arms himself for it. It is not the war-trumpet with its promises of military honors that would have to be sounded to start him, but the bells of his many thousand churches. So thoroughly has religion interpenetrated his whole life, that it might be called a religious poem in a dramatic form; a sort of passion play in three acts—Baptism, Marriage, Death—all accompanied with solemn music, chanting and choruses, and never-changing program.

Truly touching in its religious literalism is the Russian marriage ceremony. The

the marriage kiss, and the coffin is carried three times around the church.

One of the few great excitements in the Russian's torpid life is the festival of Easter. It is not only the holiest, but also the dearest of his days. The Greek Church does not celebrate its midnight mass at Christmas, but at Easter. The spectacle of an Easter night at Moscow is one not easily forgotten. City and suburb gather at the foot of the Ivan Veliki tower which stands between the two old cathedrals of the Kremlin.

This structure unique in its kind for its grim massiveness and tremendous bell power is the central figure of the city, its golden dome and cross "nearly three hundred feet



artillery ; "Christ is risen !" rings in various accents from each story of the tower ; "Christ is risen !" sing high up in the air the musical silver bells beneath the dome. Then all heads are uncovered ; all the tapers are lighted, and the happy throng—happy in its one sure hope, the resurrection, gives itself up to Easter joys, forgetful of all else.

Another touching ceremony equally national in its character, is the blessing of the land and cattle, houses and harvests. No easy task for the priest and his beadle and the holy-water carrier in the early spring ; for the fields, after the mountains of snow that covered them all through the hard and



A RUSSIAN CHURCH INTERIOR.

in air," making it the most conspicuous object for miles around. Its basement is a chapel dedicated to St. John, and over it rises story upon story, filled with bells of different grades, the largest weighing sixty-four tons. Here the eager crowds with candles in hand await the signal to light them. The bells in the tower are all muffled and toll slowly until midnight ; then all burst forth in joyous peals :

"Christ is risen !" thunders the largest booming over the plains like a discharge of

long winter have melted, are soaked, and it is a wonder they can be walked over at all. Still it is done. Clad in his chasuble and accompanied by his beadle and attendant peasant, each country priest goes over the fields of his parish asperging them. The occasion is not only a religious ceremony, but a national holiday ; for the whole country is in glee to see again the sunshine after the dreary winter. The peasants are dressed in their best and the lord of the village with his family and friends attends. On the village



square a table is set for an altar, and before it, in semi-circle, the peasants arrange their cattle and even their tools; for success, they firmly believe, comes from above.

Yet are there Russian festivities not linked with the church, proving the necessity of recreation among all kinds of men. On the banks of the Irtysh, the first large river the traveler comes to after crossing the Ural Mountains going eastward, is a small hamlet composed of a few wooden houses which is called the City of the Seven Palaces. This is the meeting place of Siberia's horse-race enthusiasts. The people belong chiefly to the Kirghees tribe of nomad Cossacks who live on the Steppes. The Steppes in that region cover an area of 850,000 square miles. Here one may study that ancient Mongol race, which, under the great Khan Genghis, invaded Europe in 1220 carrying destruction everywhere. It is an ugly race and of bad reputation even in our days, although since they have been brought under Russian authority, the worst of their depredations have come to an end.

The horse-racing above alluded to is a part of an annual festival, properly Mohammedan, the *Courban-Bairan*, in which both Turks and Russians engage. It has lost its original purpose and has become simply an occasion for a yearly merry-making. The primitive character of the races is of itself an interesting and amusing study. There are stakes and prizes differing in value according to the means of the participants, the highest never exceeding a hundred roubles; some consisting even in flocks and cattle. While the horses run their allotted space, some of the spectators engage in wrestling and other athletic sports. After the distribution of the prizes, there is naturally feasting; the favorite dish, *palao*, a sort of mutton stew with rice and onions, and the favorite drink, *koomis*, sour mare's milk from which the Cossack distills an intoxicating liquor, form the *menu*.

That with all their barbarism these wild hordes have an innate sense for higher things, may be seen from the fact that, feasting over, they make way for the bard.

In regard to the Russian's morals, his code of ethics is the same as ours—Christian—at least in intent; the law, do unto others as you would be done by, prevailing.

The climate and the poverty of the land have driven its helpless inhabitants, however, C-Sept.

into more than one vice. Drunkenness exists to a deplorable degree in Russia. Both rich and poor seek warmth in alcohol. The priests are particularly exposed to this evil, as the vast distances they have often to traverse in the heart of winter in the performance of their sacred office, cause them to resort to this means as the most immediately effective. The consequence sometimes is that they arrive drunk at the hut where the dying awaits the last consolations of his religion.

Otherwise, how frugal! One meal a day is usually all the poor moujik asks to keep soul and body together; and this meal he makes, of course, as substantial as his poverty allows. It consists generally of a soup composed of almost everything eatable.

The rich, of course, live differently. The Russian palate generally deadened by strong condiments needs stimulants to arouse it; and of those appetizers, both in solids and liquids, Russia furnishes the greatest variety. In regard to dress, their taste, as is well known, is Eastern. They delight in showy things, in rich effects; display fine furs, much jewelry; in short cultivate wherever they live, their love for magnificence. Gorgeousness reaches its climax in a wealthy Russian's home.

Most amusing in a certain respect were Peter the Great's efforts to civilize his long-gowned, bearded subjects by means of foreign fashions, and he must have felt rather little when all his efforts to introduce the razor in Russia failed. The moujik knew better than the Czar what long, warm gowns, sheepskins, and beards were meant for. What would a stylish swallow-tailed coat, a smart moustache and whiskers avail his legs and chest and lungs in the hard, long winters he has to live through? No, the dear Czar might if he liked cut off his head with his razor, but his beard, no!

To sum up all, Russia's customs spring from its soil, its climate, its Eastern origin, from the natural instincts of its people, and will probably for a long time to come yet stand their ground against Western modes of dress and living.

### III.

ST. PETERSBURG AND MOSCOW. RUSSIAN ART.

"ST. PETERSBURG," said the Emperor Nicholas, when apologizing once for the modern look of his great capital, "may not be



Russia, but it is nevertheless Russian." It was Peter the Great who built St. Petersburg, and the achievement was next to miraculous, for it was actually built on water—oozy, marshy ground, which nothing but Russian patience, endurance, perseverance, and obedience could have conquered. Like Venus Anadyomene the city rose complete from the Baltic Sea and became its queen. How the builders must have sworn at their Czar, we can imagine, working as they did all day long in sea-water up to their waists. But to both their credit and glory the city was built, and became the new capital of Russia.

St. Petersburg covers thirty square miles and numbers over half a million of inhabitants. It is, however, a European city. Its superb squares lined with stately buildings, its broad, regular streets have nothing truly national. It is the progress of the West we see in them, not the conservatism of the East, and thus, to the artist or philosopher the city is less interesting as a Russian city than Moscow. Its grand cathedral, for instance, St. Isaac's, the finest church in northern Europe, is all Italian in style. A pity that with the wealth bestowed on it, it could not have borrowed from ancient Muscovy some few features by which it might have asserted its nationality. It is built of Finland granite in the usual form of a Greek cross, and is entered by four magnificent portals, the pillars of whose porticoes surpass in size those of the Roman Pantheon. Its Byzantine dome, its only Russian feature, surrounded by smaller domes at the angles of the roof, is supported by thirty granite pillars. This dome is entirely overlaid with gold and surmounted by a golden cross the height and brilliancy of which make it a conspicuous object for miles and miles. The wealth and splendor of the interior can scarcely be described or estimated. One simply feels them, for all is dark, the dome shedding a solemn twilight all around. It is only by the flicker of the lamps burning before the sacred images that one is made conscious of the rare materials, precious stones, and mosaics, wrought in ceiling and floor.

What chiefly attracts the eye on entering a Russian church is the *ikonostas*, or wooden partition, which separates the choir from the nave and on which the greatest part of the ornamentation of the church centers. This partition is called *ikonostas* because of the *ikons*, or images of Christ, the Virgin, and

saints, placed upon it, and is meant to symbolize the veil of the Temple of Solomon. None but the priest and the Czar on the day of his coronation are allowed to enter its doors.

There is perhaps no church service in Christendom which in impressiveness comes up to that of the Greek Church. The music is purely vocal: men's and boys' voices only, but the structure of the edifice lends it a power the various effects of which surpass all description. Reverberating, echoing from gallery to gallery to the topmost round of the dome, the singing reaches an intensity and spirituality that carry the listener away; it is forsooth the music of the spheres.

The Russian churches differ from ours in that they have no seats. The congregation according to its devotion, stands or kneels; many often prostrate themselves. This custom, doing away with pew-rent would seem to rob the church treasury of its chief income; but it is compensated for by the active sale of the candles, which are bought at the door to be placed before the images of the *ikonostas*. Let not the reader condemn this as idolatry. The Russian bishops, at their consecration, swear to watch lest these images receive an homage due to God alone. Besides, there can be nothing more ghastly than these *ikons*: long, emaciated figures, exhibiting Eastern asceticism in all its severity. Yet this does not prevent the lower classes, and even the higher, from being often very superstitious. There is scarcely a country on the globe where sorcery, divination, belief in omens are more rife, or where Christianity is more mixed up with magic.

To get the full feeling of a Russian city, and of Russia as a country, one must cross its Steppes and make for Moscow.

"Across the steppe we journeyed,  
The brown, fir-darkened plain  
That rolls to east and rolls to west,  
Broad as the billowy main,  
When lo! a sudden splendor  
Came shimmering through the air,  
As if the clouds should melt and leave  
The heights of heaven bare,—  
A maze of rainbow domes and spires  
Full glorious on the sky;  
With wafted chimes from many a tower  
As the south wind went by,  
And a thousand crosses lightly hung  
That shone like morning stars—  
'Twas the Kremlin wall! 'twas Moscow,  
The jewel of the Czars!"

Here all points to Tartar domination. Moscow was founded in the twelfth century and has won for itself the title of Holy Moscow. It is divided into five parts, each a city in itself, surrounded by walls, surmounted by towers—fortifications within and upon fortifications: the Kremlin, the central part; Kitai-gorod, or Chinese city, the trading quarter; Beloigorod, or white city; Zemlianoigorod, or earth-city, because it was originally surrounded by a wall of earth; and Slobodi, or the suburbs. It is in these suburbs extending over the plain, that one gets an idea of what the homes of the former serf-population must have been. Poor little shanties with a few boards for a roof and a single window!

There is no other city perhaps that like Moscow presents so curious a combination of the quaint and the imposing. The showy colored, green-roofed houses, the palaces and convents, the scintillation in the air from the countless gilded, silvered, enameled domes and spires, and everywhere the solemn, sky-seeking cross over-topping the crescent, fix the attention and arouse reflection. All these different walled in quarters of the town seem to point to the Kremlin, its heart and altar and chief fortress.

Triangular in shape, about a mile in circumference, the Kremlin rises on the bank of the Moskva, like a minster-citadel. Its massive stone wall, pierced with gates and overhung with towers, some bearing devotional names, seem as if they meant to protect it against all unholy things. Here we find those great old cathedrals, so intimately linked with the history of Russia—the Cathedral of the Assumption where the Czars are crowned; of the Annunciation, where they are married; the Church of the Archangel Michael, where they are buried; in short it is in the Kremlin that we find the essence of Russia, religious and political; the state treasury with its trophies and mementos; the church treasury, in the House of the Holy Synod, full of ecclesiastical treasures. No one, susceptible to the meaning of things, will leave Moscow without being profoundly impressed with the sense of power it exhales: power moral and physical and self-supporting.

Among the occasional street scenes of Moscow may be noted, for its truly national character, the out-of-door restaurant of the poor; an improvised restaurant, which at certain hours of the day is allowed to take possession of the sidewalk or pavement and furnish a mid-

day meal to the straggling peddlers. It generally locates itself in proximity to some market. A few barrels and boards are made into tables; the samovar, or tea-kettle, is placed in the center, and furnishes the soup's accompanying drink; for the Russian can no more live without tea than without alcohol. All classes crave it; the rich who pay sometimes ten dollars a pound for theirs and of which quality two leaves are said to make a cup, and the poor who gladly pay a few copeks for its mere tincture.

Another truly Russian city is Nijnii-Novgorod, which, since the fourteenth century with its annual fair, gathers into its midst Asia and Europe, and shows the *raison d'être* of universal expositions. Nijnii-Novgorod and Frankfort on the Oder are our earliest models in that direction.

A rare sight indeed to see together the traders from beyond the Ural, exhibiting the treasures of their mines, cut at the Works of Ekaterinburg, and those of Khorassan and Bokhara theirs—precious stones, fashioned into all sorts of things useful and ornamental. The Persian brings his carpets and cashmeres; the grave Armenian, the eager Jew, each in his own way draws the crowd; for crowd there is, the visiting populations being estimated to average two-hundred thousand, while Nijnii itself numbers over forty thousand.

Space forbids alluding to the many other places of interest of this vast empire; suffice it to say that all those twenty million people that constitute Russia, are devoted to the Czar; devoted not only because their religion makes it their duty so to be, but because it is their nature.

Here perhaps a few words touching nihilism might not be out of place. Nihilism is of Russian growth, but it was sown by the intellectualism of the West. The free-thought of modern scholarship has penetrated nearly everywhere; in Russia, in order to become popular, it had to clothe itself in a sort of religious fanaticism. It first assumed the form of gospel-teaching, but covertly preached the give-me-my-portion doctrine. Its influence however is on the decline. As to the poorer classes, simple wisdom keeps them in distrust of it; and the higher, who secretly war against the growing democracy of the times, begin to see that the latter is by far the lesser evil, for the success of nihilism would only plunge them into a hopeless anarchy.

Russia, hampered as it is with its religious conservatism keeps nevertheless steadily on the forward march. It is a caravan step, but none the less sure, for it is its own natural step.

Touching Russian art there is not much to be said in its praise. Despite the inspiring beauty of the rites of the Greco-Russian Church it has not, like the Latin Church, opened desirable avenues to pictorial art. It has produced nothing that can compare with Raphael's or Corregio's madonnas or Botticelli's and Fra Angelico's angels. Its excessive orthodoxy feared representations that might please the senses. As Fra Lippo Lippi's old prior expresses it, its business ought to be to "paint men's souls—make them forget there is such a thing as flesh," to which theory we make the same objection as the scapegrace painter, "A fine way to paint soul, by painting body so ill that the eye cannot stop there."

The pictures that adorn the churches are

lamentable to a degree. It is still worse with sculpture, which, especially in churches, is not tolerated at all. Greek orthodoxy sees in it a pagan snare—idols of wood, metal, or stone forbidden by the Bible. The only art, besides music, to which the Russian Church may be said to have lent a hand, is architecture. In mixing European and Asiatic architecture it has produced a certain original style, if by style we mean manner; yet does this half and half style scarcely assert itself sufficiently to be called Russian. It is quaint and strange but not beautiful like the pure Gothic, Greek, or Byzantine.

In conclusion we might say that of all the powers of Europe there is none at present that offers to the world a more problematic situation than Russia. Its more than friendly attitude toward France and its late resolute treatment of the Jews, indicate a certain travail, which, if we note the signs of the times, may not bring forth only a mouse.



## DAWN IN THE CITY.

BY HUGH T. SUDDUTH.

FAIR dew-besprent and holy Dawn ! when Time,  
 Now gray with frosting touch of eons past,  
 From starless, brooding night and chaos vast  
 Came, with a step that rang with spherul chime,  
 To lead the blossoming world in dewy prime  
 Through untrod ether to its goal at last,  
 Thou ushered'st in his sway, and still thou hast  
 Thine earliest, vaguest charm and youth sublime !  
 With steps that glow with rose and gold, afar  
 O'er eastern hills in silence thou dost come,  
 Bringing faint whispers from the morning star,  
 And matin greetings of the new-born Day.  
 Smiling we wake—to hear the city's hum,  
 While in the sunrise thou dost melt away !

## THAT ANGELIC WOMAN.\*

BY JAMES M. LUDLOW.

### CHAPTER I.

THE Rev. Dr. Titus, Pastor of the Calvin Memorial Presbyterian Church, was at his study table. The wise men of many centuries were ranged upon his shelves, and looked at him through their gilded titles, as through bright eyes. Mrs. Titus sat opposite her husband, crocheting a diminutive afghan for their firstborn grandchild. She would frequently come in and take her seat there, without saying a word to interrupt the inky meditations of her husband.

The Doctor was accustomed to say that he got more inspiration from her face than from half the room-side of theological treatises; that the rigidity melted from dogmas when she passed them through her warm Christian experience, and the severest precepts seemed loving as she lived them out; that it takes the head of a man plus the heart of a woman to make a real theologian. To which fond tributes Mrs. Titus had once modestly replied that doubtless Eve was the most suggestive commentator upon God's Word Adam ever consulted, and that she hoped she might not be a similar guide to her husband in his search for the Tree of Knowledge.

On this special occasion Mrs. Titus looked up from her handiwork and observed, "John you are not writing much this morning."

"Humph!" ejaculated the Doctor swinging about in his desk chair, "I've struck a barren subject. Mr. Goldie's funeral is at three o'clock."

"Barren! Perhaps so in some respects; but, as his name indicates, he headed out well in some other ways," said Mrs. Titus, "and the papers give full accounts of his life."

"Yes, my dear, but you know a Wall Street obituary and a religious address draw from very different parts of a man's life. Goldie headed out well on 'Change; but I've been prospecting for an hour, and can't strike his vein running through my field."

"How much did he leave?"

"Leave? Why, my dear, you are getting worldly too. The Arabs have a proverb that when a man dies men ask what he leaves,

while the angels ask what he sends before him. You ought to ask the latter question. The papers say he left ten millions. But I am supposed to speak for the angels, and for the life of me I can't take account of his heavenly stock."

"The Bible says that a good man's works follow him," said Mrs. Titus, with an evident effort to express a charitable judgment.

"I am afraid," replied her husband, "it is with Goldie as it was with Mrs. Grindler when she came from Europe, boasting of her new wardrobes. Her trunks were confiscated at the Custom Office, and did not follow her to her house. But tell me some good that Goldie did, Mary."

"Why, he gave me a hundred dollars for our Orphan Home once."

"Yes, I remember, it was the same day he proposed to the Board of Church Trustees to appropriate a thousand dollars for a bronze tablet in the vestibule of our uptown building; which tablet should blazon, or rather brazen, the names of the trustees in office when we built our new church with the proceeds of the sale of our down-town property; and toward which the trustees didn't give a dime from their own pockets."

"Well," said Mrs. Titus, with a twinkle in her eyes, "that was paying tithes, wasn't it? A hundred for charity, and a thousand for one's self! Perhaps he has bequeathed some millions to benevolence."

"No! It is understood that young George Goldie gets it all, and when he has run through it, then to whom? But it is just as well in the long run, for

'To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,  
Or wanders heaven-directed to the poor.'

"I wish, Mary, that I was an Episcopalian for to-day."

"An Episcopalian! Why, John Titus, the ink isn't dry on your lecture against prelacy and ritualism as the bacteria in the lungs of the church."

"But," rejoined Dr. Titus, "for all that I would stand a month of bishops and surplices for one hour of the Prayer Book Burial Service to-day. It thanks God for the dead saints, but doesn't ask a minister to describe the



shape and hue of the saintliness of the dead individual. Our custom of making funeral addresses is a sort of vivisection. If the minister speaks the truth, he is apt to cut into the feelings of the bereaved; and if he doesn't speak the truth, he has to bisect his own conscience."

"Nonsense, John! You can speak the truth and eulogize at the same time Robert Goldie, for there is good in everybody."

"Oh, yes!" said the Doctor, yawning, "the Egyptian coffin-makers put a golden mask over the head of the mummy. If it didn't look like the dead man, it at least looked well. I suppose I can burnish up a funeral mask."

Encouraged by his wife's words, he rose, paced the floor, pausing every minute to put a catch-word upon a bit of paper.

It is needless to say that the funeral address of Doctor Titus verified his wife's confidence in his abilities. It was a prose thanatopsis; a vivid apocalypse of the new earth when wealth should be sanctified by service, and a thrilling portrayal of the heavenly reward of true stewardship. When he approached the application of his theme, he glanced down at the face of the dead, as it was exposed in the flower-decked coffin beneath the pulpit, and, with evident sincerity, remarked that if the silent lips there could speak, they would bid him refrain from personal praise. He then led in prayer.

## CHAPTER II.

THOSE who are interested in odd phases of human nature may puzzle themselves over the question why four-fifths of the people walking up Fifth Avenue from business the afternoon of the funeral, stared at the Goldie residence. The house had not come to life because its chief occupant was dead. Yet the stone posts at the stoop seemed to pluck passers by the sleeve and whisper, "Yes, he lived here, right here." The windows winked in the western sunlight as much as to say, "I told you so; life is a flash; millions cannot buy minutes away from death." And the house seemed to listen to the scrappy sayings of the passing throng—and, if its massive carving had ears, it would have heard such sayings as these:

"Honest men will have more chance."

"Wrecked more than one company."

"No wonder Socialism spreads when such——"

"Landmark gone."

"Money-shark gone."

"Bought the entire Common Council."

It was quite dark when the family burial party returned from Greenwood. George Goldie excused himself from dinner, leaving his Aunt Betsey, his deceased mother's sister, to do the honors among a dozen guests, all distant relatives from out of town, none of whom had been more than once in the Goldie mansion, and then only to vow that they would never put foot in it again, for its hospitality, as a spinster third cousin once said, was as cold as a sepulcher. "I'd sooner think," she added, "of eatin' the vittles out of them saucers they put by dead men in ancient tombs, than to touch a crumb of Robert Goldie's table." But as soon as Mr. Goldie was gone, and the house became his temporary sepulcher, it had an inviting look to these kinsfolk. The dead man's wines warmed the sociable instinct of the friends who gathered in his dining-room and stared at the pictures, the statuary, the frescoes, and bric-à-brac in the adjoining parlors.

Aunt Betsey, belonging to the late Mrs. Goldie's side of the house, was of kin to all her guests, and was very gracious to them; for she felt an uncertainty whether George would retain her as the head of his house, and equally doubtful if her late brother-in-law had made any provision for her support elsewhere. She had been for many years a widow, and, upon the death of Mrs. Goldie, fifteen years before, had accepted the domestic charge of the house, including that of George who was then but eight years old.

The relation of Aunt Betsey to Mr. Goldie had been a peculiar one. They seldom conversed except about some detail of household expenditure. This may have been due to the fact that Mr. Goldie was not a conversationalist on any subject; but a silent, moody sort of man, whose whole mind was focused upon his business, and his business of such a nature that it concerned no one but himself, if we except a few who had winced under his financial pincers. Frequently he took only his breakfast at home, lunching down town at his office, and dining at the Fifth Avenue or Windsor, when it was convenient over a good dinner to draw out some one more knowing than himself regarding the value of certain stocks and securities; or from his own



marvelous sagacity to post some one to act as his agent.

It is true that he had at home as well-stocked a library as his son George, while a collegian, could suggest, and all in approved binding; but he never read any thing beyond the monetary column of the daily paper, unless, perhaps, to skim the news.

Mr. Goldie came to this country from the north of Ireland, when a mere lad, with no education beyond the "three R's," and with no disposition to invest his energies in acquiring information which could not be speedily cashed. He began business as a clerk in a New York branch of a Belfast linen house, but soon left because of disagreement between himself and a member of the firm regarding another disagreement between the cash and sales' account in the department to which he had been assigned. But he went highly recommended elsewhere. He next flourished on the North River docks as a speculator in potatoes, which he sold by the canal-boat load. He soon blossomed into a grain dealer, and became a member of the Produce Exchange. Later he flowered into a banker of a type suggestive of the orchid which contains a fluid fascinating to flies, and also a trap-door which prevents their exit; for Goldie and Co., of Wall Street, had a way—so said the firm's enemies—of enticing all sorts of ambitious money-getters to taste the sweetness of its credit, and then to bury their ambition with the closing of the account.

A year or two ago he had almost succeeded in putting all the sugar consigned to the four ports of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore into a "corner." His death greatly relieved the directors of the Vitality Insurance Company, of whose stock he, in conjunction with certain others, had secured very nearly a majority.

Of course Aunt Betsey could not confer with her brother-in-law about such matters, and there was nothing else in his soul to talk about. She gave her heart in a maternal sort of way, however, to George. Until he left home for college she always had him with her in the pew at Dr. Titus' church, and saw that he learned the Catechism from the "Chief end of man" through at least the first dozen questions and answers.

At the time of his father's death George had been a year out of college. While at Princeton he had made no mark, except that of one possessed of more ability than he had

energy to use. Now and then a gleam of real talent shot out, and was generously applauded by the students, with whom he was a favorite. Upon returning to him an essay he had written, Professor Addison, instead of giving the usual criticism, looked him in the eye and said, "Mr. Goldie, this shows too valuable a talent to be hid in a napkin." And so, whenever Goldie made a good recitation, the boys were in the habit of saying, "Goldie dropped his napkin to-day."

Since leaving college George had devoted his attention quite seriously to the question of what he would like to do in life, but could not solve it. He often said to himself, "I'm mighty glad that most of my talents were gold talents, so that the question of a profession can wait."

His father's death did not especially grieve George Goldie, for they had been little to each other; but it depressed him. The details of the funeral had temporarily taken his thoughts; but now that his mind was free, it seemed to slip beneath some awful load of responsibility, the shape of which he could not see, and to lift which he felt himself impotent from sheer lack of disposition.

He had, therefore, on retiring, told Tom the butler that he would dine in his own room, and bade him excuse him to all callers.

As he dined, Tom gave him a pile of letters, the accumulation from the various mails of the day. Some were addressed to his father. These he laid aside for future inspection. One was from a stone-cutter suggesting designs for a monument; another from a news firm, offering to send him all notices of the press relating to his father, for the consideration of ten dollars per hundred. There were a score or two formal notes of condolence, generally from those who had business dealings with his father, and who took this method of introduction to his heir. Some were from elderly ladies with marriageable daughters of his acquaintance; these were full of maternal sympathy. Several persons who were engineering benevolent projects announced their willingness to take him into co-partnership with themselves in the Lord's business. The superintendent of a "Faith Home" sent a statement that the said charity had never solicited human help, but depended entirely upon the gleanings of prayer. The last—he had intentionally reserved it for the last—was a simple card, "Miss Elston, with sympathy." This brought a blush

to George's face; followed by a half smile, and a remark, *sotto voce*, "I wish she had brought it herself." He lit a cigar, read the card again, and fell into a train of musing which sent a sort of twilight flush over his face; but whether morning or evening twilight we may not say.

His door opened, and before he had fairly heard the footsteps, he was confronted by a handsome young fellow, well dressed in that sort of loud *dishabille* which differentiates a recent graduate of a swell university from the more ordinary type of dude.

"Beg pardon, George," said Charlie Carlyle, putting his hand on the other's shoulder, and unceremoniously seating himself by his side; "Tom told me that you were not inclined to see any body; but when I said I guessed you would see me, he said he guessed so too, and that I could go up if I went up unbeknownst to him. Now if you don't want me, say the word, George, and I go."

"Tom Duffy is a rare bird," said George. "He knows what I want better than I do myself. Yes, Charlie, I want you just now, I want you to take me away from myself."

"I thought as much," said the visitor, "so I came in, not to talk to you, but to let you talk to me. Can I do anything for you, George; anything, you know, that you would never think of asking anybody to do?"

"Thanks, Charlie, such are just the things that show friendship. Those cigars are not bad. Try one. How goes the law, and the ladies?"

"I must practice the first before I can afford to court the second. I envy you, George," said Carlyle, looking about at the evidences of cash and credit which filled the room. "My castle is in Spain yet," watching the curling smoke of his cigar.

"I wish mine was too," said George, "and that I had to sail for it in a row boat. That would be at least interesting. But I am here a prisoner in my castle. Do you know, old boy, I'm getting softening of the brain, doing nothing. Eggs that don't hatch addle. That's what's the matter with my brains, Charlie. But pardon me for not pouring you a glass of wine. This Madeira is prime, or, hold on, we will have a bottle of champagne."

"No!" said Carlyle, "I've sworn off."

"Nonsense! Why? Has somebody hypnotized you, and taken away the taste for a good thing?"

"No—just the reverse. I find that I have too much taste for such wines as you keep, George; and that is the reason I've stopped."

"Humbug! Charlie, a fellow of your grip will never be hurt by taking what he wants."

"You'll laugh, George; but I was struck all in a heap the other day by a discovery. It was in Prof. Lex's lecture. I lost a good part of his argument just thinking how a good glass of your champagne would tickle my throat. I cut the next lecture for the sake of having a nip with Shorty Phillips, from a pint of Mumm that I remembered was in my own room. Then I made up my mind that the thing wouldn't do, and decided to quit."

"I won't tempt you, then, old philosopher, Descartes Carlyle. It was Descartes, wasn't it, that Prof. Solon told us made a rule to seek happiness not by gratifying, but by lessening his desires. I'll help you to be temperate by drinking your glass," swallowing both his own, and that he had poured for his friend.

"Perhaps no harm could come of it," said Carlyle, half apologetically, "but you know I can't afford to gratify my taste as you can—so I make a virtue of necessity. And, by the way, Goldie, I don't believe you can afford to indulge all the whims your money pays for. I feel better for hard work. Can't you fix upon something? Why not try the law? You'll like it."

"Law! What, plod several years knee-deep in that dry stuff! I'd go to Sahara first. Then devote your life to settling your neighbors' quarrels—and for what? a fee? Not needing the fee, I have no special inclination that way, Charlie. Though I'd like to be your brother-in-law, especially if you had a pretty sister."

"But you can rise to distinction through the law, Goldie."

"Distinction! No Charlie, I haven't got your conceit in that direction. Besides, if I'd the ability, I know I haven't the patience for it."

"Well, there's medicine!"

"Paugh! the college manikin made me faint if I looked at it with an empty stomach."

"Well, try literature. You know Goldie, you might have had the Clío prize in Junior oratorship, if you hadn't been too confoundedly lazy to write the oration. Prof. Addison said to me once, 'Why don't you fellows prod up

Goldie? He has as good literary ability as any man in the class.' I told him I would. That's the reason I'm keeping at you, George."

"Nonsense, Carlyle! The literary guild is full of bright souled fellows, among whom I'd be as an ass among angels."

"Well, then, all I've got to say is, have a good time in literary leisure. I'd purr like a cat under the stove if I could sit in your library and read."

"Come and try it, Charlie! I'll pay for all the books you'll read from now until you get sick of it. I tell you incessant reading without the purpose of using what you get, is more tiresome than incessant composition."

"Oh, you're a croaker, Goldie! I'll tell you what's the matter with you,—you need incentive. You've got so much that you've got nothing."

"I know it, Charlie. Stick that poker into the grate, and then stick it into me. I want stirring. Let's go round the world together, Carlyle. I'll pay the shot."

"Done! when I get through law."

"Law! fiddlesticks!"

The friends gossiped for an hour, until George from being voluble lapsed into drowsiness, and Carlyle bade him good night.

George poured the remainder of the bottle and, tossing it off, sat down before the blazing grate. Over the mantel was a portrait of his father in full figure. It was one by Elliott and seemed to stand out from the canvas. To George's uncertain vision the face moved, and smiled at him. Then it grew stern. Soon the whole figure came down from its frame and struck an attitude, leaning upon the mantel. George watched it with curiosity, but in a few moments it vanished. A strange procession passed through the flickering flames of the grate. There was George's new tallyho, with Charlie Carlyle blowing the brass trumpet and Dr. Titus holding the reins and pretty Miss Elston reclining on a lounge, like a tableau in a lager beer float; and the venerable college Prex, his head crowned with ivy, offering her a tall schooner of foaming beer; and Aunt Betsey with Shorty Phillips' arm about her waist; and Miss Elston again on the lounge in her own parlor, and himself seated on the ottoman at her feet. He held her hand. He pressed it, and was trying to frame an avowal of his love in suitable words, when all became a blank.

A couple of hours must have passed before

the drunken faculties began to glisten with redawning imagination. There stood his father at the mantel corner. George rubbed his eyes. It was surely no dream. The face was his father's. But why did he look at him so sadly? He had not looked so fairly into his son's face during his lifetime. Strange to say, his father now wore a swallow-tailed coat, like a butler! Then his father spoke:

"Mister George!"

It was Tom the butler. George stared in wonder. He had never noticed it before; but Tom, except for a few more years in his face, seemed the very likeness of Mr. Goldie. "Surely it must be my imagination," thought George; yet from that moment he never failed to see his father in Tom's face, as one always sees the man in the moon, after once having been admitted to the vision.

"Mister George, ye should get to bed"; and Tom practicalized this advice by undressing him and putting him there, as if he had been a baby.

George raised himself on one elbow. He followed his custodian with his eyes as he went about the room and arranged the furniture.

"I say, Tom, old boy! you and father must have played together when you were kittens to look so near alike, eh!"

Tom quietly placed George's head upon the pillow.

"Tom! I say Tom! were you a girl when you were a boy? Your hands are as soft as Aunt Betsey's."

But George was in a moment asleep; incoherently muttering, "I say, Tom! Tom Goldie!"

It was as if the brass knob on the bedstead had shocked Tom,—"*Tom Goldie!*" He stood and watched the sleeper full five minutes; then dropped upon his knees by the bedside.

"God help him!" he murmured as he rose. He displaced the coals in the grate so that they would die out; turned off the gas and withdrew.

### CHAPTER III.

FOR several months after the death of his father, George Goldie found sufficient occupation for his lethargic energies in gathering and securing the various portions of his inheritance. While the will was explicit, the property had to be identified by the new

owner; and that occasioned almost as much trouble as when in early Dutch colonial days, the patroons located with theodolite and muddy boots, the land grants which they had received from the mother government. There were scores of narrow city lots and square miles of western land to be looked after. There were bonds and stocks to be certified and appraised. There were all sorts of understandings to be had, and misunderstandings to be avoided or compromised, with sharp and unscrupulous men with whom the elder Goldie had conducted some of his speculative schemes.

At first George felt the exhilaration of the business mood which his daily occupation inspired, and was inclined to embark in some enterprise of his own. His wealth gave him, as he said, a "good hand for the game." But in a little while he tired of even the business forced upon him by circumstances, and was quite contented when the settlement of his affairs required no more than a half hour or so daily in his library, an occasional visit to his boxes in the Deposit Company's vault, and one or two conversations a week with his legal adviser or broker.

Then time dragged heavily. He amused himself in replenishing his library, and making it worthy a wealthy college graduate's possession. He deluded himself occasionally with the idea that he was studying, when he was only entertaining himself for half-hour spells over bright bits of literature. The late afternoon frequently found him at the University Club, where a good dinner and the light abandon of ex-collegians greased the wheels of time. But even here he began to feel himself out of place, for the habitués of the club were chiefly professional men, and about the time his after-dinner cigar had burnt out, the shallower gossip ran into the deeper channel of what to him was specialism. He felt the depressing influence of the conviction that he was being left behind by those of his own kind.

Then the club came to be less frequently visited than the Hoffman House corridors and bar-room, which stirred more blood and less brain with their clatter of politics, the race course, ball games, etc. Occasionally the theater allured him, but he wearied of its monotony; endless reproductions of substantially the same plot, the appeal to the same superficial sentiments, the conventionality and crudeness of the acting. The dra-

matic genius of the day, notwithstanding the advertised variety of its products, was evidently as limited in its inventiveness as the genius of a professional cook in the restaurant, who brings all his soups from the same caldron, and changes only their seasoning. "It's the old soup," he would say after having been tempted by a new title and a new star, and would go again only when he drifted in to get away from some more monotonous routine.

There was one diversion, however, which was genuine; he called it his "divertisement." That was a frequent walk with Miss Elston. There was pleasure in glancing into a decidedly beautiful face, and in feeling that he was keeping step with a marvelously graceful form, neither of which was marred by the slightest mistake in the taste of milliner or dressmaker. This, together with the passing crowd and the salutation of acquaintances, prevented the ennui of what he often confessed was Miss Elston's very insipid conversation.

Yet Miss Elston was a lady of highest culture. We say this on the authority of her diploma; for she had graduated from the school of Madame Plaqueur. Besides which evidence there was upon the ebonized and gilt easel in her drawing-room a water color which showed the real artistic touch of some one, and which modestly revealed her initials in the corner. "Only a school day study," she said depreciatingly, as George expressed his admiration.

The selection of poets and novelists, too, upon the tables was certainly up to date. She talked glibly of these; but when, in reply to his question as to her favorite romancer, she gave the name of "The Duchess," and also expressed her preference for Mark Antony as the best play-writer, George felt that it would be cruel to pursue the topic further.

Miss Elston's piano cover of cream silk, upon which was embroidered a procession of cupids, each, in coquettish attitude, playing upon a different instrument, excited dreams of the music that might float from her taper fingers could they only be induced to touch the keys; and of the sweet notes that might warble from such an exquisitely molded throat. But, unfortunately, Miss Elston was always "out of practice." So George was forced to enjoy only the imagination of all this, and thought of the poet's lines about



music, "so sweet we know not we are listening to it."

Once at the Vereschagin exhibition of paintings George had drawn from her the very sagacious remark that undoubtedly the great Russian "belonged to the Realistic School." Her admirer ventured a still further exploration of the art world by inquiring if, in her opinion, Vereschagin was a decided Realist. It was evident that Miss Elston had exhausted her critical ammunition in the flash of that first remark. She blushed slightly, but George dexterously extricated her from her dilemma by an admiring glance, as he said, "Beautiful as the paintings are, more real beauty sometimes gazes at them." Miss Elston confirmed the truth of his statement by turning upon him such a pair of eyes as would have made Vereschagin lay down his brush in despair.

They attended the opera of *Walküre*, in which Lehman carried the part of Brünnhilde. Never was George so charmed with the human voice as when the great singer took the famous B flat. How tender and mellow, yet how strong and clear was the note that floated above the mighty volume of orchestral harmony, as a bird soars through storm-winds to the sky! He turned to augment his delight by a glance at what he thought must be the rapt face of his companion. But Miss Elston was engaged in ogling with her glass the occupants of a box opposite, evidently unconscious that the Metropolitan angel had at that moment articulated some of the atmosphere of the celestial world for the pleasure of sojourners in this. She met the inquiry of his look with the exclamation, "What a dowdy dress that woman has got on! One would think she came from Alaska."

George forgot the music also, for he fell to thinking,—"Has this woman at my side no soul to match her physical charms?" Then he studied her face. "What sort of a companion would she make for a man! How tantalizing! What splendid superficiality! I'd shoot myself before I'd take her for my wife; yet, confound it! I believe I'd shoot any other man who would dare to take her."

She felt that he was admiring her, and, not fathoming his deeper thought, gave him her most bewitching smile; which in turn made George repentant for all his depreciating cogitations.

That night George Goldie resolved that he

would deny himself further indulgence in this "divertissement." The next day he devoted to the strengthening of his purpose. As the result of a long stroll in the Park, he reached the sage conclusion that woman's nature was an enigma which he was not able to solve, and the determination that he would not further attempt it. He would forswear the sex. He would live a bachelor. Time would soon rub all the beauty from a pretty woman's face as the paint comes from a doll's. Then what? He would never invest his affections in finding out what the residue might be.

"No, sir! George Goldie has a mind of his own," he said aloud that evening as he puffed his post prandial, and, going to the sideboard, he stiffened his resolution with an extra glass of sherry.

But just how should he break with his fair enchantress? He would begin at once. By avoiding her? No, that would be discourteous. He would call upon her, and by studied carefulness of manner would unravel her spells and disillusionize her conceit, if she had formed any belief that he was already in her toils. This determination was so strong that he made a call upon her that very evening.

The Elston mansion was one of the finest on Fifth Avenue. John Elston had been a favored contractor under the new Aqueduct Commission, and all that money and Marcotte could do had been lavished in furnishing the drawing-room into which George Goldie was ushered. Though familiar with all forms of elegance, he confessed that this imitation of a French salon was a superlative bit of domiciliary art. Its walls were white, with golden figures wrought in relief. The ceiling was frescoed with delicate designs in which all the colors of the rainbow were displayed in harmonious variegation. These colors were repeated in the Aubusson carpet which reflected the ceiling as the Mediterranean sometimes reproduces the gorgeous sky. The draperies at the windows were of yellow and white silk, with a heavy fall of point lace and delicately painted silk shades behind them. The furniture was of Amboyna wood, enameled with traceries of gold and upholstered with yellow brocade. The portières at the entrance from the hall were of solid white satin, embroidered with magnolias in heavy silks, the leaves interlaced with gold thread and occasional touches of old



rose. Those which divided the drawing-room from the library were tapestry, simulating the landscape effect of the Louis Quatorze style. One on entering had the impression of having been suddenly transported to some foreign land. Gorgeous vases of flowers, which exhaled delicious odors, helped the pleasing illusion. And, fidelity to the narrative compels the statement, the wine George Goldie had taken led him to indulge this imagination as if he had been Tom Moore, and bodily transported to the enchanting scenes of Lalla Rookh. He was hardly seated when Miss Elston entered.

George would have liked it better if she had been a little more deliberate in responding to his card. He wanted a few moments to adjust his own diplomatic thoughts; and, besides, there was a heartiness in her reception that made it seem discourteous and cruel for him to antagonize her with the semi-formality he had determined upon.

Then, too, he had never seen her look so lovely. Her face was flushed with the evident delight of gratification. Her whole soul was in her beautiful eyes. If it had not been for that stern resolution of his, and the sense of decorum, George would have been tempted to clasp her in his arms. But he heroically resisted. He extended his hand with formality; but hers was warm, electric. For the life of him he could not help returning its slight pressure, and retaining it for a moment. Indeed, he actually conducted her to the sofa, and had seated himself beside her before he was fully awake to his indiscretion. This was surely a misplay on his part. He would be more circumspect.

"It's just lovely of you to come to see me to-night, George."

She dropped her eyes to the floor and blushed deeply as soon as she had said it.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Goldie, for my familiarity; but somehow it seemed so natural to call you by your first name. Perhaps it's because I hear so many of your friends call you that."

"George!" What a delightful forgetfulness there was in her saying that! How could he be displeased? No woman ever called him George except Aunt Betsey. "George!" He never dreamed that so guttural a word could have such labial possibilities, and Miss Elston's lips had special adaptation to it.

But the name only served as a warning signal, putting its owner more alertly on his

guard. So confident was he of his ultimate ability to hold his own, that he saw no danger in meeting his fair challenger on her own chosen ground, and replied,

"I can forgive your indiscretion only on condition of your allowing me to be equally indiscreet, and calling you Alicia."

Now "Alicia" is a word of softness and sweetness, and one cannot utter it without feeling somewhat of these sentiments; especially when one looks into the face of a charming girl to whom it belongs. George felt a little of the ice melt off his purpose as he said "Alicia." It was a pleasant word to speak. He was almost tempted to repeat it. He would like to whisper it; indeed, to put it upon her lips without vocalization.

There was an awkward pause. Alicia dropped her fan. George stooped to pick it up. He scarcely saw the fan. What a dainty foot peeped from beneath the edge of her dress, as if it had come out to look for the fan or for him. A gilded slipper shone against the background of her gauzy black lace gown, the somberness of which was relieved also by gold ornaments. George felt that the combination was a delicate compliment to his Alma Mater, whose colors of orange and black Miss Elston had more than once donned at the time of the football games and waved in challenge of the blue and crimson of Yale and Harvard. Why had not Titian made that combination in some of his marvelous paintings of female adornment? Simply because art had not advanced so far in his day. It was equaled only by another juxtaposition of color that George had noticed,—the red of Alicia's lips and the pearly white of her teeth; and better yet, her snowy neck hiding in a nest of black lace.

As he gazed upon her, George imagined an ideal woman back of Alicia's loveliness. Ideal woman! A woman is perfect in other ways than man. A fig for strong intellectuality! It's just soul one wants. He looked deeply into her eyes. Their sparkle seemed to come from an inner glow. The clouds at sunset are not brilliant except for the sun behind them. George persuaded himself that there must be some lovely spiritual orb back of such lovely veiling of the flesh. Yet he knew there was not. The sunset fancy gave way for an instant to that wiser one about a candle light and a silly moth. He could have broken away. His original resolution was still strong enough to have routed a

whole flock of cupids had those on the piano cover come to life. But unfortunately he had to deal not with cupids, but with Venus herself.

And so George Goldie, when he went down the steps of the Elston mansion that night, realized that he had passed a crisis, and that he was an engaged man. He loitered on his way home, trying to think just how it all came about. He certainly had never yielded on purpose. Was it fate? Fate above may mean a fool below, he thought.

For some weeks he tried to think that he was happy; or rather, the multitude of congratulations upon his engagement, the news of which flew rapidly, made him think that he ought to be. Charlie Carlyle was especially delighted over his friend's happiness.

"Only," said he, "it makes a fellow feel lonely, especially when he himself has no prospects of earning enough to support a wife until the heyday of youth has drifted by."

"That's no evil," replied George, adding more than he meant to. "Perhaps one should be more careful in selecting a good one, one who could help him."

"Yes," responded Carlyle, "I suppose it would be economy to marry. One would find so much happiness in his wife that he would care but little for the expensive pleasures of society and fashion. But here's your marriage hymn," and putting his arm about his friend's neck, he sang,

"A little house well filled,  
A little wife well willed."

#### CHAPTER IV.

HAD George Goldie limited his visits to Alicia to one a week, perhaps the novelty of love-making might have preserved its romance for an indefinite length of time. But he was constant in his attentions. He always gave himself wholly to what he was doing, even if he were doing nothing. He was thus apt to exhaust emotion speedily, even when it was called forth by something that was itself abiding.

But perhaps in this case the fault was not so much in himself as in the object which elicited his interest. For if it be true that a few years will erase the prettiness from a woman's face, a few days will suffice to destroy its charm to one who has become familiar with it, and finds no inner beauty of

which it is the exponent. We may continue to admire a statue, because it fulfills all its promise. It pretends to nothing but externality; or, if it have a soulful look, it is understood that the beholder creates the soul for it; that it is only a mold which we fill with the imagination. So Heinrich Heine could commune with the Venus de Milo, worshipping the Goddess of Beauty in the Louvre, because he was a poet, and invented the radiant spirit that enshrined itself in the marble. But a living face says, "I have a soul of mine own. Touch me. Speak with me, and I will commune with thee"; and when we discover that the face lies to us, then disappointment quickly engenders disgust.

But whether the fault was in Alicia or in George himself, the spell of her enchantment soon vanished. She was like a heavy statue that he was carrying about with him. Like Pygmalion, he prayed that it might come to life; that a soul might start from this lovely material form; but his prayer was not answered. Outwardly he was faithful. All that attention and Tiffany could do was done to prove his loyalty as a lover. But both head and heart went hungry.

Thus a year passed. His club, the Hoffman House, and various billiard parlors were subsidized to supply the zest of an idle life. Now and then lower forms of dissipation caught him. Curiosity led him to the slums. He learned the faces of men who patrolled the pavement and gave the password to gambling dens. Through bar-rooms, up narrow flights of stairs, he found his way to elegant apartments where rich men and poor, professional knaves and respectable victims spent the night about roulette and card tables. The wine habit stiffened its grip. More than once faithful Tom had carried him up stairs from his cab and put him to bed.

His old college friends one by one deserted him; or rather, he deserted them, for he felt they were outgrowing him. New friends came, but he was astute enough to see through their protestations; that they were but illustrations of the saying, "Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

One evening George had dined in Brooklyn and indulged more liberally than usual in champagne. He was not intoxicated when he left —s on the Heights, but in that condition when discretion gives place to a spirit of abandon. On the bridge he fell in

with one whom he had met only at the gambling table, and whom in his ordinary state he would have had no companionship with. The two fraternized, and George could not resist the invitation for a drink with one from whom he had once won a handsome sum of money. He took the elevator from City Hall for home. Through some curious misapprehension of the stations, he left the cars at East Houston Street. He started toward what he supposed to be Fifth Avenue. His brain reeled. He leaned against a stoop railing, over which shone a lantern sign. He looked up at it as if the light might show a clear path through his confused thoughts.

"Is this the place you're looking for, pal?" said a rough fellow who at the moment was turning in. "Come along then! Your legs will git tangled in the railin' if you stay here long. Come along, I say!"

The man almost lifted George up the steps and set him down in a long room that had been a parlor in other days, when East Houston Street was a place of residence; but now the apartment was filled with rows of benches.

"Here's a recruit!" said his guide, as he handed Goldie over to a middle-aged man with bullet-head and high-set ears having large protuberances back of them.

"He isn't of our kit," said the new man.

"What was he tryin' to git up our steps for then? Our breed has a good many varieties, as the dog fanciers says. We'd better keep 'im, hadn't we, boss?"

"Of course we will keep him, at least till his tongue git's straight. Take him up stairs, Johnny, and give him a snooze. Sleep 'll 'vaporate the whisky, and let his wits dry out."

"I say, Tom, what d'ye take (hic) up the carpet for? House-cleaning, eh?" said George as he used the baluster for one crutch and his attendant for another.

"All right, Sammy."

"I'm not Sammy, an' you're not Tom. Tom!" bawled out George, and sat down on the first landing. "Tom! hello Tom! I'll discharge you, Tom, if you don't answer. Where's the bell?"

"All right, you've had too much Tom, and Jerry too, to-night," said the man. "But Tom and me's pals. Same gang, your honor; so up we go."

With that he put his arm about George's

waist, and carried him bodily up stairs, where he laid him, as limp as a bag half full of flour, upon an iron bedstead in a six by ten room.

George knew no more until morning. When he awoke he rubbed and squeezed his head to get out of it any drop of intelligence that might still remain. At length his thoughts began to ooze. Where was he? He could find no topographical hints in the bare and fallow white wall from which the plaster was cracking off in great sections, not unlike the map of Europe, Asia, and Africa. George mused awhile about Stanley, General Gordon, and the railroad from Paris to Constantinople. He was just on the edge of falling asleep again when he was aroused by a rumbling of the floor overhead. He thought of earthquakes. The rumble turned to a rattle. He thought of cut-throats, sharpening cutlasses and clattering fire-arms. If the walls of the room had been dank stones of some cave or prison he would not have been more certain that he had been kidnapped.

But this illusion did not last as he slowly took in his surroundings. A rickety table held a Bible and a backgammon board. George felt for his watch. It was gone. So, for that matter was all his outer clothing. But a moment's search discovered coat, vest, and trousers hanging over the bed-railing at his head. His watch and pocket-book were under his pillow.

He crawled off the bed, stretched himself and shook the kinks out of his body. The door was unlocked. He went into the narrow hall. Nobody was in sight, but the rattle up stairs and voices below proved that there were some specimens of humanity about. He went cautiously down stairs. There were several rooms near him. The farthest one looked something like an office. A man was just going into it. A sense of caution led George to sit down in a room that opened into this, and make up his mind as to what sort of a trap he had fallen into before revealing himself. The room he entered had a number of chairs, and a long deal table on which were some newspapers, magazines, and books. Sitting down in a corner, he could overhear the conversation in the front room.

"Well, my friend, who are you?" said one, evidently addressing the man whom George had seen go into the office.

"Who am I, is it? Maybe you might

guess as easily as I guess you're William Casey," was the response.

"Come now, that won't do," replied the other, advancing toward the visitor. "It's only fair about to tell me who you are, if you know me."

"William Casey! Number 403; that's you, sure."

"And you?"

"Number 290."

"290? Tom Goldie! He was 290. Not Tom Goldie? Tom Goldie was shark's mut-ton long ago."

"A bit of 'im was. This finger I dropped."

"Tom Goldie, sure as I'm Bill Casey! Old pal, Tom Goldie! Come sit ye down here in the sunlight, that I can git a look clane through ye."

George glanced into the room. There was his butler, Tom Duffy. George drew back to listen. What devilry was this? Tom had always been a mystery to him. He had suspected all sorts of things about him. Curiosity overcame all scruples against eaves-dropping, and he shrunk himself back into the corner to hear what would come next.

"Yes, Billy, that was a close call I had when I lost my finger. We weren't two rod from shore when the guard at Gibraltar fired on us. My hand was on the oar when the bullet split the ash."

"But never did I see a man pluckier nor ye, Tom Goldie. Ye didn't make a whim-per, but in a jiffy ye had a second oar in place, and with y're mangled hand was pull-in' like a engine. If ye'd stopped we'd been took again, Goldie."

"'Twas an awful pull though, clean across to Algiers. Think of it! D'ye mind the pitch dark of the night? I missed ye there, Billy. I found a chance to stow away on an American ship, and come to Boston. There wasn't time to think of manners, and call to say good by to you if I'd know'd where you was, Billy."

"No, I forgi'e ye, Tom. Ten year ye had at Gibraltar, and I was in for seventeen, and had six of 'em already. That was 'nough without riskin' beginnin' all over agin. I was glad when I found ye missin', Tom. And then I took first class passage meself between some bales of cotton in a French ship, landed at Marseilles, stole my livin' across France, and shipped for New York. Been my four terms in Auburn and two in Sing-Sing; but, thank the Lord, I'm through

that sort of life now. And I guess pretty near through all life for this world. Tom Goldie, the consumption is workin' fast on me. I can't take a hand now with the boys up stairs, mat-weavin' or broom makin', so I am elected a sort of chief clerk to sit down here in the office. We've nigh on to fifty prison birds in this here cage; all reformed, Tom; a good many of 'em changed all through by the grace of God. And you, Tom? You ain't followerin' the old life yet? Say ye ain't, Tom, for God's sake, say ye ain't, Tom Goldie."

Tom had broken completely down. He was crying like a child.

"No, I ain't. 'Deed, Billy, I never was a hard 'un before I was sent to Gib. I wasn't guilty of nothin' in Belfast where I was arrested; only havin' a carouse as young fellows will. But somebody in our party stole the drawer of the tavern keeper, an' I an' another one got sent up. But the hard treatment we had at Gib would harden any one. I wouldn't have run away but for the sake of helpin' you off, Billy Casey. You had eleven years ahead of you. I could have stood my remainin' two; but I couldn't stand thinkin' of them eleven on you; so I said, Billy Casey and me is one, and we went for it; didn't we, Billy?"

"'Deed we did, Tom," said Billy, throwing his arms about Tom's neck.

"I come to New York," continued Tom, "and lived honest. But enough of this talk. First, is there anything I can do for you, Casey? No? Well, I'll do it anyhow, now I found you out. Trust me. As true as there is no knuckle there on that hand, Billy, I'll see you through."

"You'll have to come in again soon, Tom, or I'll be through 'fore you know it. Time's almost up with me. And I'd like to see you, if for nothin' else, just to rub out an old score. Do you know, Tom, I've often thought about you in an awful unkind way ever since I was sent to Sing-Sing last time."

"Me, Billy! What had I to do with you and Sing-Sing?"

"Nothin', Tom, nothin'. But a man with somethin' like your face on him had a good deal to do with it. I thought of Tom Goldie, as soon as I see him. 'Twas like this, Tom. A good fifteen year ago or more I made up my mind to stop my thievin' way. But I was awful tempted. A man what looked like you come in with one of my pals and



says, 'That's him,' pointin' to me. 'He kin do anythin' in your line, boss, and says the man,

"'Be you Casey?'"

"'Yes,' says I.

"'Do you want a handsome job?' says he.

"'No,' says I, 'I ain't doin' any more jobs.'

"'It 'll pay you,' says he.

"'Don't care. I won't do it,' says I.

"'Pal says, 'Yes you will, Billy, when you hear it,' so I says, 'What's it about?'" And then I listened. It was such a easy job, only to snatch a tin box from an ole man, and I was to git a round hundred dollars, and pal another. I wouldn't do it; but then I didn't want to go back on a pal; so says I, 'Pal, I won't. You kin.'

"'Next day I was settin' in Larkins' pawn shop. He an' I had a fallin' out; and in come that pal I'm talkin' about and planked a tin box right down beside me, and says he, 'Quick, Billy!' I took the box into the back yard and put it under some rubbish. Then I went out in the street an' told pal where it was, an' if he wanted it he'd better jump the fence an' git it. Next day it was took; and Larkins he swore that I'd taken the box, he didn't know who from. I was tried and sent up. Of course I wouldn't peach on a pal, so I ain't told you his name, Tom, did I? Well, I was sint up for five year. Niver mind me sayin' he looked like you, Tom. Paste looks like diamonds, but it ain't. You're genuine, Tom. That fellow wasn't. He niver showed up nor said one word, though he knowed I wasn't guilty. Well, that box they proved on the trial was full of coupon bonds, and worth nigh on to a million. 'Twas never found that I heard on. It belonged to an ole gentleman who was takin' it from a bank where he kept it, to deposit it in the safety vaults; an' that chap that looked like you, Tom, knowed he was goin' to do it, and made the lay out.

"'But 'twas a good thing for me, that five year in Sing-Sing. It give me time to think, and, best of all, it brought me to know William Nivens. 'Wicked William,' they called him. He'd been a hard un, but by the grace of God he was changed so that even that battered jaw of his had a smile on it like a angel. William was up to Sing-Sing on some business of this 'Home' of ours, an' they give him a chance to say a word to some of us boys, an' he made me promise

when I got out I'd come right here and work with the boys for a honest livin'. If they've got an annex to heaven, or an attic to the house o' many mansions, I'll see William thar. He got his pass some time ago, and the last word he said was, says he, 'Boys I'll be a waitin' for ye.'"

Tom rose to leave. Casey seemed loth to let go his hand. "Say, Tom, do you know I can feel that finger what's off? The ghost of it's there still. When you an' I git up out of grave dust, the finger 'll come back. The sharks 'll give it up agin, as the whale did Jonah. Come agin, Tom! Come soon!"

"All right, Billy, and take this dollar or two to buy yourself some comforts."

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will."

"I'll take it, Tom, and give it to the boys. Some of 'em ain't got nothin', an' can't get no work outside neither, cause nobody 'll trust a ex-thief."

George sat for a moment dumbfounded. He was humiliated by his own condition; and he was perplexed by what he had heard. Tom Duffy's name was Goldie! Was this a mere coincidence? But then how about the resemblance he had frequently imagined between Tom and his father? And that other man who looked like Tom? George felt a sort of chill come over him.

After a few moments' waiting, George walked into the office.

Casey accosted him, "Well, young cove, thought you'd git up, eh! Ye've made a night of it, didn't ye? How d'ye like us pals? Ye don't care, I suppose, to put yer name down in the hotel register, do ye? With your late residence, too? The Tombs? Blackwell's Island? Auburn? Sing-Sing? Well! it won't take long to git into some of them homes, if ye go it at this rate. Don't care if ye have got money, I was chained by the leg for a month with a fellow whose father was a director of the Bank of England. He had a sheepskin from Oxford, and then took a degree at the Old Bailey prison. The devil 'll take a goldfish as quick as a bull-head."

"Oh! let up on a fellow now," said George, assuming a joking manner, but with a very serious heart. "I tripped up last night, and I'm mighty grateful that I fell into such good hands. What sort of a place is this, anyhow?"

"This is the Home for Discharged Con-



victs : Mike Dunn's. Do ye know Mr. Dunn? Don't? Then who do ye know? Here, take this pamphlet, 'Thirty-five Years a Prisoner, and now for Years a Servant of Christ.' Ye go home, young man. Git somethin' good to do for somebody in this 'ere hard world. Spend your money in helpin' some poor body. I ain't the one as ought to talk to ye, but I'm old enough to be y're father, and so ye'll take it kindly of me. For God's sake stop this cursed drinkin'. Ye ain't gone fur. Your drunk last night was only a fool's drunk. Liquor ain't worn on ye yit. But take the advice of one what knows this, if he doesn't know nothin' more. Drink 'll rot ye quicker'n quick lime."

George was too much ashamed to show resentment at this plain speech. He looked at the man's face. Its outlines noted by themselves were typical of the criminal class. But its expression was wholly different. An inner tenderness seemed to be trying to melt away the harsh features. A soul light played over it, like a soft sunset gleam among the crags. "Surely," thought George, "if in the other world the spirit spins about itself a new body, this man's will be as fair as any saint's." He took Casey's hand and said,

"I thank you for your honest words, old man; and I'll try to profit by them."

"Is y're pocket book all right, Mister? If ye was done for before ye come in here, we'll help ye through. We never let a pal go out without enough to see him to a better place, ye know."

George couldn't help laughing at the man's generosity; yet he very solemnly thought many a time afterward, "What better am I than a pal of thieves? And what thief needed help more than I did just then?"

The next day the treasurer of the "Home for Discharged Convicts" received ten one hundred dollar bills from "a friend."

#### CHAPTER V.

A YEAR is ordinarily sufficient for a lover's sentiment to develop into bridal flowers; but the spasmodic ardor of George's love for Alicia was subject to such frequent chills and set-backs, that the nuptial day had been postponed. It would not be fair to him to say that he had ever wished that the engagement had not been formed; for he had determinedly crushed back that thought when D-Sept.

ever he felt it arise. He intended to meet that obligation, as honest tradesmen propose to meet their business notes, even if they find it convenient to subject them to frequent renewals.

But the wedding appointment could be no longer deferred. Even Charlie Carlyle told George that it had been delayed to the utmost limit of propriety.

A month at Old Point Comfort was recommended by the lady's physician in order that the roses might again bloom upon her cheeks. George promised to spend at least a week there, during which time they would be wholly given up to each other's society. With the many historic associations of Hampton Roads, the throngs of notable visitors at the hotel, some artillery experiments that were to be made at the Fortress, in which his friend Captain Larramore had interested him, and with the constant praise he would hear of the beauty of his intended, George had no doubt that this week of devotion would be enjoyable. He further promised that during those happy hours the time of marriage should be determined upon.

The days passed rapidly. How could it have been otherwise? Miss Elston seldom made her appearance at breakfast until late in the morning. A brief walk and the dress parade at the Fortress occupied the afternoon, until the sunset gun brought them back in time to dine. The hop or the genial courtesies amid many acquaintances in the parlors or on the inclosed verandas, filled the hours of the evening; so that each day allowed the lovers but a few moments of confidential intercourse. To avoid these ceaseless diversions, and find time for conference upon the important business in hand, they agreed to spend an entire afternoon in driving together. The balmy air and the quiet monotony of the old roads in the neighborhood of the Back River were certainly stimulative to the most latent affection.

As they rested their horse and walked under the trees of an old plantation, they concluded that the happy day should be fixed in the near future. The church service, the reception, the bridal journey were arranged, subject, of course, to the superior authority of trousseau makers. When they were discussing these matters, the full tide filled the banks of Back River. How smoothly flowed the water under the purpling tints of the declining sun! It was hard to resist the ro-

mantic appeal of a row-boat which a colored man had just fastened to the bank near them. George was an expert oarsman, and a little play on the river, so quiet and restful it looked, would give the artistic finish to the day.

Perhaps it was the delight he felt in handling the oars, with his eyes taking in the double vision of the glowing sky and one of the handsomest women in the world, that led him farther down the river than he had intended. When they returned to the starting place the tide had gone down. Between the channel and the shore stretched a broad mud flat for several hundred feet. George tested its consistency with his weight, and found that to cross it would require rapid walking, lest it should embed them.

But this venture was beyond Miss Elston's courage. However daring she might have been in other circumstances, the prospect of soiling her goodly array was simply appalling. She gave way to absolute discouragement. She touched the yielding mud with her delicate foot and drew back. She reproached her lover for his inconsiderateness. She vowed she would sit in the boat and drift to the Chesapeake Bay and round the world, before she would take a step. George encouraged and coaxed and reasoned, but without avail. The fair one sulked the more.

He hailed the old darkey, who was waiting their return on the shore, and asked if there were no other landing.

"No, sah! de funder down yo' go de wus yo'll be, shore 'nuf."

George was at his wits' end. He explained to Miss Elston that there was no help for it. What did the soiling of a pretty dress amount to? He would make amends by presenting her one worth ten times the cost of that which would be spoiled.

This fired a new spirit in the girl. She replied spitefully,

"I'll dress myself, sir."

Now what could he do? He did nothing but sit down on the edge of the boat and think. He thought chiefly of this, that he did not know anything about women. He wondered if they were all like this one, or was she a rare specimen! He concluded that a man contemplating matrimony after leaving college ought to take a post graduate year in a female boarding school. He was interrupted in the midst of these salutary musings by a sharp remark.

"Well! What are you going to do? I'm chilled sitting here, and I shan't, I shan't set foot on that mud."

"Give it up," said George, her tone just beginning to chafe his amiable spirit.

"Oh! Oh! You're making fun of me. You're a perfect wretch. No gentleman would—" but her sentence ended in a hysterical outburst of tears.

Now all the annals of love and exploit would show that there was but one thing for a gallant man to do; and that was to take the fair creature in his arms, and pledge his very soul that he would carry her, without so much as a stain upon her dainty shoe, safely to the shore.

He sufficiently appeased the unhappy Juno to gain her consent to the experiment.

But the operation required skill. He could gracefully lift a lady to a saddle; but to hold her bodily in his arms while stepping over a boat side upon the yielding surface of a Virginia mud flat, surely there were no directions for such a thing in any manual of gallant etiquette.

But it must be done. No sooner, however, was he fairly out of the boat with his lovely burden than he began to sink. He could not take a step. To stand, holding her, was to engulf them both in a muddy grave.

"Git down an' crawl! Git down an' crawl!" shouted the darkey from the shore.

But Alicia's fright was such that no appeals to her judgment or affection could loose her grasp about George's neck. She smothered him with her untimely embraces, and drove away half of his wits with her screams. The remaining half enabled him to see that in the darkey's counsel was the only hope. The mud, as he essayed to walk, was nearly up to his knees, and climbing rapidly. He laid his fair load upon the surface of the yielding muck, and as gently as possible loosed by force her garroting arms.

Then her fright gave way to rage. Extricating himself by dexterous movements from the hole into which he had sunk, George managed to keep up only by dancing a heavy minuet. He begged Alicia to rise; but her tiny feet and sharp heeled shoes were not sufficient base for one hundred and thirty pounds avoirdupois. Angelic she may have been; but even an angel would have needed wings to cross the mud flats of Back River while keeping the perpendicular.

What the result might have been is woeful

to contemplate, had not the darkey run to a cabin near, and brought a huge pair of rubber boots. He crawled out some distance, and then threw the boots as far as possible beyond him. George managed to reach them. Now it is always a difficult thing to put on the rubbers for a lady. There is a way of handling them that requires a large amount of skill, not to say delicacy and circumspection. If then, under existing circumstances, George was not sufficiently graceful in encasing the feet of Miss Elston in a pair of boots, size elevens, he might have been forgiven. We suspect that just at this moment he thought less of gallantry than simple humanity.

Miss Elston refused to touch the "dirty things"; then essayed the task of arming herself in them; but at length gave up in sullen submission to the inevitable, and accepted the assistance of her companion as graciously as David allowed his armor-bearer to invest him with the trappings of Goliath of Gath.

In the meantime the boat had drifted down the tide, and the darkey was too much engrossed in following his property along the bank, to look after the couple who floundered through the muck and mire to the shore.

"Return to the hotel in such a plight!"

Miss Elston struck so dramatic an attitude as she said this, that in spite of her "plight" she looked magnificent. George was half reconciled to her unseemly wrath by the superb way in which she showed it.

Miss Elston's fine frenzy gave way to very childish hysteria. She drooped against a fence post; then collapsed at its base, "like Niobe, all tears." George lifted her gently, and, metaphorically speaking, pulled her together.

The old plantation house near was their only asylum. Thither they trudged as fast as water-weighted clothes and a cargo of mud would permit.

"Lor, what a sight you be! H'aint you Yanks got no sense?" was their greeting from a lady who, if her story is correct, was a relic of one of the F. F. V's "fore de wah" but who welcomed them with all the hospitality her dilapidated fortunes permitted.

"Them clothes cost a heap, I reckon. You won't want to leave them here, and dress up in one of my gaouns? But I reckon you'd better do it. You'll catch your death of chills if you sit in them things long. Here, Sam! You poked up the fire. You, sir, can sit here

and dry. I'll take the lady into my room."

Miss Elston yielded with alacrity to at least that part of the proposal that would take her for a while out of sight of her companion.

George sat down by the fire which Sam poked up. The darkey evidently thought there was need of similarly reviving the spirits of their guests.

"Bress you, massa, but I tho't yo'se done gone, shore. Why de mud turtles doan't crawl over dem flats widout ketchin' hol' o' hans. Ain't no bottom nuther. Tank de good Lor', what tuk yer out ob the miry clay and 'stablished yer goin, fur dats de skim of perdition yer' was on, shore. Old Joe Lumkin he went down thar, jug o' rum and all; nothin' but de cork ebber come up agin."

Thus Sam played the part of the good Samaritan until Miss Elston reappeared. Her face was flushed with mingled shame and anger; and enveloped as she was in the shapeless calico gown of her benefactress, she was the impersonation of the virago spirit that has been floating through human society, taking as many shapes as the legendary incarnation of Vishnu ever since the days of Xanthippe. George was horrified. He had prepared himself to be amused with what would be her comical attire, and to appease her offended dignity with the most kindly attentions; but her transformation had been more thorough than in apparel. Her whole countenance was changed. Its lines, so exquisitely soft when in repose, were now hard and distorted. Instead of the fine flush he had often admired, she was now masked in patches of red rage, which suggested war-paint. She seemed positively homely. To George's most suave expression of regret, she returned no answer, but sat down by a window in sullen silence.

When Sam brought the buggy to the door, she gave vent to her feeling.

"It is disgraceful, insulting, Mr. Goldie."

"But, my dear Alicia,—"

"Don't dear me!" she flashed, and then gave way to crying.

"Lor, now, miss," interposed the hostess, "doan't take on so. I ain't got no smellin' salts; but, Sam, you git some whisky."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Alicia, and stamped across the room to another chair.

"Shall we go back to the hotel?" asked George.

"To the hotel! In these duds! no, indeed,

if you don't respect yourself, you shan't make a guy of me, Mr. Goldie."

Now George Goldie had exhausted all his powers of diplomacy in patching up a peace. He beat a retreat. He took a stroll out under the trees. No council of state ever pondered more ponderously. At length he came to the very sage conclusion that he was a fool, at least in all that concerned womankind; and that, as respected this particular woman, he was utterly unfitted to be her guardian. It would be cruel to impose himself upon her in that capacity. He was as well fitted to take charge of a menagerie. And to become her husband! He would be sure to wreck her happiness, if she did not wreck his. As he leaned against a scrub-oak and mused, married life stretched out before his imagination like an interminable mud flat bounding the tiniest stream of affection.

But he manfully silenced such thoughts, and returning to the doorway had a confidential talk with the lady of the house and Sam; the result of which was that Sam went across fields to a neighbor's and borrowed a waterproof.

"God bless the inventor of the waterproof," thought George, "the common protection of rich and poor. It hides silk and calico with equal grace. With that a Fifth Avenue belle could pass through the corridors of the Hygeia Hotel as properly as a servant could go in by the kitchen door."

So it was arranged, through the good hostess' management,—for George did not dare to say another word—and in the growing dusk the unhappy couple set out.

George essayed conversation.

"Is there anything I can do, my dear Alicia, to make amends for this? I am so very sorry it has happened. You know—"

A convulsive shrug and a look of hatred and scorn made it evident that Miss Elston was in no mood for talking. So they drove in silence.

Reaching the hotel, the irate beauty disappeared as quickly as possible into her room.

That night she was invisible. The next day she announced through her maid, that she was too much indisposed to see her lover. He caught no glimpse of her until evening, when she appeared in the parlor. George confessed to himself that he had never seen her so beautiful as she stood there in conversation with a couple of officers from the Fortress. He approached the group, but she

adroitly moved away and joined another party.

"Happy fellow!" said Captain Larramore, as George came up. "If somebody doesn't put you out of the way, Goldie, it will be because men have grown too good to be jealous."

That night George penned a note, saying that he must leave by the next evening's boat for New York, and that in the meantime he would await her summons if she desired to see him. But no response came.

Several weeks later Tom handed him a note, which he found to be from Miss Elston, stating that she had returned to the city, and that he could use his pleasure in calling. To this he responded that he would gladly call if assured that his visit would give pleasure to Miss Elston; but until so assured he would not intrude. He also announced that he would be absent from the city for several weeks; and having sent his letter, sat down to plan a trip somewhere, just for the sake of being truthful.

## CHAPTER VI.

GEORGE'S absence was more prolonged and of consequences greater than he could have anticipated in even his most romantic mood. He had traveled but little heretofore, supposing that he had no taste for a roving life. But recent events had disturbed his rest, and he found relief on the wing. The Rockies and the Yellowstone, the Pacific coast from Puget's Sound to Los Angeles, and then a ranch vacation in Texas, consumed nearly six months. He was becoming enamoured of the latter sort of life. It was a pleasure to feel the sense of responsibility for something, if nothing more than counting cattle and breaking horses.

He was negotiating for land purchases, when news from New York revealed to him that he had not understood his own incentives, and that his love for the rough Texan life was rather a dread of returning to the city under existing circumstances. A copy of a New York paper arrived, addressed in a very familiar handwriting, with this passage marked:

The engagement is announced of Miss Alicia Elston, daughter of John Elston, Esq., of Fifth Avenue, to the Italian Count Ricardo, whose residence in this city has made him a favorite in many circles. Count Ricardo is the owner of the famous sorrel mare, Lady Sylvia, whose record last season eclipsed that of Prodi-



gal. The Count is said to be contemplating the opening of a race course for the sole patronage of the Italian nobility, on the grounds of his new estate, as soon as certain legal matters relative to the title to said estate have been disposed of by the Italian courts. The Count and Countess Ricardo will sail for Italy in the early autumn.

From the moment George's eyes fell on the above, all interest in Texas was dissipated. He wondered how he could ever have been attached to its barren plains, its rough and stunted social life. He would return to New York. The only tie that held him to Texas was a pair of fine ponies that he had broken with his own hands—but these he could bring North. He had often been importuned to become a member of the Orange Country Club. Why not do so? The Club stables would be very convenient, as would also the polo grounds—and no finer animals than his would sniff the pure air of the Orange Mountain.

So within two days after receiving the paper referred to, George was en route North. The horses followed. He was hailed by everybody at the Country Club as a man of the right sort. In one respect he was peculiar. Possessed of overflowing spirits, an easy abandon of manner, and abundance of means, he was a total abstainer from the use of liquors. To all who noticed his oddity he frankly explained, "I once went too far, I prefer to abstain entirely."

The October polo games were that year a feature of Orange life. Crack clubs from different parts of the country sent their best riders. Goldie had trained his animals well, and was entered as a defender of the Orange Club in a notable encounter with the Westchesters.

A finer day never shone. Only here and there a snow-white cloud veiled a spot in the deep blue sky. The air was thin and transparent, and served as a vast telescopic lens in bringing distant objects near. It seemed, too, as if the shouts of the riders could be heard over Llewellyn Park, and across the thousand villa sites of the Oranges and Montclair, and through the factory smoke of Newark, and over the flashing water of the Passaic and Kill von Kull, and might echo back from the heights of Staten Island, or be lost only in the hubbub of New York, or in the roar of the sea there beyond the skeleton tower on Coney Island. The crisp air that breathed

over the mountain was loaded with ozone, and expanded the lungs and quickened the blood, not only of players and horses but of the throngs that lined the driveway in every sort of conveyance that fashion licensed, from the elephantine tallyho to the phaeton and dogcart.

From the signal the game was hotly contested. Ward of Westchester and Goldie of Orange were evidently the rival champions. The white ball flew back and forward through the bewildering throng of hoofs, like a shuttle thrown by invisible sprites who were weaving therewith the fantastic shadows that floated on the landscape.

The ball was at one time flying straight for the Orange goal. Would it pass between the colors before its force was spent? It stopped scarcely a rod off. Goldie and Ward were coming for it from different sides. In the excitement of the moment neither of them thought of slackening speed, for the advantage of a horse's pace would decide the issue. The animals caught the spirit of their riders. They struck, but not before Goldie had sent the white ball flying to the mid-field.

"That's a daisy!" he cried as his horse fell. Ward's rolled over him. A wild shout rose from the crowd. Ward was quickly on his feet. His horse was up as soon. Goldie's horse tried to rise, plunged and fell again. Those near by saw but too plainly that he had planted his hind feet upon the body of his master. A cry of horror rose from the crowd. The wounded man did not move. A pallor as of death was upon his face. Several moments passed before he gave signs of life—and they were mere twitches of pain, subsiding suddenly into unconscious motionlessness. He was seemingly dead. An ambulance was constructed of a light wagon. It was proposed to take him to the Club House, but a physician who witnessed the accident and had hastily examined George's condition advised the hospital, as, though the man was alive, his case would be a desperate one and the utmost skill of surgery and nursing would be required.

Dr. Percival, for whom some one galloped down the mountain, reached the hospital almost as soon as the wounded man. He pronounced the injury to be severe concussion of the brain, with the probability of compression; and that there would be no return to consciousness unless through the relief of trephining. A compound fracture of the left

leg below the knee was of less account. Dr. Percival stood a moment by the operating table as if needing something.

"What is it, Doctor?" asked the head nurse.

"Is Miss Wilford about?"

"She is in the ward. Will not others do?"

"No, Miss Wilford must be here. If this man lives it will be due to the good help I shall have. I wouldn't trust myself to nurse him. We can stand no mistakes."

"As you say, Doctor," replied the chief, "but it will greatly derange our other plans. The hospital is full of patients, and we need her to take the oversight of the entire ward."

"Miss Wilford, I insist," replied the doctor curtly.

He had scarcely arranged his instruments when a lithe little woman stood at his elbow.

"Thank you, Amy," said the doctor, glancing hastily at her. "We have desperate business here. You must be both my right hand and nerve."

Neither spoke again for some minutes. The nurse seemed to anticipate the Doctor's requirements, as if there had been some nerve connection between his brain and her hands.

The patient's head was quickly shaved, and washed with sublimate solution; the scalp was cut, the trephine made its socket. The instant that a fractured portion of the skull was raised, the wounded man, who had lain as one dead, suddenly cried out,

"That's a daisy! Orange is safe!" His eyes opened in wide stare; then closed again, and he seemed to be quietly sleeping.

"That's just what he was saying, doubtless, when he fell on the polo ground," remarked the Doctor. "It was a case of suspended mentality. But he has caught on again nicely. His brain will be all right. But, Amy, you must do your best, or we shall lose him. That's an ugly break in his leg. I am glad you are here."

"Thank you, Doctor, for your confidence. I want to deserve it."

For several days George was oblivious to his surroundings, for when he was not in actual agony with Dr. Percival's manipulation of his wounds, he was very stupid. He hardly noticed his attendant, who moved noiselessly about the room without making so much as a click of glass or spoon. She ministered to his wants almost before he was sensible of need; raising his head and adjusting his pillow, when he thought he was

moving himself; giving the food just at the moment when appetite began to be felt, not waiting for it to crave; removing and renewing the bandages about his head with such skill that even the cloths seemed to have acquired the softness of woman's touch. The patient's will became plastic beneath hers. In the half dawn of his faculties he obeyed her slightest suggestion as if it were his own thought. And when reason came full again, he felt her spell abiding upon his will.

It was strange several days passed before George began to take note of the face and form in which his special providence was revealing herself. In the dim light admitted, he began by imagining the matronly features of a middle-aged woman beneath the white cap of the hospital nurse. One day a new vision came to him. Miss Wilford was sitting near the foot of the bed crocheting, but in such a position that she could catch the slightest motion of her patient, and anticipate his want before he expressed it. A slat in the window blind suddenly turned, and poured a luster upon her face. In an instant she had readjusted the blind, but not before George had caught the vision of a beautiful woman on whose cheeks scarcely twenty summers had left their bloom, and whose graceful form, the plain, neatly fitting dress and white apron set off to perfection. He could not believe that this was the one who had been like a mother to him. Her voice forced him to accept the revelation as a reality.

Of course it was a pleasing discovery, but one that puzzled him. He could readily believe in angels, strong, courageous, with mighty patience, and yet as delicately fair as little children. But how did this beautiful girl acquire these stronger qualities? Indeed, how did she dare to adopt a life of so much responsibility, imposing such a strain upon the mind, to say nothing of its outward hardships?

When she next approached him to give him his medicine he actually repelled her with his hand, under the sense that it was discourteous on his part to allow her to do so menial a thing. But his will was a poor slave under her mastery, and he quickly submitted when she placed his hands beneath the spread, and presented the spoon to his lips, with the firm mandate to lie very still. He could only follow her with his eyes and wonder.

What witchery there was in her touch!

Her fingers had more power to exorcise his pain, as they rested for a moment upon his brow, than any cloths they put there. He had not heard her first name, but smiled as he mentally called her Anæsthesia.

Sometimes she would read to him; but it is doubtful if George got more than the music of her voice, except where his imagination varied the story he heard, and made it into some romance of which the reader herself was the heroine.

He grew rapidly in strength. One day he determined to probe this, to him mysterious character of his attendant.

"Miss Wilford, why do you follow the occupation of a nurse?"

"Why, for the same reason that you played polo; because I like it."

George wanted to interpret this to mean that she liked nursing such a patient as he was; but he knew that she had no such thought, or, if she had, she would never have told him so.

"But what can there be that is pleasant about it? It is only watch and worry, day and night, and that for somebody else. You have no time to think or to do anything for yourself."

"Perhaps that latter thing, not thinking about one's self, is the charm of it, Mr. Goldie. Only selfish people worry. I could worry over many things that concern myself. But, Mr. Goldie, have you ever seen me worry over you? I have been anxious that my case should be well cared for; and, as I was assigned to it, I was anxious to do my duty as a hospital nurse. That comes from the *esprit du corps* our discipline develops. I never worried, not even when you were at the worst."

"But there is so much, Miss Wilford, that must grate upon one's feelings; making a mere servant of one. Some people must do such menial things; but, pardon me, Miss Wilford, you seem too delicate, too cultured a person for this kind of life."

"Too cultured! You are a cultured person, Mr. Goldie; a graduate of Princeton; and yet you have been telling me how you spent weeks in Texas, catching, breaking, and grooming horses. Isn't that more menial than caring for a human being? Now, for instance, aren't you of more value than many horses? No, I don't feel demeaned caring for any human creature. I am a Christian, I hope; and try to see Christ's image in every man. Besides, horses are very ungrateful

creatures. Your pet nearly tramped you to death, in return for your menial care of him. My patients are never ungrateful."

"Of course not, they couldn't be. I'm sure I can never be," said George warmly. He was going to say something else, but Miss Wilford stopped him.

"My service is professional, Mr. Goldie. I am glad if you appreciate the institution of professional nurses. I think myself they deserve well of the community."

"But is your service only professional? There must be cases where you become personally interested." George was just selfish enough to wish she were interested in his case, and conceited enough to wonder if she were not.

"Oh, yes," she replied eagerly. "I become deeply interested in some of my patients. There is a little girl, a cripple with hip disease. I go to see her often, although she is not in my care now. This little cardigan I am crocheting is for her. One cannot help loving such."

"Is she pretty and bright?"

"No, neither."

"Why do you love her then?"

"I suppose because I have helped her. We love those we do for, more than those who do for us."

"That reminds me of Captain Marryat. A sailor against whom he had a grudge, fell overboard. The Captain jumped in and saved him, and says, 'Somehow I loved him ever after that.' I hope Miss Wilford will be interested in her present charge, for I honestly believe she saved my life."

She did not seem to be conscious of the application he made of her theory, but replied, "I was speaking of the poor people who have no means to pay for what you do for them. There is little pleasure in nursing rich people. You feel that if you didn't somebody else would. They will be cared for anyway. But if you want to see a hospital nurse enthusiastic, Mr. Goldie, you must catch her with a basket on her arm, filled with bottles of medicine, bandages, and food, as she goes her rounds among those wretched people in the valley. She scours the tin pans with her own hands to get out the relics of a dozen last dishes cooked in them, so that her broth will be palatable. She picks over a mattress until all the old ache-holes have disappeared. She ventilates the stuffy little room without giving the poor patient a death chill, but only

a whiff of pure air. With her fingers she smoothes away the insomnia from some neuralgic head, and gives it the first refreshing sleep for weeks. Yes! that work pays, Mr. Goldie. The gratitude of such people is the best compensation this world furnishes. You feel that you have been living when you come out of one of those shanties. I don't know what sort of a heaven there can be where everybody is well, and has plenty, and there is nobody one can help. Maybe there's an intermediate state that God will let us spend our vacations in. Do you have any ideas on such subjects, Mr. Goldie?"

"No," said George, "at least I haven't had, until now."

"And what's your happy thought now?"

"Oh, nothing, except that God lets the angels come way down to the earth."

"What! wings and all?"

"No, but with little white caps and aprons on," said he laughing and coloring.

"That wouldn't be artistic," replied Miss Wilford, with just the slightest blush coming to her temples. "But I am now to bid you good by, Mr. Goldie."

"Why, Miss Wilford, I am not well yet. It would be cruel to leave me."

"That's what Dr. Percival said; but I persuaded him that you were well enough. I am anxious to take care of another man; one I think a great deal of."

The green monster leaped into George's heart and tore him. He felt faint, but stammered out,

"Who is that happy man, may I ask?"

"Mr. Clark. He ran a bucket shop over in the valley, and drank himself nearly to death. There is hardly a sound organ in his body. Doctor says he can't live, and oughtn't to, because he has thrown himself away. But Doctor is a pessimist. I think that by nursing we may bring him through, if his present pneumonia can be stayed. I am going to try anyhow. He has made an engagement with me conditioned on his recovery."

"An engagement! You surely are not engaged to such a person, Miss Wilford?"

"I?" And she laughed so merrily that George felt very silly at the mistake his impetuosity had led him into. Yet he was glad he had made her laugh, for it showed him a new phase of her disposition. This saint, who was making herself a martyr to duty every day, had a heart full of fun, and a laugh as well adapted to express it, as the

babble of a brook expresses what would be the feeling of the playful water, if it had any feeling at all.

"No, Mr. Goldie, I am not engaged to old Mr. Clark, but he has made an engagement with me not to drink another drop of rum; and, if he recovers, honestly to support his wife and six little children, so that they may keep out of the poorhouse. And if he dies,—well I suppose I shall have to be mother to them, for their real mother is incompetent."

George felt so greatly relieved by the turn the affair had taken that he was very willing to pay for his gratification, and said, "And if that need arises, Miss Wilford, will you not let me help you care for the little ones by any money that may be required?"

"Only too gladly."

"And in any other way in which I can assist your charitable purpose?"

"Oh, that would be taking too much, for my ideas are immense, as great as human suffering. Don't put your purse in my hand, or there will be nothing left to buy another Texas pony with, I assure you."

"What is that immense scheme? You would build a building grander than the People's Palace; a hospital twenty stories high; an Orphan Home—"

"No, not one of them; not a building. I would just say to every man and woman, 'If you want work, I will provide it for you; clean, healthful work; and I will pay you for it, living wages too.'"

"But that wouldn't help the people. They won't work. They love their drink."

"Mr. Goldie, most poor people drink because they are discouraged. They work without the incentive of any hope of getting ahead. Their labor is owned by others, who give it or withhold it as suits them. Poor people lose heart, and when they have lost heart, they will do anything. They almost want to throw themselves away. 'The sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep.' But this is theorizing, I must say good by to you, Mr. Goldie."

He took her proffered hand, but he was loth to let it go. She withdrew it, and bowed playfully at the doorway, as she said, "You will have a good new nurse, for I can recommend you as a very good patient."

George stood leaning on a crutch, and looking toward the door, until his weakness forced him to sink into a chair, where he sat a long time musing.



"A new species of the genus homo!" thought he. "A strange character! What a difference between her and—and me. A poor objectless jackass, I am, with my millions not serving a single soul of human kind. If the horse's hoof had gone through my brain, the world would have lost nothing. Are there others like her? Of course, all these nurses would say the same things; and all those teachers of the poor blacks at the Hampton Institute; and missionaries; and all who are doing charitable work in New York; and thousands who are helping their neighbors everywhere, and get no credit for it, except love. Charlie Carlyle, even, has some such notions of doing good in the world. And I, and some hundreds of mean, stingy, spendthrift, aristocratic vagabonds and fashionable loafers like me, never think of turning over our hands for anybody in God's great world. I wonder why He didn't let the pony kill me? And what a woman! A man couldn't help loving her, if she was nothing but a ghost. Just to feel that she was about would be as good as the odors of Paradise. Pshaw! It's sacrilege for such a good-for-nothing fellow as I am even to think of her. So here goes! I will let her out of my mind."

Then George Goldie having taken this determination, sat a full half hour with his eyes on the door, trying to imagine just how she looked when she went out; to hear again her merry "good by."

"Confound it! what was she so merry about in leaving me, and going to nurse those old lazzaroni. I don't believe any pretty girl would be glad. I wish I knew something about women anyhow; but I don't, and won't try to any more. So away with the thought. Good by, Miss Wilford! good by forever, so far as I care! But I wonder if her father is living. Why didn't I ask her? And where her home is. But here is Doctor. He will tell me."

Dr. Percival's broad and genial face, grew broader at George's question. He burst into a hearty laugh, and clapping George on the back, said,

"I knew what would come, my young friend, when a sensible fellow like you got his eyes on that girl. But it's no use. She didn't want to take your case, and it was only because I insisted upon it that she did; and half a dozen times she has asked me to let her go. I have objected; but when I suspected you were getting interested in her I

had to give in for your sake. We want our patients to go out of the hospital made whole, and don't care to have them go with heart strings a jangle. You are doing finely, and Miss Shearer will take your case for a week or two. Then you can go home."

The doctor mused awhile, and resumed,

"Yes, that Miss Wilford is a rare woman. She comes of good stock. Her father was one of the grandest men in the world; a surgeon in New York, who would have been famous if he had lived; but he was killed in a railroad accident when he was only thirty; and Amy Wilford only a year or two old. Yes, her mother is living in New York. She gets a moderate support from her pen; and could do well in literature, but for her wretched health. Mrs. Wilford's father, Silas Martin, was once very wealthy; but he lost nearly all he had just before Dr. Wilford married his daughter. They were engaged when she was rich, and he hadn't a cent; and he clung to the engagement when she became poor. And Amy Wilford is the condensation of her father and mother. I have had her help me in a surgical operation, when I was almost unnerved myself; but she was as cool and steady as the steel of my knife; and yet, with all that courage, she is as full of sentiment as one of her mother's poems."

And so the good-natured doctor rattled on, all the while examining closely George's face; once posing his head so as to get an ophthalmoscope ray into his eyes.

"Well, Doctor, will I do?"

"Do? That depends upon what you want to do. To think about my Amy Wilford? No, sir, you won't do yet. You city swells would have to recuperate a thousand years in purgatory before you would be fit to lift your eyes up to that little angel."

"But I'm a better man than when I came here, Doctor."

"I hope so; but I can't find so much as an angelic pinfeather on your shoulder blades, that you should think of flying after Amy Wilford."

George spent another fortnight at the Orange Memorial Hospital. The time passed slowly for all Miss Shearer's attention, the doctor's daily round, Aunt Betsey's visits, and calls from Charlie Carlyle and a score of good fellows from the Oranges who had learned to like him, and were themselves an extremely likable set. Then he returned to his city home.

## CHAPTER VII.

GEORGE sat one night before his library fire, seeing all sorts of things in the blaze. Among the fantasies that flashed there was one of a very sweet face, and about it, like the nimbus about the head of a madonna, the white cap of a hospital nurse. Now and then, by way of severe contrast, he studied his father's portrait over the mantel. It was somewhat hard, slightly sinister, yet with an amiable play of the lips that George remembered to have seen in life on several occasions, chiefly when he had made a prosperous venture in some speculation. George thought that the artist must have watched his father a great many hours in the office, in order to catch that very rare and evanescent expression.

He rang for Tom.

"Tom, you've been a good many years in our family. Sit down and let us talk of old times."

"Yes, Mister George, I've been with you mor'n twenty-five year. I was here afore yourself."

"How many years before?"

"Well, it's now gone twenty-four in the house, and five more in the office."

"That's twenty-nine in the family, Tom."

"The office ain't the family, Mister George."

"No, not really; but in father's case there wasn't much difference. His office was his home more than this house was; and home was only another office. It was business, business, always, everywhere business."

"True, Mister George, that was your father's fault; but we've all got our faults."

"Yes, Tom, even you've got one,—that stump of a finger. How did you lose it?"

"And what should I be tellin' that story over again for, Mister George? You've heard it a hundred times."

"Well, you used to tell it to me often when I was a boy, and I want to hear it just for the sake of old times, Tom."

"For the long gone time's sake? Then I'll have to tell it. You see, Mister George, I've told you often how I was in the service."

"What service, Tom?"

"The English service."

"Pretty hard service, wasn't it?"

"Deed it were, Mister George, I never want to see a harder. You see an officer, he got mad at something and —"

"An officer? What sort of an officer?"

"An officer of the guards, Mister George."

"Where was it?"

"At Gibraltar, sir. But you know the story as well as I do. And they are wantin' me down stairs."

"No, your bell didn't ring, Tom. It was Maggie's. What were you doing at Gibraltar?"

"Workin' on the fortifications. You see, Gibraltar isn't much of a place for room, and —"

"No, rather a confining place, wasn't it, Tom?"

"Deed it were, sir," said Tom, casting a quick, searching glance at George's face.

George returned the glance sharply, then studied his father's portrait a moment before he replied.

"Tom, were you ever called Tom Goldie?"

"Tom Goldie! 'Deed Mister George, I wouldn't be callin' meself that. But may's how somebody giv' me that name, cause I worked for Mr. Goldie. But Mistress Betsey is callin' me, an' she's mighty exactin'."

"No, Aunt Betsey isn't home now. She's gone to prayer-meeting. Tom, do you know William Casey?"

Tom whitened. But George was persistent.

"Who's 290, Tom?"

Tom stared stupidly at his questioner. George went on.

"Tom, I'll be frank with you, and I want you to be perfectly frank with me. You can't afford to deceive me. I've been in the Home for Discharged Convicts. I'm a patron of that Institution. I overheard your conversation with William Casey. I know something of your life, enough to force you to tell me the whole of it. You were a convict at Gibraltar; in English service,—yes, penal service. Shot by an officer of the guards—an officer on guard. Escaped with Casey. Don't think I am accusing you, Tom. You've been too good to me for many years for me to peach on you, even if you had been a hard one, as you call it. But I don't believe you ever were a hard one. I believe you are honest, and always have been. But I must know. Is your name Goldie?"

"Well, then, here's plump and fair. My name were Tom Goldie."

"And you have some resemblance to my father. Now, Tom, out with it!"

"Mister George, I've served your father as long as he lived. You've no need of me longer. Don't want me to tell what's past."

Your father's dead, but no more dead than my past life is. It's gone, as much as my finger's gone, an' it'll do ye no good to know who or what Tom Goldie was. There ain't no Tom Goldie. I've made up me mind to ask you to let me leave you, Mister George. Tom Duffy was well enough in this house; but Tom Goldie's no business here. He never'll come here, and I'll never darken your door again." Tom rose as he said it.

"Not a bit of it, my good fellow. You are not going to leave me; and I'm going to have the whole story."

George turned the key in the door, and sat down.

"Come, Tom, I can stand your story, but I can't stand being ignorant of it. Now go on. Who are you?"

There was a long silence. At length Tom began, "I feared it might come to yer knowledge, Mister George, some day; an' I made me plans to disappear before I ever brought any disgrace on you or your father's house. But maybe your suspicions would trouble your mind mor'n the real truth.

"Yer see, it was this ways. The Goldies had a fair name with the country folk around Belfast, until my poor father took too much to drink. He gave me nothin' but me porridge an' a strong likin' for the liquor; and I think the heat of it was in all our blood. Besides, I was never quick with my wits. 'Blunderin' Tom' they always called me in the old country. I could write scarce a bit when I were twenty year, and I never read nothin'. I knew the tavern ways an' the tavern men, an' for a stoup of liquor would hang round them when I ought to been at work. But I was always honest; honest it was, Mister George. I'd say that with a hangman's rope around me neck, and go to God with the word on me lips." The man trembled with the earnestness of his feeling.

"I believe that, Tom," said George, with the tears starting in his eyes at Tom's almost tragic protestation.

"But you see," continued Tom after some hesitation, "you see a crime was committed in Hillhall,—that's near to Belfast, or was—and I was took for it, and sentenced for twelve year at Gibraltar. If you heard me an' Billy Casey talkin', you know what happened there. I ran off an' came to America. It was hard to keep from goin' bad. I had no letters of character to show, and was green

at everything; for what could you expect of a man that was a village loafer until twenty, and then a convict for ten years more? I did odd jobs in Boston and New York, stevedorin' mostly, and drinkin' up all I earned. I was awful tempted, but I lived honest with everybody—with everybody but meself. And things went bad. I was often nearly starved. Once I was tempted to rob. You see I was near crazy with hunger, and I knowed just how to get at a man's purse. I had learned that too well from my prison pals at Gib. A man was walkin' down there on the Battery by Castle Garden; an', says I, 'a clip of me fist under the ear an' he will be stunned for awhile; not killed, only stunned.' But I thought I'd pass him, an' look him over. God forgive me! 'Twas a moonlight night; an' that face was like a sweet little face I had left in the old country full twenty-five years afore. 'Twas like me brother's, then only a wee laddie. I followed him, he went to his house in Beekman Street. I found he was Robert Goldie."

Tom buried his face in his hands and sat for a long time in silence which George did not interrupt. He had let his cigar go out, and broken the remnant in his fingers. He lighted a fresh one; and with assumed nonchalance said, "Go on, Tom."

Tom resumed. "I couldn't keep away from him. I went to his place of business, and thought to tell him who I was. But why should I disgrace Robert by asking him to know me? No, I couldn't do it. He says, 'What do you want,' kind o' brisk like, and I says, says I, 'I want a job.' Says he, 'We ain't no jobs—go along.' I couldn't go along. I stood fascinated like, thinkin' over them twenty-five year; and he looked me over, and, says he, kind o' kind like, 'You look hungry, man,' and he gave me something. George, I oughtn't to say it, but I never see Robert Goldie give another poor man anything in all these years since. But he give me something. I know'd what did it. 'Twas blood, George, blood. Then says I, 'I don't want it for nothin'. I'll come round and do chores to-morrow, if you've got any.' He then gave me a porter's place. Your father always took to me from the first. But I don't believe he suspected who I was. Yet sometimes I'd find him lookin' me over, and then he'd havethat look o' kindness he's got there in the picture. But if I'd thought he'd any inklin' of what

I was, I'd 'a run away any time. An' I'm goin' away now, George."

"No, you're not, Tom! The man who has been what you have been to me, I'm going to hold on to."

George plied him with a hundred questions. They sat together until after midnight. As they separated, George said,

"Good night, uncle Tom," and the old man put his broad three-fingered hand upon the young man's shoulder as he said,

"God bless the dear boy! That's the one prayer Tom Duffy's said for twenty year."

He went once to have a talk with the doctor. He said frankly to his pastor, "Dr. Titus, I am more than interested in the truth you preach. I believe it; but somehow I can't get hold of it."

"That matters little," replied the doctor, "so long as you let it get hold of you."

"It does get hold of me, but not as I would like to have it. I am an outrageous sinner."

"I have not the least doubt of it, George, for all sin is an outrageous thing."

"But I am not merely a general sinner, I am particularly bad."

"I know that, George. Every sinner is particularly bad."

"For years now I have —"

"Now stop right there, George. Don't think of me as a priest to whom you need make confession. Your sins are your own. Don't tell them to me; don't tell them to anybody on earth. I couldn't lift a shadow of one of them if you told me all. They concern only yourself and God, and God knows about them—and further, He alone knows His own gracious purpose. 'If our hearts condemn us God is greater than our hearts and knows all things.' And there is just one thing to do with our sins: leave them off, and leave the memory of them with God."

"But I would like to tell you. You could help me, Doctor."

"No, I won't let you. God says He will not impute our iniquities to us,—that is, not think of them if we repent. Why should I think about your sins if God does not? And why should you think of them? Drop them out of your practice and out of your mind. I can't help you except by telling you that God will help you. I will not even talk with you about your past life, but if you want to lead a better life we will talk about that. In this great world of sin and suffering there is plenty to do in the way of serving God. We will talk all day about that, if you please. There is so much that you can do. You need a master, The Master."

Dr. Titus held George's hand. The tears came into his eyes. After a few moments' similar talk, they knelt there in the study. The minister prayed, not for George, but for both of them; a prayer of simple contrition and a prayer of consecration—that Christ would make them both ministers of His. George felt when he rose that he had been inducted into a new caste. The old weight had gone. He felt that he could live for

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE revelations of Tom Duffy were undoubtedly annoying to the aristocratic Mr. George Goldie. At first he felt that he had dropped into a lower caste of society. He argued that he ought to feel ashamed. He knew that the world would tell him he should humiliate himself because of his new-found relationship; and up to this moment he had had the faith of a devotee in the world's doctrine. He seemed, however, to have suddenly grown heretical to the opinions of society, and though he tried to repent for his downfall before the altar of caste, he was unable to do so. He couldn't so much as realize a soul blush. He felt that he was no worse a creature than before the revelation came. Indeed he had formerly got so thoroughly into the habit of calling himself a "worthless scallawag," "an impudent, conceited coxcomb," "a selfish millionaire," and of cudgeling himself with all sorts of unhandsome epithets, that the knowledge that Tom shared some of his ancestral blood did not make him shrink any further. He even said in his heart, "Tom is a better man than I would have been. With no temptation to go wrong, I was becoming a sot." He thought God would have forgiven Tom if he had waylaid that man on the Battery, or if he had practiced blackmail on his brother, and so shared his wealth under threat of proclaiming the relationship. God had forgiven old Billy Casey and taken him to heaven. But he couldn't believe that God had forgiven such a hard-hearted man as he himself had been. He got into the habit of going to church. Dr. Titus was a faithful preacher; and though the thunder of his eloquence generally rolled high along the sky, sometimes a bolt of it dropped into the quivering conscience of his listener.



something better. It was hard to say whether the sense of responsibility or the new sense of delight in meeting such responsibility were the stronger.

The days rolled away. He was planning all sorts of charitable work. But into his plans always came the image of Miss Wilford, a sort of embodied "spirit within the wheels" of every enterprise. She was to him what a patron saint is to a Roman Catholic. She could help him. He would go to her shrine. So George Goldie sought her out in her mother's home—with a purely disinterested purpose of course, so he said to himself—only to get practical hints on charitable work. Mrs. Wilford occupied a flat between Fourth and Lexington Avenues, four stories up. It was scrupulously neat, and exceedingly cozy. It struck George as an ideal "sky-parlor." He was sure there was no room in his mansion to compare with it. But a closer inspection showed that it was very cheaply furnished. A fine French clock was doubtless a relic of better times. A rare oil painting of a handsome old man over the clock was probably Mrs. Wilford's father, Mr. Silas Martin, of whom Doctor Percival had told him. A fine microscope, and a small case of choice books—chiefly medical—were a reminder of Dr. Wilford. But a hundred dollars could have bought all the rest of the furniture—if one might except a superb etching with Dr. Percival's card adorning the corner of the frame, and a portière of cheap material enriched with hand-embroidery in which Mrs. Wilford's taste and industry were displayed.

Miss Wilford received him cordially, but with an apology, saying that their interview must be short owing to an engagement.

It would only be truthful to acknowledge that George was a little piqued at this. He had been accustomed to find young ladies quite ready to adapt their time to his convenience; and to find them somewhat overcome by the sense of honor his calls bestowed upon them. But his reverence for Miss Wilford as a sort of superior being almost instantly allayed all feeling of resentment. Yet the feeling revived again when an incidental remark revealed the fact that she had neither professional nor society engagement for the hour, but only that, at the Forty-second Street Hospital, a crippled boy might be disappointed if she did not make her usual weekly visit to him. The little fellow was

one of the charity patients. She had picked him up in some tenement house and secured his admission to the hospital. So George's bad feeling subsided again. What was he to Miss Wilford that he should defraud the suffering child of such comfort as her visit must be! He could wish he were himself a crippled child, to have such a visitor. And how he would hate the man, especially if the man were some rich swell, who should try to keep Miss Wilford away from her crippled friend, and make her waste her sweetness on his gloved and scented rival.

George asked the privilege of accompanying Miss Wilford to the hospital. She politely declined to take his time, but he so adroitly manifested his interest in the poor child and in the treatment of little cripples in that worthy institution, that they found themselves walking there together.

Of course George would like to look through the wards. He was talking with the nurse in charge of one of them, when there was a sudden flurry in one of the cots, much like that in a birds' nest when the mother bird has come back from a successful foraging expedition. In an instant two tiny hands and thin white arms were around Miss Wilford's neck, and a very pale and pinched little face pressed close to hers, as she bent over the cot.

"Oh! Mamma Wilfry! I's so 'fraid you wouldn't come."

"Come? you darling child, what would keep me away when I knew you were waiting for me."

George felt like a monster.

"But, Mamma Wilfry. Is it true every times what you tells me?"

"Why do you ask that, my dear?"

"'Cos you said me 'ud get well."

"I meant if God wanted you to."

"But you didn't say that, Mamma Wilfry. You just said me get well."

"You will, darling, if not here, in heaven."

"But you didn't say that, Mamma Wilfry. You just said me get well, and I say, 'O Lord Jesus, make Mamma Wilfry say the troof'; an I—I—I jes put my foot right out of bed."

"What! by yourself?"

"Yes, God an' me—we did it, Mamma Wilfry."

Miss Wilford questioned the nurse, and to her astonishment learned that the child, under the impulse of the strong faith her words had given him, had actually moved his

limb—which the best surgeons had declared to be hopelessly paralyzed.

Miss Wilford knelt down by the cot. She clasped the little fellow in her arms and burst into tears. George turned away, but not until he had heard her words,—

"O God, I thank Thee!"

The writer of this story cannot tell what George Goldie thought of this. It is most probable that he did not think at all. His purely intellectual powers were held in solution of intense feeling. He was awe-stricken and could have worshiped with the cot for his altar and the kneeling figure for a heaven-sent priest. When he began to think it was not about the scene he had witnessed, but about the Christ who took the hand of the dead maiden and bade her arise. But there was no outward indication of his emotion, except that he drummed with his fingers on the window-pane, and stared stupidly at the iron rafters of the Elevated Railroad that came across his line of vision, without seeing them at all, while tears filled his eyes.

A moment or two later Miss Wilford approached to thank George for his interest in visiting the hospital, and to bid him good day, as she must remain longer than she supposed to gratify her young protégé.

"Miss Wilford, may I call again upon you?"

She colored slightly. "You are always welcome, if I can be of any help to you in any charitable project, Mr. Goldie."

"I have a charitable project which greatly interests me. Will you allow me to explain it to you?"

"Certainly."

"When?"

"Any evening, Mr. Goldie."

"To-night?"

"Yes. I shall be so much engaged after a few days that I would better say this evening. I am so glad that you are thinking of poor wretched people. The world has so many—and you could do so much for them."

"My scheme is very practical," replied he, "and I shall need your sympathy and help."

George was never more punctual in meeting an engagement. Mrs. Wilford had already gone to spend an hour with a little club of cash-girls a neighbor had organized, and which Mrs. Wilford was fond of entertaining with what she called "lecturette" upon all sorts of practical matters that concern a girl's life. George was seemingly

ill at ease. His great project made him, perhaps, top-heavy. It was only after several questions from his fair hostess that he could be brought to a statement of it.

"Are you very patient, Miss Wilford?"

"Very."

"Can you promise not to think the less of me if you don't like my scheme?"

"Certainly, the best of schemes are full of faults at the start; but if they have a practical purpose, they can generally be put into practical shape."

"My scheme is intensely practical."

"And is not too wide, I hope. I am suspicious of plans that aim at too much. Better begin with one poor body, than with a million."

"Just my idea, Miss Wilford. We agree in aim; but I am afraid you will think me a great blunderer, if not an intruder with my method."

"I assure you I shall not. Even if you want to help only one person, I promise you my full sympathy."

"Thank you for saying that, for I want to begin with one wretched bit of humanity; and that object of charity, Miss Wilford, is myself."

"But, Mr. Goldie, you are not —"

"Pardon me, you promised to patiently hear me. I am in need of what nobody but you can give me. You saved my physical life in the Orange Hospital—you need not look amazed, for Dr. Percival told me so much—and you have given me a start on a healthier soul-life—so much by your example. But the process can be complete only by personal care. Miss Wilford, will you take me again under treatment, only non-professionally?"

For the first time in all his unruly ways as her patient, George had succeeded in disturbing Miss Wilford's equanimity. She was now evidently confused. She looked steadily at the floor, as if she longed to have it open at her feet and allow her to escape. But even this evident shock did not make a long perturbation. She was like a well managed yacht that careens heavily in going about, but comes up finely to the wind. After a moment she looked George frankly in the face.

"Mr. Goldie, you have honored me greatly. I cannot even try to conceal the fact that I feel it. I have learned to respect you so highly that I shall always treasure your

kindly regard. I would not be a true woman if I did not say so much. But—but—"

George would have taken her hand, but she courteously withdrew it—as she completed her sentence. "More than friendship would be impossible between us."

"Not impossible! Tell me frankly is there any obstacle? Do you—are you—have you any—"

George did not complete his sentence. He felt that he was really asking an impudent question; and that he was provoking an answer that would be fatal to his hopes.

Miss Wilford relieved him. "Perhaps I understand your query, and as you have asked frankness, I give it. No, there is no obstacle except in my own mind. But I think that insuperable."

"Are you sure you could not endure me,—that I would make you unhappy? If I can do anything to win a good woman's love, tell me what it is, and I will do it."

"Let us say no more about it, Mr. Goldie. Our lives have been so different—our conditions—our tastes—everything leads us in opposite ways. You could never endure in my life what I regard as a sacred duty to follow—and I could not enter your sphere. Pray say no more." She rose and offered her hand with exceeding kindness but with evident reserve. Yet George held it.

"One word more, Miss Wilford. If I know my own heart I admire in you just that which you imagine I would dislike. And why could you not enter my sphere? It is not higher than yours. I look up to yours as above mine—almost infinitely above mine. I am ambitious to rise to yours. You yourself have taught me that ambition. Why forbid what you have really commanded and inspired in me?"

"That is pure sentiment, Mr. Goldie. I am a poor girl—content to be such—you are rich. I regard you too highly to allow you to make what society would call a misalliance."

"Is there nothing but that?"

"That is enough."

Now George was tempted to win by *coup de main*. "That!" only "that!" It wouldn't stand against his passion an hour. But he revered the noble woman too much to press so violently against her judgment.

"For once, Miss Wilford, I must dispute you. It is not enough. You do not regard the accident of wealth as signifying any-

thing. I know you do not. Your utter indifference to those who possess it shows that money-caste never impressed you a shadow's weight. You do not look up to such people; nor do you care a straw whether a man is rich or not. I protest against your making an exception in my case. If I thought that were your only objection, I would throw my money into the North River, unless you would let me put it into your pocket. And that I will do, if you will permit. I will use the Episcopal service and say now, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.'"

"Oh, that would be to buy me," said Miss Wilford, utterly changing her manner, and bursting out with a merry laugh. "You said you came to talk of some charity, Mr. Goldie. I will readily help such objects; but I decline to make you an object of charity—that would be cruel. But I really forgot, Mr. Goldie that I had another engagement for to-night. My mother made me promise to meet her at the cash-girls' entertainment at nine o'clock precisely and bring her home."

"I will accompany you."

"That will be pleasant—only you must not speak again of this subject."

## CHAPTER IX.

George left Miss Wilford at the neighbor's door and returned to his home on Fifth Avenue. He accused himself of awfully bungling the whole matter. But he always acted like a goose in dealing with women. Who could understand them? He passed the Elston mansion and could not help stopping to recall just how it was he was once caught in the insane act of offering incense to such an idol. He looked at the elegant brownstone, and then thought of the little flat he had just left. He thought of a gilded cage with a stuffed bird glued to a perch; and then of a bird which was also a nightingale and changed into an angel. He thought of Dr. Titus' doctrine of election, and thought he saw proof of it in the difference between the two women; one was the elect of God; for no human being ever became so pure and unselfish and noble by any natural development. "Partaker of the Divine nature." The words never had any significance to him before, but now he saw a radiant meaning in them. He thought he could understand something of the Christ-spirit. If Miss Wil-

ford persisted in refusing him he wouldn't believe she did not regard him—and with that thought he could live a braver, purer life, even if he lived it alone. Then as he walked on he thought of the scene by the little cripple's cot, and he looked up toward the star-bright sky and said, "I thank Thee, O God." He was strong—so strong that he could have a talk with Tom. A matter troubled him. He had been too proud, or too cowardly to refer to it heretofore.

On going to his own room he made Tom come in.

"Uncle Tom?"

"George, promise never to call me that agin. You oughtn't to have knowed it. But knowin' it's enough. Don't say it."

"Well then, Tom, as of old, if you will have it so; but remember it's you that are ashamed of having me for your nephew, and not I that am ashamed of you. Now, Tom, I want to talk with you of that robbery William Casey spoke about when I overheard you. Do you remember when he said the man who put up the job looked like you, you colored up—at least Casey said, 'Don't color up so.' Did you know anything about that?"

"'Deed, George, I know'd nothin' about that. If I was on the witness stand, with an oath to tell all I knew, I couldn't swear that I knew anythin'."

"But you remember the case?"

"Oh, yes. The town talked about it."

"Have you any suspicions, Tom, about who it was that looked like you?"

"What business have we with suspicions, George Goldie? I was suspicioned once, and sent to Gibraltar, though innocent. I'll suspicion nobody. Don't do it, George. What we know that's bad is enough. Don't suspicion nobody, I say."

But Tom's face was red to the top of his bald scalp.

"Tom, I have no suspicions, but an awful thought comes sometimes. I want you to clear it up."

"'Deed, George, I can't clear it up. I couldn't at the time."

"Oh! It troubled you, too. Then, Tom, we must talk it down to the bottom. It's awful—awful—but we must do it. Tom, you say you couldn't swear that you knew anything about it, but you didn't say that you could swear you knew nothing about it."

"George, George, why did you listen to us

fools, Billy Casey and me, talk? We'd better a buried oursel's in the ground than to let you hear. But may's how it will be better to tell you all. I know'd nothin' about the robbery of the old gentleman 'cept what everybody was sayin', and what was told on the trial of Billy Casey, and that one day your father—but I've no business sayin' it at all, George."

"Tom, we've got to go to the bottom of this matter. God forgive me! It may be I can do something to make things right, if there has been wrong."

"Well, God forgive us, as you say, George. And as I was sayin', one day your father says to me, says he, 'Tom Duffy I want you to go to Closkie's pawn shop and get a package.' Then says he, 'You see Duffy, a friend of mine was on a spree some time ago, and he put some things up spout there, and he's ashamed to go for them himself, and I promised I'd get them. Just run round there and say you want package 29, and give Closkie this bit of paper.'

"So I went an' I give Closkie the bit of paper, and as he opened it a bill of one thousand dollars fell on to the counter. I knew it at a glance, for I'd seen such things in the office. And Closkie, afore he give me the package, he went to the door and looked up and down the street; then he come back an' he says, with a wink, 'Yon'd better go out the back way,' and showed me through a heap of rubbish to a alley that brought me out on another street. I took the package to the office. I never saw your father so anxious about anythin' as that 'ere bundle. He asked lots of questions about what Closkie said, and who was in there, and which way I came. Then he went to his back office and didn't come out until more'n an hour after his usual time for goin' home. He was awful pale and nervous, and I thought he had been sick. Well, on the trial it came out that the old gentleman what was robbed, had done some business with Goldie and Co. an' had been there two days afore. But nothin' was made of that 'cept that Mr. Goldie had advised him to remove his bonds from the bank to a new Safety Deposit Co. on Broadway, going where he was robbed."

"Did you know anything about my father's business at the time, Tom?"

"No, 'cept that from talk in the office I thought he was hard pushed. He had been speculatin' with somebody who had caught



him short. I heard that man threaten to blow him higher than a kite if he didn't fix things up in ten days. And it must a been fixed, for the man and he were good friends right afterward. But, George, let's stop talkin'. You an' I don't know nothin' about it. I never want to think about it again, nor ever to hear the name of old Silas Martin."

"Silas Martin! Silas Martin!" cried George, "who is he?"

"Why, the old man what was robbed." There was a long pause, then George said, "Well, good night, Tom. Let's never speak of this again."

"Never will I," said Tom.

## CHAPTER X.

A full week passed before George Goldie called again upon Miss Wilford. Then he went at first only to the house, stood a moment at the stoop, then turned away and took a good hour's walk before he ventured to go back and ring the bell.

Miss Wilford received him very cordially, but with a strangeness of manner. They talked of a dozen subjects; but evidently she was as little interested in them as he was. At length he said,

"Miss Wilford, you forbade me to speak of a certain matter. Yet I must disobey you for once. Is that obstacle unsurmountable?"

"I was honest when I said it."

"You are always honest. Yet we sometimes change our mind. Perhaps I can tell you something that will make you think more of me. I am not so rich a man as I was a week ago; not nearly so gilded an aristocrat. Some of that horrid wealth that came between us has taken wings."

"Why, my dear Mr. Goldie, what can have happened? You have not lost a great deal, I hope?"

"Yes, heavily. I have parted with so much that unless something else happens I shall probably sell my place on Fifth Avenue and go elsewhere, out into the country, perhaps, or maybe out of the country."

He looked so woe-begone that he must have excited all Miss Wilford's charity. She took his hand.

"I assure you of my real sympathy, my dear friend."

"That sympathy repays me, my dear Miss Wilford. And if that horrid obstacle between us would all go, I could rejoice in my E-Sept.

loss. But it is selfish now for me to press my—"

Her sympathy must have been real, for the fair woman was in tears.

George must have thought it was his duty to comfort her, for he held her hand until she said,

"Then the obstacle has gone."

Now the thing for George to have done at such a moment, if the records of love-making are correct, would have been to take her to his arms; but he did no such thing. He was stricken with a sense that he was unworthy to embrace one who was so noble. He looked into her eyes to worship as from afar. He kissed the hand he held. And that kiss! What strange potency there is in one kiss! It emboldened him, it thrilled him. He lost all sense of decorum, as a worshiper of his goddess, and committed the awful sacrilege of immediately laying his offering upon her lips. And, well!—

Perhaps an hour passed; perhaps only five minutes. George never knew which, when Amy Wilford said,

"My dear Mr. Goldie, you—"

"Pardon me, my dear Amy, but don't say Goldie. My gold has so diminished that I think plain George would be better, don't you?"

"Well, then, my dear plain George, I have not told you my story. A strange thing has happened. Years ago my grandfather—that's his portrait over the mantel, was a rich man. He lost everything; was robbed. Yesterday a tin box came addressed to mother. On opening it, it was found to contain, I can't say how many government bonds, more than I ever saw before, and a note. But let me get it."

She was gone some time. George could hear conversation in the adjoining room. The only words which he could fully catch were,—"Well, you are your own judge my child! God bless you! If I only thought he was worthy of you, my darling!"

She returned with a type-written letter, which George read.

To Mrs. Wilford:

The accompanying bonds, or the value of them, belonged to your father. They are returned to you by one whose conscience will not allow him to deprive you of your rightful inheritance.

"Strange!" said George, "very strange!"

"Do you remember, my dear," said Dr. Titus as they came in from the wedding, "do you remember that I wished for the Episcopal Burial Service at Mr. Robert Goldie's funeral, so that I need make no address? Well, I was glad not to have the Episcopal Wedding Service to-day."

"Why?" said Mrs. Titus, "the Wedding Service is very beautiful, when read and not mumbled."

"So it is," replied her husband, "but with that I couldn't have prayed as I liked. And I never wanted to thank the Lord and ask Him to bless a couple as I did to-day. I couldn't have thought about Isaac and Rebecca, if I had tried, but only of George Goldie and Amy Wilford. What a fine looking woman she is! I never saw a more soulful, helpful face, or a sweeter dignity in a bride since—since you and I were married."

"Who was that fine looking gentleman,

who seemed as happy as if he were being married himself?" she asked.

"Oh! that was Dr. Percival of Orange; a guardian or something of Miss Wilford."

"And that little child?"

"That was one of Miss Wilford's protégés. One of her fancies."

"And did you notice that Tom Duffy, Goldie's butler, was there as one of the guests? Wasn't it strange?"

"Yes, but that was one of George's fancies."

"Ah, here's a bit of sensational news," said the Doctor, running his eye over the evening paper.

Tragedy at Monte Carlo. The Italian Count Ricardo blew his brains out, having lost heavily at the tables. Unable to obtain title to the estates he claimed, he had sought to retrieve his fortunes in one desperate chance. Mr. John Elston has been cabled, and starts on to-morrow's steamer to bring his daughter, the Countess Ricardo, to her home in New York.

(The end.)

## SECRETS.

BY W. H. A. MOORE.

COULD waters speak as flows the tide,  
Methinks I'd hear  
The secrets of the elves who dwell  
On leafy banks in shady dell,  
And sound wild Mischief's laughing bell  
To startle Love's sweet dreaming pride  
To doubt and fear.

Could blushing morn her story tell,  
Methinks I'd know  
Just where coy Rest doth hide her face  
When bright, brave Day must take the place  
Of Night's calm sway, and Light doth chase  
From earth, loved Sleep's bewitching spell  
And bids her go.

And Truth—what story could'st record  
Of me and mine?  
Can'st speak to me my thought of Night?  
Could'st tell me of the longing sight  
I turn to Sin's deceiving light?  
No, no, I've done! Thy strength, thy word  
Is life divine.

## THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

BY MARCUS BENJAMIN, PH. D.

ACCORDING to its constitution the objects of the society whose name is at the head of this article are "by periodical and migratory meetings, to promote intercourse between those who are cultivating science in different parts of America, to give a stronger and more general impulse and more systematic direction to scientific research, and to procure for the labors of scientific men increased facilities and a wider usefulness." An election to the National Academy of Sciences or to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences is regarded as a higher honor; the Agassiz Association has a larger number of members but chiefly among younger persons; and the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the American Chemical Society, and the American Microscopical Society are organizations of importance, but their membership is restricted to those interested in pursuing the specialties described in their names, so that the American Association, being more liberal in its qualifications for membership, is the largest body of its kind and easily the foremost scientific society in the United States.

Its history is honorable, and its beginning dates back to 1840 when on April 2, in the rooms of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, Lewis C. Beck, James C. Booth, Martin H. Boye, Timothy A. Conrad, Ebenezer Emmons, James Hall, C. B. Hayden, Edward Hitchcock, Douglas Houghton, Bela Hubbard, Walter R. Johnson, William W. Mather, Alexander McKinley, Henry D. Rogers, Robert G. Rogers, Richard C. Taylor, Charles B. Trego, and Lardner Vanuxem met together and resolved to form an Association of American Geologists. Of the scientific societies then in existence, five only have survived to the present time. They are the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia (1769), the American Academy of Arts and Sciences of Boston (1780), the Connecticut Academy of Sciences of New Haven (1799), the New York Academy of Sciences (1817), and the Maryland Academy of Sciences of Baltimore (1822). According to Prof. G. Brown Goode the new organization was "essentially a revival and contin-

uation of the old American Geological Society, organized September 6, 1819, in the Philosophical Room of Yale College, and in its day a most important body." If we accept this as its origin then the American Association is now the fifth oldest scientific body in the United States.

At the first meeting in 1840 Edward Hitchcock, State Geologist of Massachusetts and long president of Amherst College, was chosen chairman, and Lewis C. Beck, Mineralogist of the New York Geological Survey, secretary. No papers of importance appear to have been read at this meeting, although mineralogical and geological specimens were exhibited and informal discussions on scientific matters were indulged in.

The second meeting of the Association was held in April, 1841, in Philadelphia, and over its deliberations Benjamin Silliman of Yale College was called to preside. Papers were read on this occasion and the first, concerning which notice is given in the minutes of the meeting, is "On the Geology of Some Parts of the United States West of the Allegheny Mountains," by Dr. John Locke, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Among the interesting items of this gathering is the notice of the adjournment at 12 o'clock on April 7, 1841, "as a mark of respect to the memory of General Harrison, late President of the United States," whose funeral took place at that hour.

In 1842 the third meeting of the organization was held. At this time it convened in Boston, and Samuel G. Morton, a famous physician of Philadelphia, who devoted much attention to geology, was the chairman. On this occasion a constitution was adopted in which the name appears as the Association of American Geologists and Naturalists. No regular dues were required of the members, but it was provided that "the expenses of each meeting shall be defrayed by an equal assessment of the members present."

At the first meeting the chairman was requested to open the following meeting with an address, and that presented by Professor Hitchcock at the second Philadelphia meeting was an account of what had been accom-

plished in American geology and of this discourse five hundred copies were ordered to be printed. In this manner the practice of presenting addresses by the retiring president at the meeting subsequent to the one over which he presided, came into existence.

Meanwhile the Association had grown. The twenty-two members who formed the organization at the end of the first meeting were increased by twenty-one at the second gathering and by thirty-four at the Boston meeting, so that the total membership in 1842 was seventy-seven. Of the original members, James Hall, the venerable State Geologist of New York, is the only surviving representative still belonging to the Association.

From 1843 till 1847 the meetings were held in Albany, Washington, New Haven, New York, and Boston and the significant asterisk is placed opposite all the names of the officers who took part at those gatherings with the single exception of that of Oliver P. Hubbard, who was one of the secretaries in 1844. Professor Hubbard was a son-in-law of the elder Silliman and now resides in New York City.

In 1847 the influence of the Association had become so great that it was decided to enlarge its scope and permit all who were interested in science to become members. It followed the plan of a similar organization in Great Britain and assumed the title of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Under the new name its first meeting was held in Philadelphia, and there William B. Rogers, whose name stands at the head of the list of past presidents of the Association, resigned the chair to William C. Redfield of New York, well known for his researches in paleontology and meteorology, the latter especially giving him rank as one of the first to devote special attention to that science in this country.

The new constitution provided that the Association might divide itself into as many sections as should be considered necessary, and two, that in time became known as section A, devoted to mathematics and astronomy, including mathematics, astronomy, physics, physics of the globe, chemistry, and meteorology; and section B, devoted to natural history, including geology, paleontology, geography, and physiology were organized at the Philadelphia meeting with Joseph

Henry as chairman of the former and Louis Agassiz as chairman of the latter. After several meetings a third section, known as section C, devoted to mechanical science, was formed.

The first volume of the annual proceedings was published in 1849, and contains the addresses delivered and abstracts of the papers. It is a slender octavo volume of 156 pages, and it shows the membership of the Association to be 461.

The second meeting was held in Cambridge, Mass., in August, 1849, with Joseph Henry as its president. Then followed a spring meeting held in Charleston, S. C., in March, 1850, at which Alexander D. Bache presided, who likewise acted in a similar capacity at the summer meeting held in New Haven, Conn., in August, 1850, and again at the meeting held in Cincinnati, Ohio, in May, 1851. The summer meeting of 1851 was held in Albany during August, and Louis Agassiz presided, but two meetings a year proved unsatisfactory and no further gathering was held until July, 1853, when the Association met in Cleveland, Ohio, under the presidency of Benjamin Pierce. The membership had meanwhile steadily increased and it had reached upward of six hundred.

In 1854 James D. Dana, now the oldest surviving past president, had charge of the meeting convened at Washington, D. C., and in 1855 John Torrey, the distinguished botanist, was president of the meeting held in Providence, R. I. The Association then met for a second time in Albany, N. Y., under the presidency of James Hall, who still lives. At this meeting the Dudley Observatory was opened with imposing ceremonies. In 1857 a meeting was held in Montreal, Canada, with Alexis Crowell as its executive officer, who also presided in place of Jeffries Wyman at the Baltimore meeting in 1858. The last two years seem to have marked the high tide of prosperity in the earlier history of the Association, for the membership in 1857 was 1,014 and in 1858, 1,034. In the former year the Association had grown so large that it became necessary to add a vice-president to the regular list of officers.

The meeting in 1859 was held in Springfield, Mass., with Stephen Alexander, the astronomer of Princeton College, as president, and in 1860 a gathering was held in Newport, R. I., with Isaac Lea, the conchologist, in the chair. The membership had



fallen to 726 and it was decided to meet during 1861 in the South under the presidency of Frederick A. P. Barnard, then president of the University of Mississippi, and later of Columbia College, but the Civil War began in April and no meetings were held until 1866, when the Association met in Buffalo, N. Y.

Subsequently meetings were held in Burlington, Vt., under the presidency of John S. Newberry, one of America's foremost geologists, then in Chicago, Ill., with Benjamin A. Gould, the greatest of our living astronomers, as its president, after which it met in Salem, Mass., with John W. Foster, whose researches on the geology of Michigan made him famous, as the presiding officer. In 1870 it met in Troy, N. Y., under the charge of T. Sterry Hunt, whose studies in chemistry have given him a high rank, then in Indianapolis, Ind., with Asa Gray, the eminent botanist, as its leader, next in Dubuque, Iowa, under the presidency of J. Lawrence Smith, whose specialty was mineral chemistry, and then in Portland, Me., with Joseph Lovering, the venerable physicist of Cambridge, as its president.

The Association had by this time become sufficiently permanent to be incorporated, and by an act of the Massachusetts legislature, approved by the governor on March 10, 1874, this action was consummated. Among the changes which followed this act was the creation of two vice-presidents to preside over sections A and B, and the establishment of a permanent sub-section C on chemistry, a sub-section D on anthropology, and a sub-section E on microscopy, each of which was provided with an independent chairman. The vice-presidents and the chairmen of the permanent sub-sections followed the customs of the president, and delivered retiring addresses before the sections over which they had been chosen to preside.

The last meeting held under the auspices of the old constitution was in Hartford, Conn., under the presidency of John L. Le Conte, the great entomologist. The annual proceedings for that year show that the membership had again begun to increase and there were 722 names on the roll. In 1875 the Association met in Detroit, Mich., with Julius E. Hilgard, who subsequently became superintendent of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, as its president.

During the centennial year the association gathered for a second time in Buffalo, N. Y.,

under the presidency for the third time of William B. Rogers, and in 1877 Simon Newcomb, so eminent for his astronomical researches as to merit the title of "Astronomer Royal of the United States," directed the meeting held in Nashville, Tennessee.

In following years meetings were held in succession in St. Louis, Mo., Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and Boston, Mass. At the latter meeting a further change in the constitution was recommended, involving the reconstruction of the Association into nine permanent sections each of which should meet independently of the others and have its own vice-president. This change was adopted at a subsequent meeting and the sections became as follows: A, Mathematics and Astronomy; B, Physics; C, Chemistry; D, Mechanical Science; E, Geology and Geography; F, Biology; G, Histology and Microscopy (since permanently merged into F); H, Anthropology; and I, Economic Science and Statistics.

During the decade between 1880 and 1890, the Association met in Cincinnati, Ohio (for a second time); Montreal, Canada (for a second time); Minneapolis, Minnesota; Philadelphia, Penna. (for a second time); Ann Arbor, Michigan; Buffalo, New York (for a third time); New York City; Cleveland, Ohio (for a second time); Toronto, Canada; and Indianapolis, Indiana. The membership in 1880 was given as 1,555 and in the volume for 1890 is placed at 2,043.

The forthcoming meeting will be held during the last week in August in Washington, and for that occasion the following is the list of officers: President, Albert B. Prescott; Vice-Presidents, Section A, Edward W. Hyde; B, Francis E. Nipper; C, Robert C. Kedzie; D, Thomas Gray; E, John J. Stevenson; F, John M. Coulter; H, Joseph Jestrow; I, Edmund J. James; Permanent Secretary, Frederick W. Putnam; General Secretary, Harvey W. Wiley; and Treasurer, William Lilly.

Any attempt at a description of the papers read at the various meetings of the Association is naturally impossible within the space of an article like this. However, a complete record of them is kept and thus far they aggregate in number about 5,000. It will be quite sufficient for our purpose to say that many, if not most, of the prominent discoveries by American scientists were first announced at the meetings of this body.

These papers must first be submitted in abstract to the council and then, if passed, are read before the respective sections to which the author desires to present them. Subsequently they are published in full or by title in the "Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science," which are issued annually under the supervision of the permanent secretary. They are octavo as to size and since 1880 have varied in length from 466 pages to 875 pages, so that 600 pages is a fair average. There is also a series of memoirs published by the Association and of these the only one issued thus far is a magnificently illustrated quarto on "Fossil Butterflies" (1875) by Samuel H. Scudder. During the meetings a daily program is published containing information for the members, a list of the papers to be read, names of members elected, facts about the excursions, and other similar information.

The Association has four grades of membership: First, members, who are elected on the recommendation of two members; second, fellows, who are elected by the standing committee, and are members who are professionally engaged in scientific work, and it is from these alone that the officers may be chosen; third, honorary fellows, who are distinguished representatives of science, and are given all of the privileges of the Association except the payment of dues. William B. Rogers, who may be termed the father of technical education in this country; Michel Eugène Chevreul, the distinguished French chemist; Friederic A. Genth, famous for his researches in mineral chemistry; and James Hall, the venerable state geologist of New York, are the only persons who thus far have been chosen to this grade; and lastly, patrons, who acquire their title on payment of \$1,000 or more to the Association. Of this class there are three: Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, Gen. William Lilly, and Mrs. Esther Herrman.

It is obvious that no mention can be made of the many distinguished scientists who have been members of the Association, but a brief extract from President Barnard's welcoming address to the members at the meeting held in New York in 1887 will show something of their character. He said: "It was your Gilliss who created our National Observatory; your Davis who founded the American Nautical Ephemeris; your Mitchel who left so brilliant a mark upon American astron-

omy; your Watson who gathered up a score or more of eccentric celestial stragglers of the anomalous group of so-called planetoids; your Hare who began that course of electrical investigation which Faraday and Henry later carried out, who invented the calorimeter and the deflagrator, and gave us the oxyhydrogen blowpipe, a source of heat which enabled the French chemists later to forge into a single ingot a mass of platinum weighing not less than a quarter of a ton. Nor should I pass in silence the versatile Silliman, the omniscient Rogers, the astute Caswell, nor Hitchcock, the paleontologist and discoverer of the great ornithichnites of the Connecticut River sandstones, nor Lea, the naturalist, nor Guyot the famous orographer, nor Chauvet, the mathematician and astronomer, nor Lawrence Smith, the mineralogist, nor Wyman, the biologist and physiologist, nor a host of others no less worthy."

From members it is easy to pass to the finances of the Association. It is free from debt and owns property. A research fund has been established and all life membership payments are transferred to this fund on the death of the member. It now amounts to upward of \$5,000 and the Association makes annual grants of money aggregating several hundreds of dollars in sums of \$50 and upward to members engaged in special investigations requiring funds which they are unable to advance. Thus at Toronto in 1889 Prof. Edward W. Morley was granted the sum of \$150 in aid of his measurements "On the Velocity of Light in a Strong Magnetic Field."

In conjunction with the American Association, several distinctive organizations have been formed that meet at the same time and which are composed entirely of members of the parent body. Among these is the Botanical Club which includes those specially interested in studying the flora of the locality where the meeting is held. It is customary for the local botanists to arrange a series of excursions for this club, thus enabling its members to study what is characteristic of that vicinity. At the time of the New York meeting the Torrey Botanical Club arranged for an excursion to Sandy Hook for the purpose of examining the seaside flora.

The Entomological Club of the A. A. S. is a similar organization to the foregoing except that its specialty is insect life. It meets usually on the day previous to the general

meeting of the Association and arrangements are then made for field excursions. The Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science consists of members connected with Experiment Stations and other agricultural works. They meet regularly each year at a convenient time, and discuss papers which are of special interest to them. This society was organized in 1880 at the Boston meeting. The American Geological Society came into existence at one of the recent meetings of the American Association. It usually holds two meetings each year, one of which is in conjunction with the American Association. In 1889 at Toronto, efforts were made to establish a National Chemical Society and committees appointed to consider the feasibility of such an action have since met at the Indianapolis meeting of 1890 and will again meet at the forthcoming meeting to be held during August.

No features of the meeting of the Association have greater value perhaps than the excursions. It is on these occasions that the members have an opportunity of cultivating the social relations which are so desirable. Likewise they afford means of visiting technical works not usually accessible. At the St. Louis meeting in 1878 a special train conveyed the members to the great iron mines at Pilot Knob and Iron Mountain, and a day was spent in visiting these enormous deposits, as well as the adjoining reduction works. Last year at the Indianapolis meeting an extensive trip was arranged permitting

the members to visit the immense gas territory of Indiana. At Anderson a magnificent display of the gas was given at night which included beautiful and fantastic features by the introduction of a gas main under the river.

Other excursions to visit special places of resort or to those of scenic importance are usually provided for by the local committee; thus at the Toronto meeting the members were enabled to cross Lake Ontario and visit Niagara Falls, spending a day in the Queen Victoria Park, and at the Cincinnati meeting an excursion was arranged to Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain, and also one to the Mammoth Cave. The memory of these excursions is often perhaps the pleasantest experience of the meeting, for even the Association, venerable as it is, has its romances and doubtless more than one of the younger members has found his fate in the daughter of an older scientist.

The object of the American Association was stated at the beginning of this article. What it has done toward the fulfilment of this purpose has been told by Prof. John S. Newberry in the following words: "The Association is the great promoter of science in the United States. Its influence has been incalculable. It has met in all the principal cities, East and West, and has left behind it an influence which has been powerful and permanent. Schools, colleges, geological surveys have sprung up in its track as the flowers bloom in the path of spring."

## WHAT SHALL THE BOY TAKE HOLD OF?

BY THEODORE TEMPLE.

THAT is a question which is sure to come up in every household where there are boys, and more especially boys who must make their own way in the world. When Horace Greeley was in his early boyhood on his father's bleak and rather sterile farm in New Hampshire, he answered the question for himself by determining to become a printer. When he was old enough to get into a Vermont printing office he carried out his resolution. His inclination was an indication of natural fitness, undoubtedly, but it was also due to his absorbing interest in a weekly paper taken by

his father. When John Ericsson was a mite of a boy in the Swedish mining village of his birth he exhibited tastes and aptitudes which unmistakably pointed out his future career to his observing father. He was made to be a great engineer, and his genius showed itself conspicuously almost before he was out of his baby frocks. So also have many other boys discovered a bent for some particular calling so strong that circumstances could not divert them from it. The true path was laid out for them so plainly by the very constitution of their minds that they could not easily err.

But the vast majority of people must take the paths which open most readily to them, and they have not this compelling power of a special and decided aptitude or genius. So far as they know, they might do as well in one occupation as another. Young people, too, are apt to change in their preferences as to what they would like to undertake. A great part of the youth who go to college, for instance, are apt to be more certain about this matter when they enter than when they have gone on further in their course. They don't know their own minds. They wait for something to turn up. What they are to be and how they are to develop are questions that puzzle both themselves and their parents. The future is dark to them. They only know that they want to succeed. Yet a college course is usually pursued as a preparation for a professional career, and the professions to choose among are few. The perplexity of a boy who does not thus limit the field of selection, but tries to choose from among the long list of "gainful occupations," as they are denominated in the Census, must be infinitely greater, and the more so because in the vast majority of cases he does not feel any natural fitness for any particular one of them, and may not have any marked preference for any one. He must sail away on his career not knowing where he is to land.

Charles Pratt died suddenly at New York in the beginning of last May and left a fortune estimated at \$20,000,000, one of the great fortunes of the world. All of it had been made by himself, though at the time of his death he was far from being a very old man, for he was only a little more than sixty years of age. He started as a poor boy, the son of a poor and hard-working cabinetmaker of Massachusetts, who had a family of ten children, and he set out to earn his own living when he was only ten years old. He began with farm work; then he learned the machinist's trade, and by that earned enough to enable him to go to an academy for a year, and then, hunting in Boston for employment, he got finally a place in a paint and oil house. That did not look very promising, for his wages were small and the work was not very agreeable; but he had got on the road to fortune. Petroleum was discovered, or rather made available as an illuminating oil, and the young man saw his opportunity and improved it. He went into the business

of refining the oil for lamps, grew with its growth, and died one of the controllers of its supply. He did better, for he lived a religious life and earned its reward, while multitudes of those who began with him dropped away, the victims of their vices. When he started out from his father's shop he had no notion where he was to land; but he was bound to get somewhere.

Daniel Webster was the son of a New Hampshire farmer who was hard-pressed by debt and who had a family of ten children. It was a terrible struggle for his parents to get Daniel through college, and a terrible struggle for Daniel himself to get along after he was graduated. He was pinched by poverty, to use his own words, until his very bones ached. He taught district school to pick up something to enable him to study law, and his early experience as a lawyer was so discouraging that he came near to abandoning the profession. Yet he kept on until fame and fortune finally came. He did not know until the fact had been demonstrated that nature had made him for a great lawyer and statesman.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, the founder of the great Vanderbilt fortune, perhaps the greatest in the world, was the son of a Staten Island farmer in the New York harbor, and was the oldest of nine children. The outlook for him did not seem bright when he started as a boatman in the harbor at sixteen years of age, but by the middle of this century—he was born in 1794—he was a man of notable wealth. He had seen what the introduction of steam was going to do for navigation, and he fastened his fortunes to the new motor. His beginning, after all, was right. It looked humble and of little promise, but it proved the avenue to an almost illimitable prosperity.

Charles Goodyear was a bankrupt hardware merchant in Philadelphia in 1830, and as in those days imprisonment for debt was common, he was arrested and put in what was called the prison limits. It was during that time that he melted his first pound of India rubber to try to discover a method of making the article more available for use. His attention had been attracted to the subject only casually, but as he must do something he turned his mind to that. Thus he became the inventor and introducer of vulcanized rubber by combining the gum with sulphur. But he struggled with every adversity and



discouragement for fourteen years before he accomplished his purpose. When he went as a clerk into the hardware business he had no notion that his name was to be famous as the founder of an entirely new industry. If he made money at all, he expected to make it by selling nails and hammers, saws and planes.

Peter Cooper tried half a dozen trades before he got into the glue business, on which he laid the foundations of the fortune he dispensed so nobly.

These few conspicuous cases, and they could be increased indefinitely, show that it is not so much the employment into which a boy goes as the intrinsic quality of the boy himself that is the important matter. There is no occupation so humble that it may not be made the stepping-stone to high elevation. If a boy sets himself to the task which lies nearest to his hand, it may profit him as much as if he searched the world over to find congenial employment or an occupation seeming to him of greater promise. We see, too, that a beginning in poverty is no sure obstacle to high and full success. Nearly all the successful men of this country began poor. Until within half a century, outside of a few fortunes that could be enumerated by the memory, there was no great wealth here, as wealth is now estimated.

The opportunities afforded by the growth of the country and the development of new agencies by modern science and discovery, may have been more in the past than they will be in the future. But that is not according to the experience of mankind. Growth is proceeding all the time. Discovery is ceaseless. An end will not come to the progress at the close of the nineteenth century. We are only at the beginning. The development of the power of electricity as an agent for the practical use of man is in its infancy merely. Agriculture even is susceptible of improvement, which will multiply its rewards. We get from the soil only a fraction of what we ought to get. There are vast regions of the Union now desert and worthless which are destined to become by irrigation garden spots of the world, where the tiller of the soil will be independent of the fickleness of the weather, of rain and drought. Fifty years from now our population will be more than 200,000,000, and to supply the wants of that great community an infinite variety of industries must spring up, among which will be

many now unknown and out of their development great fortunes will be accumulated.

The work to be done is endless and it will give endless opportunities for the boys of their period who fit themselves for the task and save all their energies for it. There will be glory for all who are entitled to glory. The chances of success will depend not so much on the direction their efforts take as on the abilities of which they are possessed and the use they make of them. Lincoln was a flat-boatman, Grant a tanner, Blaine a school teacher, Cleveland a teacher also, and if you run through the biographies of the men who have been or are now conspicuous in public life or in private business, you will find that nearly all of them started from humble beginnings; and it will be so when the boys who read this article are running the machine in the next century. Aristocracy, as the Old World knows it, is passing away even there. The future belongs to the common people, the plain people, as Lincoln used to call them.

The professions, strictly so called, are generally beyond the reach of the great mass of boys; but they need not mourn over their exclusion. At the most, the number of those who can profitably follow a professional career is comparatively small. The demand for lawyers, doctors, engineers, professors, and the others is always limited, and keeps nearly a fixed proportion to the whole population. In 1880, for instance, with the population of the Union over 50,000,000, there were only 64,137 lawyers and 85,671 physicians and surgeons, while the number of persons engaged in all classes of occupations was 7,392,099, of whom 7,070,493 were employed in agriculture alone.

The great mass of the people, therefore, must earn their living in some other way than by the professions; and it is fortunate for society and for the individuals themselves that the bars of admission to the professions are so difficult to surmount.

If a boy wishes to become a lawyer or a doctor, he ought to go to college. The college course consumes four years, and as the standard for admission to good colleges is raised steadily as time advances, he must continue at school until he is at least seventeen or eighteen to fit himself to enter. That alone means a long time taken from gainful work. But when he is through college he is not even at the threshold of a profession.

He must give two and perhaps three years more to the special professional study, and during that time he must be supported. Even when he has his diploma as a physician or is admitted to the bar as a lawyer, he cannot expect, unless in very rare cases, to support himself by his profession until after several years more. To win great success he must work until middle life. If he stands high in his profession, with a lucrative practice, at forty, he will do far better than the average, for the average income of doctors and lawyers is small.

Therefore only a young man who can afford to wait for his pay, who can spend the years from boyhood to manhood in study and without earning, should venture into a profession, unless he is determined to work while he studies and make the money to carry him along. Duty alone, duty to their parents and their brothers and sisters, sends most boys to earning their own living when their early schooling is over. For such as these the Chautauqua system offers inestimable opportunity for self-education under wise and skillful direction.

At this time many college graduates are turning their thoughts and ambitions to journalism. It opens a field for some of them; but it is a limited field. Few of them leave college at all fitted to enter into it, one of the most frequent deficiencies of college instruction being in the matter of training young people to write good English clearly, and to the point. The first necessity, of course, is clear thinking, the knowledge of what you want to say. If you get so far as that, and then go to work to express in simple English what is in your mind clearly and precisely, you even take the first step toward learning to write well. It may not be important writing, but it will be as important as you can do at the time, and about the subject you discuss, if it is the expression of what you have in your mind to say. We all of us have a general and vague sort of knowledge, but when we sit to write we must have something else, if the writing is to be worth doing and worth reading. The mind must get its thoughts in order and marshal them in their logical relation to make the written words effective. Try to write out what you really know about a subject, and only what you know, and you will be likely to find that it is not much. Therefore the best way of beginning to write is to get your

head as full of clear and valuable thought and of accurate and profitable knowledge as it can hold. Of course there is an art of literary expression, the art that distinguishes literature from mere writing, but even that cannot suffice without clear thought, sound knowledge, vivid imagination, and close observation. It comes, too, only after long practice, begun in youth, unless in examples too few to make them safe to follow. The great writers have been great workers. They did not "dash off" their writing.

A young man who has a knack at it, and who has learned to record clearly and spiritedly what he observes may make a fair living as a reporter on a newspaper, though such an engagement is not easy to get, the applicants being more than the vacancies. He cannot expect to begin any higher up on the ladder, and however high he gets subsequently, all his upward steps from the lowest round will be of service to him no matter how superior the elevation he attains. None of his work and experience will go for naught. But the life of a reporter is trying to the moral fiber. Its late hours, temptation to Bohemian habits, and irregularity of living may be ruinous to a young man. But there as elsewhere the strong prevail, and the weak go to the wall.

Architecture is a noble art and a profession full of splendid success for those with the genius for it; but they are very few. You cannot make a great architect any more than you can make a great painter or sculptor simply by training a man. God must make an artist of him. Training can do no more than develop what is born in him.

Engineering, civil and mining, is attracting large numbers of young men in these days, but the strictly professional rewards are not great, though occasionally it is made the avenue to high prosperity.

Electricity has opened a field for professional and expert effort; but already, perhaps, it is cultivated by more than the harvest will sustain for the moment. Its future, however, is large to the inventive mind and to the man of science.

Teaching is now a distinct and a noble profession in this country, and it will attract earnest and ambitious spirits more and more, not to pursue it as a makeshift, but as a lifelong calling for men and women of the highest abilities and aspirations.

Music invites an increasing number of

devotees as this country grows more critical in its musical tastes and requirements. The day may come, and probably will come, when we shall produce great musical composers. When Richard Grant White, the Shakspeare scholar and most admirable writer of English, was a boy in Brooklyn, his father mourned his passion for music, and was shocked when he found that the boy was actually playing a fiddle. Yet the knowledge of music thus acquired by White determined his future career. When he was thrown on his own resources by the wrecking of his

father's fortune; it enabled him to support himself and his sisters as the musical critic of a New York journal; and thus he was introduced to literature and to fame.

As I have said, it is hard, usually it is impossible, to predict in what occupation or along what line of labor lies the road to success. This we know, however, that good work, strong and powerful endeavor, fidelity, industry, persistence, prudence, and sagacity never go without their substantial reward. What you do is not of so much importance as how you do it.

## SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[September 6.]

**N**EITHER theology nor physical science has exaggerated the depravity of man, which is his heritage from generation to generation—not a depravity existing in the child's heart, which in its softness and its fresh impulses is the true image of the kingdom—but one of inherited aptitudes, that soon find expression through their correspondences with the worldly system, while his natural impulses are suppressed. The training of the child is relentlessly directed toward this suppression. It is not simply that his attention is fixed upon external possessions and refinements as especially important, and that the prizes of the world are set before him for the incitement of all his youthful ardors, but that, even in the selection of his childish playmates, he is taught directly or indirectly that he is better than others, or, if he be a child of the poor, is made in his first years to feel the scorn of those who shun him as if he were an outcast; so that the children are divided into opposite camps, with that strife in their tender hearts which will in maturer years develop, on the one hand, into over-mastering pride, extortion, and Pharisaism, and, on the other, into envy, hatred, and rude vengeance; though, meanwhile, many will have been transformed from the weaker to the stronger camp, helping to brutalize the latter and to intensify its cruelties. To the little ones this exclusiveness is taught as one of the proprieties of life—it leads to its monstrous tragedies. The education of youth is through

a system which exaggerates the competitive strife for worldly prizes. The political and industrial systems afford fields for the practical application of this education, and for the distribution of the prizes. Such vitality as is not exhausted in these competitions is devoted to what are called social duties and, with a finer sarcasm, social pleasures. Included among the "duties" is the amelioration of evils created by the system. To remove from charity even the poor semblance it has to love, in the direct manifestation of sympathy, societies are established for its scientific organization.

It is unnecessary to consider the horde of parasites developed by the system. It is sufficiently apparent not only that worldliness is strong, but that its strength is that of an association in which, willingly or unwillingly, all men are partners—nay, in which God is Himself made a participant, since it is His strength in us and in Nature that is abused therein. It may be—and, if beneath its diversity all life is one, it must be that all sentient life in the universe is involved in this perversion. What we call worldliness may indeed be only a fragment of all worldliness. It is an overwhelming wave, whose beginning and whose extent are beyond the range of our knowledge or of our judgment. It is the mystery of ungodliness.

[September 13.]

But alongside of this scheme, we spiritually discern the life of the kingdom; not as militant but triumphant—triumphant be-

cause it is not militant ; because it cometh not by observation ; because its faith is not in the strife against worldliness or in an amelioration thereof, or in any attempts to reform it, but only in the divine purpose which chooseth the weak things and the foolishness of the world to confound the wise and mighty, its treasures of truth being confided not unto the wise and prudent, but unto babes and sucklings.

Neither do the children of the kingdom condemn this worldliness, any more than did their Lord ; and indeed which of them would cast the first stone as being without sin ?

Nevertheless the worldly scheme cometh ever to judgment in the presence of the kingdom—in the awful presence of the Spirit of Love ; and it is condemned already. To the vision of Faith the kingdom is triumphant and worldliness a mask, an illusion, which, though it last a million years, is as nothing unto the strength of the Eternal Love that encompasses it round about and operates upon all hearts beneath its hollowness, as behind a thin veil incapable of obscuring the divine glory. How great is the mystery of godliness !

The kingdom cometh almost imperceptibly, its operations are so hidden from our sight ; and it cometh to all. It is the noiseless stream below the troubled surface of the opposing worldly current. In the association of its hidden life it embraces all humanity, it is the everlastingly faithful covenant with every living creature. But there is nothing hidden that shall not be made known. This growth of the seed which goeth on while men sleep, is toward a glorious harvest in the light.

In the field of each human heart are the wheat and also the tares. In them that consent unto the divine will there is—even though the growth of wheat be an hundred fold—some chaff and straw for the consuming fire. Regeneration is the beginning of a new life in the midst of worldly entanglements and distractions, even as the worldly life kicketh against the pricks of the quickening Spirit. As the strife of the worldly against the heavenly grows less and less, because of the living witnesses to this quickening love, because of the leaven of the kingdom in the world, so do the regenerate reach a fuller and freer life through the reconciliation of the world unto God, and they cannot themselves be wholly delivered save by a universal de-

liverance. Even the innumerable throng of witnesses have for themselves a direct and vital interest in the glorious issue.

[September 20.]

The children hold fast to the everlasting fountain of life ; but it is theirs only as it springs up spontaneously in their own hearts, and no sooner do they feel its first glad impulse than each one seeks to find his brother to realize the community of the life which is then seen to be the only divine communion. The true freedom of the children is the liberty of the heart, seeking not its own, but another's good ; and it consists with that sublime faith which fears no evil from any contact, since whatever the divine life thus humanly embodied touches is spellbound of love ; the peril becomes harmless, violence is subdued ; hatred is disarmed ; death itself becomes stingless. What strange incongruities seem to enter the field of this manifestation ! It is the only free life, yet is it alone truly within restraint—as is shown in the primitive Christian development—decent and modest and chaste, even submitting to bonds, lest offence be given, and soliciting commandment. Because of its inward delight in loving, it alone can set the boundaries of love, keeping its strong current safe and wholesome, sincere and guileless. Out of its liberty is born duty, out of its ease the readiness to take all burdens. It inherits earth and heaven—yet from both it flies that it may abide with grief. Having banished the spirit of strife, yet it forthwith enters into numberless strivings—strong without tension, resolving all hardness. Joy bows its head, and in the shining radiance the eyelids droop, not from excess of light, but in sympathy with them that are in dark places. The wings on which it might fly to mountain heights are folded in the gruesome valleys. It is the habit of the divine life to thus deny its essential attributes—to suffer everything because it is the source of all joy, and because it embraceth all good to consort with all evil ; and they that accept this life take also this habit, following their Lord.

Their submissions are not accommodations. The sign of the mastery of the divine life in us is the readiness to serve. Fully receiving this life we pass under all yokes, without subjugation. We are still free, taking upon us the yoke that is easy ; and all burdens are light. So long as we have this life,



whose outward embodiment is a loving and catholic fellowship—whatever mistakes we may make in action or in belief; howsoever we may deny our very freedom, being perhaps in many ways even misled in our self-abnegations, taking to ourselves much needless travail and disquietude; whatever of our perverse nature may find expression in our zeal—yet, denying not the Spirit of Love, we shall in due time be led into the true way. It is only when we deny this Spirit that we go fatally astray, and all contacts corrupt, all submissions become compromises, and all service loses its divine sweetness. Love, and only Love, is the fulfilling of the Law.

[September 27.]

The last word of the Christ is that we love one another; and out of this divine human fellowship must be developed the ultimate Gospel of Truth. Of such a Gospel we have the brightest glimpse in the record of early Christianity. The world is awaiting a new Pentecost. But what embodiment in human economies this new spiritual revival will take, we know not; nor can we be sure that its bright light may not again suffer eclipse. We only know that so long as its impulse is wholly of divine quickening, love will take the place of self-seeking and will build up a human brotherhood; and the shaping of this life will be the expression of some utterly new divine delight in the free play of emotional activities. There may be lapses; human aspiration may again suffer the mortal disease of ambition, and the eager, joyous possession of the earth may again take on the sickly hue of selfishness, the tender mastery of love become again the love of mastery; but this hardening unto death is also a part of the divine plan—the winter of the heart covering the vitalities of springtime. Every new cycle will more nearly approach the earthly realization of the heavenly harmony.

When our interpretation attempts the anticipation of truth beyond a life already lived,

it is vague and worthless; but, in the cycle of Christian life now nearly completed, certain principles of the Gospel have been clearly illustrated and reinforced. One of the most important of these is that the meek shall inherit the earth. Christianity displaced paganism without a struggle. No life involves antagonism until its faith in the divine strength is given over; then in its mortal weakness it becomes gladiatorial. The phrase, "muscular Christianity," instead of simply indicating a tonic and wholesome activity, is apt to be used to express the pride of strenuous will and self-dependence. Neither this attitude of modern Protestantism nor its extreme individualism characterized the period of greatest spiritual vitality—they are rather symptoms of mortal failure.

On the other hand neither wholesome activity nor the repose of a vital faith can be looked for through supine submission to ecclesiastical authority. This is but another symptom of mortal degeneration.

The children of the kingdom are the friends of God, building with Him they know not clearly what. They have never known. Every unfolding of the divine life in them—in the shapings of their own life—is a surprise. When they would comfortably abide in the structures they have shaped under the impulses of fresh inspiration, then there always comes that other surprise, as of sad autumn abruptly following upon summer, the deep green changing to the almost taunting brightness of decay—the surprise of corruption, so necessary to any new surprise of life. When the sun flames into a sudden glory before his setting, there is a moment of sadness, and then we seem to hear a voice, saying, He shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go. When the forms of life with which they have fondly lingered break up and disappear, the children take Nature at her own bright meaning. Their regrets dissolve into the raptures of coming life—they are the children of the Resurrection.—From "*God in His World*."

## MODERN METHODS OF SOCIAL REFORM.

BY LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.

THE importance of reforms is in the inverse ratio of their supposed importance. The true order is the following: 1. Individual; 2. Social; 3. Industrial or Economic; 4. Political. For individual reform underlies social; social reform underlies industrial; and social and industrial reform underlies political. The reform of the individual will generate social reform; the reform of the individual and of society will be followed by economic reform; and the reform of all these will surely bring with it a free and pure state. But the integrity of the state cannot survive a false industrial system, as witness the effect of slavery on the Republicanism of the late slave states; nor the corruption of society, as witness the history of Greece and Rome; nor the degeneracy of the individual, as witness all ancient and much modern history.

The place of social reform in the category of reforms must be first recognized; hence this introductory paragraph.

In this article then I use the term social reform in a restricted sense; distinguished on the one hand from individual reform, on the other from industrial and political reform. I mean by the term, the reform not of men and women, nor of economic and political conditions, but of social relations as they exist in the American life of to-day.

It is indispensable for us to recognize at the outset that there are organized forces at work in America for social impurity,—forces that must be known and counteracted. My attention was first called to this terrible fact by Anthony Comstock, some years ago; learning by revelations which he then made to a few gentlemen whom he desired to interest in his work, of the extent to which the terrible traffic was carried on in secret, for the purpose of polluting the minds of the young; carried on, too, by means of the United States mails, supported by the public whose homes were being undermined and ruined thereby. I have ever since felt a warm interest in Mr. Comstock's work, and a strong desire to commend it and him upon every opportunity.

There are some things which the Apostle

Paul says it is a shame even to speak of, and it is impossible to sully these pages by describing the indescribable works of darkness against which Mr. Comstock has fought so brave a battle. Reputable papers come into our houses containing enigmatical advertisements to pique the curiosity of boys and girls, and so start them in search of fuller information. Lists of boarding and day schools are obtained and secret circulars are sent to the pupils. Agents penetrate even into the smaller villages, selling at enormous commissions books which are not literature and pictures which are not art, the evil influence of which is incalculable and well-nigh ineradicable. Mr. Comstock discovered this devil's traffic some years ago, and gathering about him a few gentlemen as his supporters, set himself to work to break it up. He has captured illicit publications that are measured by the tons, which the law has confiscated. Combining the sagacity of the terrier with the pugnacity of the bull-dog, undeterred alike by abuse and by threatened assault, discovering accomplices, deliberate or unconscious, in high places, and attacking them as boldly as those of less reputable name, he has incurred a bitter hostility, and has been made the object of cheap witticism by some papers which would have been his supporters if they had been better informed. The vested interests which he has endangered have even had the hardihood to demand that the mails shall be used without impediment in this unlawful traffic; but happily have endeavored in vain to disguise this purpose by masking it as devotion to the cause of a free press.

Every school teacher and every pupil and mother should be his ally, and must needs be, if the children are to be protected from poison, since legal repression can at best only partially repress, and no man can serve as a detective police in every part of so large a land as ours. The best protector of the children is such a sympathy between parent and child that the latter will never allow himself to read a book which he would be ashamed his mother should see; and the best method of securing that sympathy is for the mother

to see that her child is supplied with books of pure entertainment, which will so nourish his imagination that he will have no appetite for carrion.

While the Society for the Prevention of Crime is working to break up the traffic in licentious literature, a White Cross Society has also been organized to combat it by another method,—namely, by instilling into the minds of the young such principles of purity and such abhorrence of impurity, as shall serve to protect them from every seductive temptation to evil imagination. With the work of this Society I am less familiar. Without in any wise depreciating either its object or its methods, and with a general conviction that ignorance is a poor protector of innocence and no substitute for it, yet I have the impression, which perhaps a larger knowledge or fuller reflection might remove, that the information which should be communicated to every youth and every maiden, cannot be safely given to them, even in the most careful terms, in print, that even to warn them of danger is often to incite them to court it, and that the duty of promoting purity by direct didactic instruction is one which can be safely fulfilled only by the parent, teacher, or guardian, with the living voice and the sympathetic presence.

A companion of vicious literature is the social cup. It is not within the province of this article to discuss temperance, individual or political, that is, the obligation of total abstinence on the one hand, or the right of legal restriction or prohibition on the other. Laying aside these disputed and perhaps debatable questions, the extremest partisan cannot doubt that the drinking customs of American society are one of its greatest banes. It is possible to conjure up arguments for the temperate use of wine with one's meals at one's own table. The advocate of such use may even cite Scripture: from the Old Testament the saying that wine maketh glad the heart of man; from the New Testament the counsel of Paul to Timothy to use a little wine for his stomach's sake and his often infirmity. This argument for domestic drinking seems to me indeed more specious than sound, as does that drawn from the use of wine by our Lord. But it is enough to say here that it furnishes no kind of support to the modern social use of intoxicating liquors at clubs, public and private dinner parties, receptions, and public bars. It is not possi-

ble to conjure up a reputable argument for "perpendicular drinking," whether the drinkers meet in a saloon or at a wedding. I have had friends say to me, "I never drink except at wedding receptions and the like." The reverse rule would be wiser; drink anywhere else rather than there. The question often mooted whether it is right to use alcoholic liquor as a beverage is not the question here presented; for it is not as a beverage that they are used on such occasions, but as a stimulant, or at best as a sort of liquid confection. Let me add that the man or woman who joins in a reputable drinking companionship in the fashionable parlor, once or twice a week, cannot with any effectual consistency condemn those who, shut out from the fashionable parlor, find their drinking companionship in the saloon. The Church Temperance Society, confined so far as I know within the Episcopal Church, has set a good example in providing pledges against every form of perpendicular and social drinking for those who are not prepared to take the more drastic pledge against all use of alcoholic beverages.

Some years ago a clergyman residing in a small parish in Vermont had his attention called to the multiplicity of divorces in even Puritan New England and began a systematic study of the family question. His interest in and his sense of the importance of the problem increased with his study of it, and the result was the organization of a Divorce Reform League, with the Rev. Samuel A. Dike as the heart and inspiration of it. His work has been mainly that of public education, which he has carried on, partly by reports and official documents, but still more by addresses and contributions to the periodical press and by the pens of others whom he has inspired and informed. He has shown that in New England one divorce is granted to every nine or ten marriages; that the proportion is nearly twice as great in some Western States; that this alarming increase is not due to immigration, since it is one not found chiefly in our foreign populations; that it cannot be cured by a national marriage and divorce law, since the majority of divorces are not obtained by non-residents of the states in which the divorce is granted; and that the cause is deeply rooted, in an abandonment of the old conception of the sacred and divine nature of marriage, and a relapse to the old Roman conception of it as a mere civil partnership.

dissoluble at the convenience of the parties. The subject is too large to be opened here in a mere paragraph. It must suffice to note the fact that many circumstances are contributing to weaken the sense of family obligation; some of them circumstances in themselves beneficial but in their indirect results temporarily hazardous. Among these may be mentioned the entrance of women into business and commercial relations; the higher education of women, making the old relation of intellectual subordination of the wife to the husband no longer possible, and rendering necessary a re-adjustment of the relations between them; women's increasing interest in politics, in some cases involving woman suffrage, and as a possible result, a difference not of opinions only but of will and endeavor between husband and wife; and the increase of luxury and resultant enervation, weakening that spirit of self-denial which is the bond which alone can unite a family in a true unity. But in this matter social and individual reform are inextricably interwoven.

Note should be taken of the Women's Clubs which are springing up all over the country. They have evidently come, as the saying is, to stay. Some little personal acquaintance with the work, spirit, and personnel of one such club, leads me to believe that, where they are wisely guided, their power as an instrument of social reform is very great, and is

to be still greater. In these clubs questions of domestic economy, such as the treatment of children, the administration of the home, the management of servants, the mistress' duty toward them, are made matters of free and often useful discussion. I see no reason why such clubs should be confined, as they now are, to the cities and large towns; no reason why they should not exist in every village; no reason indeed why every sewing society should not become a woman's club at which, while the rest sew, one, appointed for the purpose, should read some paper, original or selected, on some aspect of social life in which the women are interested and to which they can contribute. Indeed, believing as I do in organization, I have sometimes wondered why the women in every town and village might not profitably unite in a "union," agreeing on the one hand to admit no woman into their union, whatever her wealth or social status, who did not treat her servants with reason and with justice, providing them, for example, with decent and sunlit rooms, with adequate vacation hours, proper facilities for Sunday worship in the church of their own choice, etc., and on the other hand agreeing to employ no servant who came from any other member without a recommendation. This is perhaps a foolish masculine dream; but as it may furnish the feminine reader with amusement if nothing else, it may stand.

## SEPTEMBER.

BY OLIVER FARRAR EMERSON.

A WASTE of ground beside the way,  
The harvest field on either hand,  
And on the hill the ripening stand  
Of corn, o'er which the breezes play.

A waste of ground, but all aglow  
With goldenrod that nods and bends,  
As to the passing breeze it sends  
A golden greeting courtesied low.

And 'twixt the meadow's sloping sides  
The waving cat-tails mark the course,  
Where, from the pushing spring's cool source,  
The sluggish streamlet slowly glides.

A waste of ground, and yet my soul doth see  
A picture in fair Nature's gallery.





THE SHORE OF MARBLEHEAD.

### A POET'S TOWN.

BY MARGARET B. WRIGHT.

IT is cast high and dry upon granite boulders. From the distance it looks like a brine-steeped Baltic village or like one of the Breton coast, wind- and wave-carved into strange forms. From the outer rim of Salem harbor, with the fantastic modern Neck hidden behind rugged humps and bosses, one might quite imagine it such a hamlet as Pierre Loti sketches in grim fashion in his somber story of *Le Pêcheur d'Islands*, a hamlet familiar with toil, hardship, loss, death, and the hoarse moaning of eternal storm.

Seen nearer, our New England town proves to be far less gloomy and also less picturesque. Its crooked streets are set thick with small faded cottages, with now and then a stately mansion of the Revolutionary period. Some dwellings preserve the quaint roofs and vast chimneys of the eighteenth century. A peculiarity of these old shingled houses, in whose heavy walls tons of hand-wrought iron nails are embedded, is that none follow the line of their street save at their own eccentric will. They project before each other and retreat behind, in what would be a funny suggestion of the evolutions of a contra dance, were their solemn aspect not entirely antagonistic to the idea of any sort of dancing, even of David's before the ark.

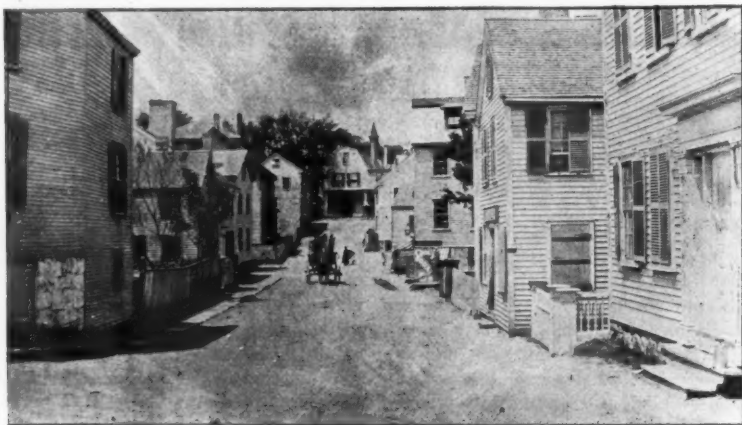
An ancient fishing village, Marblehead never boasted of much in the way of architecture. It is the peculiar Marblehead human "type," half-marine, half-rustic, and wholly *sui generis*, the peculiar persons, habits, and speech of fishermen and native artisans that make the town's picturesque and romantic distinction. It is perhaps the only place on the continent where the "Nanny shop" still lingers like fossilized ancient virgins, gray, cold, and void in a world where they have no coevals and no descendants. With the passing of the Nanny shop, passes almost the last trace of the old-time New England, the New England of our grandparents. Those shops were bits of Old England in the New; of that fair rustic England from which so many of our forefathers came to the New World, bringing with them ancient habits and customs that always retained much of their original likeness even after transplanting and growth in strange soil. The Nanny shop still lives and flourishes in Old England. In Berkshire villages and hamlets all along the Thames we find them interspersed among small cottages and vine-laden old churches, very much as one finds familiar pictures in galleries, and among lines of less familiar ones. There was always the divided door, half of

glass, half of green painted wood, always the green wooden window shutters, great-grandmothers of the modern swivel "blinds," always peppermints, yarn, and writing paper on shelves against the narrow, tiny-paned window; always the picturesque interior glimpse of a dusky little shop and a vista beyond of sunny garden brilliant with hollyhocks and sunflowers.

Certainly one of our own New England Nanny shops will be immortal, though its likeness exists no more on this side of the Atlantic. Who can ever forget, having once seen the picture which a mighty necromancer and magician conjured for us, the gingerbread elephants and Jim Crows, needles,

ever in her race, or robust, full-fleshed mothers. As for fathers—the very thought is profane!

This antique maiden was of course tall, straight, thin, and stiff as a lightning rod. She evidently suspected that heaven might mistake her for one, and was ever on the watch for the discharge that should smite her. A cloud no bigger than a man's hand shut up her Nanny shop as tightly as a Puritan Sunday. She retired to her chamber and robed herself in her Sunday-go-to-meeting-best, the black silk of venerable age which never showed itself amid scenes more frivolous than preachin's and funerals. A silver thimble replaced upon her finger the every-



A STREET IN MARBLEHEAD.

pins, yeast, yarn, and "gibraltars" gloomed over by a high-nosed antique in rusty black, and pride forever unrustable?

The Seven Gables were only four miles away from Marblehead by road; much nearer as the bird flies, and there Hepzibah Pyncheon's hard fate brought her patrician nose so low as a Nanny shop.

A few years ago in Marblehead, one of these Nanny shops was kept by the typical "Nanny," a type which has almost ceased to exist, having lost itself in the study of medicine, of art, of various sciences and philanthropies, or in the greater business ventures of our own day. This late-lingering Nanny was so strongly accentuated of her type that she seemed the descendant of a long line of Nannies, if such a thing could be. It were difficult to imagine that lacteal ducts were

day iron one. She seated herself in a wide arm chair with the Bible upon her knee open at the wailings of Jeremiah, though the closed shutters made them entirely invisible.

One gusty summer's day a visitor found her thus, with eyes tightly shut. Pinned to a fold of her gown was a scrap of grocer's paper, and upon it was written,

*"I owe Miss Jones six cents."*

Though a lightning-blasted wreck the poor woman would not cease to be honest!

"What's the matter?" asked the visitor.

"Thunder!" whispered Nanny without opening her eyes.

"Thunder! Yer granny! 'Taint thunder, its blarsting rocks over on the noo avenoo!"

Like many an Old World village Marblehead loses all traces of its origin in the mists



SKIPPER IRESON'S HOUSE.

of antiquity, although in this case the mists are only about two centuries and a half old. It does not claim to be suckled by wolves, but none can say whether more lupine or fishy were the queer-jabbering, savage-mannered tribe which squatted first upon these bowlders. They may have been salty adventurers from the Channel Islands, somewhat Norman-English, more Norman-French, but within wholly flesh, fish, or fowl. Every day in Marblehead one may see briny creatures in Guernsey frocks and tarred trousers, whose very brothers roll about the fishing villages of Normandy. I even almost dreamed one day that here was the very *pêcheur* who played mesotriumphantly false where the Seine ends and the sea begins. On one of our prowls in Normandy we met that *pêcheur* and my soul yearned for him as a picture. I dared not tell him so on the spot, having already had bitter experiences with the Norman *pêcheur* as a model. So I gave him a franc and bade him earn it by taking a note to our chate-laine.

When I returned,

an hour later, the man had not appeared at the house. Hour after hour went by and he came not. At dusk came our one-eyed milk-boy, bow-legged, half-witted, and altogether hideous. He gave our chate-laine a note, which read :

By hook or by crook keep this picturesque creature till I come.

"A *pêcheur* gave me two sous to bring it," he said.

In the early Marble-head patois, now near-

ly extinct, were hundreds of words so entirely un-English that they have been supposed to be American corruptions of Channel-Island-corrupted French.

Poets and artists have always loved Marblehead, and it is with the singing of poets in our memories that we wander through humped by-ways this afternoon. Humped indeed they are, and in one of them you may see what probably exists nowhere else in the world—a natural toboggan slide, a sheer descent of glassily smooth rock.

No wonder the poet Whittier's muse was much drawn to Marblehead. The house is pointed out where lived and died the love of



THE OLD TUCKER HOUSE.

his youth. It stands next to the "Old Tucker House." It has nothing romantic in its appearance, square, white, and green, quite in the retired village grocer's taste. Probably it was the final haven of some lucky mariner three-quarters of a century or more ago.

Holmes has made Marblehead the scene of one of his few serious poems, and it is of Marblehead as he saw it from the outlying Devereux farm that Longfellow wrote:

Not far away we saw the port,  
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,  
The light-house, the dismantled fort,  
The wooden house, quaint and brown.

Every school child knows at least the queer refrain of "Skipper Ireson's Ride," in which the women of Marblehead taunt the wretched fisherman in their queer dialect.

Here's Flud Oirson  
fur his horrd horrt  
Torr'd an futherr'd an  
corr'd in a corrt  
By the Women o'  
Morble'ead!

"Look at this white house with green blinds," said our omniscient Marbleheader, "but do it out of the corner of your eye."

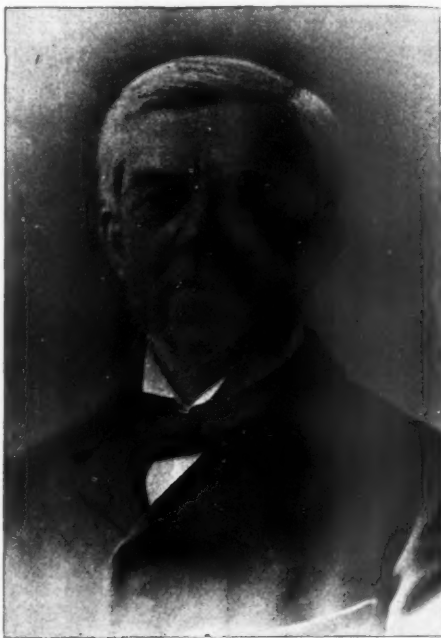
Then he tells us that this humble but comfortable dwelling flush upon the lowly road and facing the island of Salem harbor, is the one from which Benjamin Ireson, poeticised into "Flud Oirson," was taken the night of that hideous ride in 1808. The house is sometimes inquired for by strangers, seekers of shrines and crosses, but rarely found. There is a vigorous *esprit du corps* shall we call it? among Marbleheaders which keeps them all loyal to their town's reputation, and hides what is considered a memory of insults and disgraces. Some of them will gravely declare that they "haven't the least idea," when you ask if any relic of the luckless

skipper exists; while others with all the innocence of unweaned doves will tell you none ever did exist!

The house looks the home of well-to-do mechanics or shop people. It has a speck of a garden with veiling shrubs and foliages close upon the entrance door at the side. It is lowly set and low-walled. Its stark white paint and green shutters give it a fictitious youthfulness. When Skipper Ireson left it that dreadful night it seemed much more ancient, though in truth more than eighty years younger. It was then shingled and weather-beaten, not clapboarded and painted,

and with sunken doorstone grown about with weeds.

Descendants of Benjamin Ireson are still living in Marblehead. Whether or not they are sensitive concerning the story we did not learn. Marblehead itself is acutely sensitive with regard to it. Whittier's poem was bitterly resented, not for Skipper Ireson's sake, but because of its insult to "The Women of Marblehead." In subsequent editions the poet prefixed a note to the "Ride," retracting all the charges against Ireson's humanity contained in the poem itself and giving impression that he was



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

grievously wronged by popular and passionate clamor. This was not in the least what Marblehead women wanted. They cared nothing for Ben Ireson's good name, but much for their own. They had never dragged a man forth from his home at midnight to give him

Body of turkey, head of owl,  
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,  
Feathered and ruffled in every part.

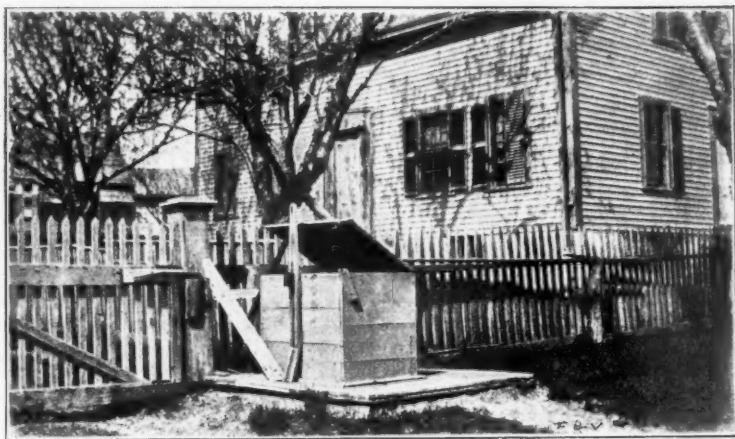
The Women of Marblehead had done no such thing. They cried out against the falsehood. They resent it to this day.



Whittier seems to have been as widely astray from facts as poets usually are. Even his vindictory note was far from the truth. Ireson was one of the roughest of skippers when all skippers were rough. His fellow townsmen who gave him the "Ride" believed him none too good to sail away from a

for! On many a wall a shoe firm proclaimed its need of "lady stitchers."

All lovers of Whittier's poetry delight in the easy flow of lines of "The Swan Song of Parson Avery." In 1635 Parson Avery sailed for Marblehead from Newbury. On the passage a storm arose and the vessel was lost.



THE OLD WELL AT THE FOUNTAIN INN.

shrieking wreck. In the general indignation roused by the poem Ireson came in for his share, and more than his share, of exoneration. Even yet to outsiders his memory is defended. Yet nothing is more certain than that among themselves Marbleheaders do not deny what their fathers certainly believed.

The Women of Marblehead, by the way, were even earlier distinguished in print for Amazonian vigor. Mr. Increase Mather wrote in 1677,

On Sabbath night sennight the Women of Marblehead, as they came out of the Meeting House, fell upon two Indians that were brought in as captives, and in a tumultuous way very barbarously murdered them.

This took place at the darkest moment of King Philip's war when the whites had begun to fear complete extinction. Nowadays the Women of Marblehead are more given to curing than to killing. Women doctors flourish and good deeds are of every day. Those who call themselves the Women of Marblehead represent some of the best character, intelligence, and social grace of New England. "Ladies," however, are evidently scarce, so scarce that we saw them advertised

The poem represents Parson Avery as witnessing the death of all his family before sinking himself with prayer on his lips.

Holmes' poem "Agnes" has a Marblehead inn for a part of its background of the true story of the inn drudge who became a baronet's bride. Sir Harry Frankland was a proud and wealthy Englishman, collector of the Port of Boston, who visited Marblehead one autumn day in 1742 to overlook the construction of the Fort. He saw the tavern drudge scrubbing the floors and was struck with the beauty of her sixteen years. He took her away with him and had her educated to fashionable accomplishments in the best schools of Boston. He made every effort to have her recognized in his own social circle, but in vain. He took her to England where his own family refused to see her. He carried her with him to Lisbon when he was appointed Consul-general to the Portuguese Court. By the earthquake of 1755 he was desperately wounded. Mad with terror, Agnes Surriage searched for her lover and tore him from beneath the ruins where he lay with a dead companion. While lying there he had made deathbed vows, and put it beyond his power of repudiating them by mar-

rying Agnes within an hour after his wounds were dressed.

The Fountain Inn of Marblehead, where Agnes scrubbed, was much frequented, it is told, by pirates and smugglers. Such and fishermen, were all of men she had ever seen when her white ankles, by catching a gay cavalier's fancy, preserved her in the amber of American poetry. The inn is long gone, but its fountain is still a living one, fresh, clear, and cool, although neglected since the town took to drawing its water through miles of pipes from distant ponds.

The inn was high above the tide but close to it. Those contrabandists must have had a heavy pull upwards of icy nights. The sea, so near, was an every hour and minute sight to the drudge whose ankles like those of Olympian ladies have been very much writ about. The road winding among the rocks and coming out from the mysterious dazzling world must have been far more interesting to her. The infinite and eternal, so far as she could suspect the meaning of these words, was not the commonplace, everyday water, but the mystery and marvel of cities and men. So when one day a gilded coach came rattling up the hill from that fairy world peopled with princes and a dandy with ribboned *queue* and glittering buckles upon silken instep descended from it among

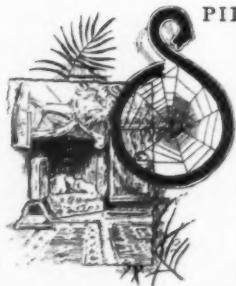
cringing servitors and inn people, no doubt Agnes gazing upward from all fours thought the vision more than earthly.

The truth is, apart from Holmes' and Lowell's poems, Agnes' story is poor stuff. She was densely ignorant of morals equally with manners. She was a descendant of the lupine fishers of the unknown past. When she became "educated" it was only to the paltry "accomplishments" of that smattering day, and to the ideal of a fashionable rake. We have no evidence that she was possessed of the least imagination, and we know her virtue was not of heroic quality. Her people were a squalid lot who profited richly by her concubinage in the accumulation of land and dollars. Doubtless there was many and many a more tender and touching love story lived among the rocks of Marblehead in that year 1742, of which our poets have caught no glimpse. It was the worldly splendor of the fisher-maid's career that took her into poetry, although Mesdames Southworth and Braddon have told as fine a tale a dozen times at least, and no poet dreams of wedding them to immortal verse.

The descent to plain prose of this romantic career is never hinted at by the poets. Yet Lady Frankland died plain Mrs. John Drew having married very soon after Sir Harry's death, an unromantic London banker!

## THE SOCIAL SIDE OF ARTIST LIFE.

BY C. M. FAIRBANKS.



SPIDERS are lolling in their wonderful little webs in the studios just now, and dust is gathering thick upon gilded picture frames and casts and draperies. The painters, for the most part, are away in the country, at the seashore, or in Europe—each as his fancy leads or his purse permits—and living that charming out-of-door life, the records and fruits of which will be brought back presently on canvases or in portfolios, with the approach of autumn. Then will come

"moving day" for the spiders, and the life of the studio and the town will be resumed.

The summer life of the painter who goes into the fields to work is very like the holiday of many another stroller through woods or along streams or sandy beaches, except that his sketch block takes the place of the paper-covered novel in the hands of the lay idler. But the town life of the New York painter is quite a different thing, and, though it is not without its serious responsibilities, it still has a charm quite unknown to the conventional citizen. True the artist is himself a citizen, and frequently he appreciates and fulfills the privileges and duties of citizenship. But he is rarely a reader of daily newspapers, and the current concerns of the vast majority of mankind are nothing to him. He

lives in the heart of the town but is not of it. His world is bounded by his studio walls beyond which his walks lead him to the parks and galleries and to those resorts where his associates meet for relaxation from the strain of hard work and close confinement at the easel. He is apt to go about with his head somewhat in the clouds and to see only that about him which it pleases his eye to see. To the mere looker-on in Vienna his whole life appears to be a holiday, as free from constraint and convention as the happy days spent a-field in the summer time.

And this aspect of artist life is true enough as far as it goes. It has somewhat of the freedom of life in a college town and the social life of the college dormitories, but like that early existence, the happiness of which is never appreciated until it is past, there are irksome exactions, tedious routine, trials and hard work for him who lives to paint in a city studio.

One may fancy something of the discouragements that beset a newcomer in a crowded field, who, fresh from the artist quarters of some European center, sets up a studio in bustling, selfish, commercial New York and screws up his courage to wait for the welcome and recognition that sometimes never come to him.

The young artist brings home with him from study abroad, not fame already won, but high hopes, and he goes to work until perhaps the scantiness of his funds compels him to seek some quick return from that sort of commercial work which, though unsigned by the artist, has shed luster on many a brand of laundry soap or baking powder. For many a young man this means a season of great privation and sickness of heart, from which the only respite is found about the board where he may meet his fellow strugglers, and where in a congenial circle he may forget for an hour his worries.

And sometimes—not very often let us hope—a faint-hearted student gives up the fight in despair. A melancholy instance of this discouragement came within my own

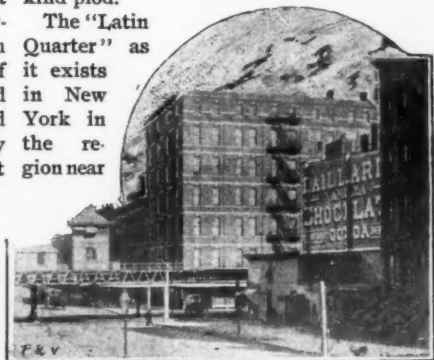
experience not so very long ago. A young student just home from Munich took shabby lodgings in an out-of-the-way street in New York and set out to compel the success that he felt was his due. He found but small reward and when the pawnbroker could no longer be looked to for aid, and he was locked out of his studio for arrears of rent, and turned overcoatless into the street on a cold night,

he was too proud to confess his straits to a friend, and so buying a pistol with his last money he achieved more distinction for a passing hour, by killing himself somewhat dramatically, than he had ever won with his brush. His case, however, is to be taken only as an extreme example, not so much of what hope deferred may drive a man to, as of feeble-hearted yielding to the morbid dictates of a foolish and

wounded pride, against which many another has had to struggle.

But I did not mean to introduce a tragedy into this story of life in Bohemia. It is but a shadow across which the sunshine and glint of color may show more brightly, and its only lesson is that life in the dreamland of the artist is not less real and earnest than in the work-a-day world in which the rest of mankind plod.

The "Latin Quarter" as it exists in New York in the region near



THE SHERWOOD STUDIO BUILDING.



THE BENEDICK.

Washington Square, is the home of the French colony into which the home-coming student from Paris naturally drifts in search of opportunity to continue the manner of his life in the French capital. Here are the basement *pensions* and wine shops where none but Frenchmen and artists go; the signs over the doors of the merchants are in French, and there is a foreign air about the district that strikes as unfamiliar the native New Yorker who may stroll into it. The artist colony here has flourished for a few years, but already there is apparent an up-town tendency into what the men of the "Latin Quarter"

have with some jealousy dubbed the "Clique Quarter," a region up about the southern boundaries of Central Park. Many of the jovial spirits who continued for a while down town the artless, simple habits of their student life abroad, have joined the upward procession, and the Bohemianism of the "Latin Quarter" is being outgrown. The conventions of polite society are in greater respect than formerly. It is a long time since long locks swept the coat collar, and loosely knotted neck scarfs of brilliant hue and velvet jackets were the recognized uniform of the professional painter. Now but for the pointed Parisian beard (*à la Vandyke*), and not always by this sign, the artist of New York is not to be distinguished in appearance and manner from any other gentleman.

The so-called "Latin Quarter" is on the boundary line in a double sense. It includes a region about Washington Square, as I have said, the northern

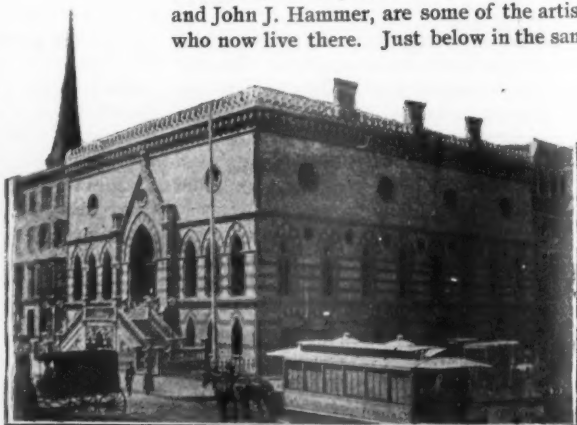


TENTH STREET STUDIO BUILDING.

side of which is as aristocratic as any part of New York, and the southern side of which has been hardly redeemed from the slums. It is peculiarly a neighborhood where one need have no care for appearances, and where artists and artists' models come and go without exciting question as to their relations or their affairs.

Fronting upon the square stand the tall gray battlemented walls of the old University building, a historic pile, in a room of which Prof. Morse carried to success his early experiments with the electric telegraph, and where Dr. Draper first applied the knowledge that Daguerre opened up

to a wondering world to the successful taking of portraits by photography. Above the floors occupied by the departments of the University have always been bachelors' chambers, in which from time to time some famous men have lived. Up in the roof of this venerable building and under its groined ceilings are a dozen studios where painters have loved to retreat out of sight and sound of the bustling streets below. Frank Fowler, Robert C. Minor, A. N. A., A. M. Turner, and John J. Hammer, are some of the artists who now live there. Just below in the same



THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.



side of the square is a modern studio building, The Benedick, quite as rich in convenient appointments as the other is poor in them, but with studio windows opening upon the same sky. Here are some of the most interesting studios—not the showiest by any means—in the city, and here Robert Blum, when he is not in Japan, as at present, or Venice, as he was a season ago, lives and paints. George W. Maynard, N. A., and Olin L. Warner, N. A., the sculptor, are also dwellers in The Benedick. Just across the northwest corner of Washington Square is a still more modern studio building, designed by its tenants, and in which Walter Shirlaw, N. A., Benj. C. Porter, N. A., T. W. Dewing, N. A., C. A. Platt, and Alfred Q. Collins have apartments.

As a rule the painters in these three studio buildings both live and paint there. Their beds are often divans and by day are hidden behind screens or curtains of some attractive stuff and pattern. Here the artist combines with painting the practice of the arts of house-keeping after an unskilled manner of his own, and goes out only for his stroll in the Park or his dinner at a neighboring restaurant.

Down in shabby Wooster Street, in the heart of a block of swarming tenement houses, is a little French restaurant, with chintz curtains in the broad show windows. The floor is bare and so are the walls, except for a cheap print or two, but the cloths that cover the long table in the middle of the room and the smaller side tables are white, and the place is scrupulously neat. Here has been a favorite rendezvous of the members of the down-town colony of artists, and here too strays back occasionally some former companion from his new home in the "Clique Quarter." But the jovial reunions at "Madame's" are not so frequent now as formerly for many of the bachelor tenants of The Benedick and the old University Building have followed the up-town tendency; some have married, and by such gentle influence have been led away from the place of Bohemian revelry; and Madame, the buxom, fair-faced young widow who kept the place for the artists and a few of their literary associates and followers from the neighboring offices of one of the magazines, has married one of her most devoted patrons, a clever designer, and together they have gone to the Paris of her youth.

Two classes of patrons have favored the G-Sept.

little Restaurant de Paris. When the painter has departed after his frugal *déjeuner* he has been succeeded at the tables by business men of the French colony, who have found here a *déjeuner à la fourchette* (à la couteau, it must sadly be confessed, in the case of some of the transplanted *bourgeois*) quite after the manner of their native *cafés*. In the evening again have come the artists, and have enjoyed their inexpensive but very well prepared dinner and their small bottle of red wine, attended by the faithful Adrian, and with the friendly Madame bustling about with motherly interest in her guests, now in the kitchen for a moment and again looking over the shoulder of some favorite, seeing that each man's wants and each man's whims were supplied or gratified. It became a cheerful family party, for usually about the same men dined here regularly, and Madame entered most cordially into the spirit of their badinage and frivolous talk. Shop, as a subject of conversation, was always tabooed by silent consent in such gatherings, and each evening the day's cares were brushed aside and the hour given up to play.

Madame's was not, and is not now under the direction of her successor, a place of costly fare, and one might live very well there on very little a week. The conversation, so far as it was addressed to Adrian and related to the meal, was usually in French; so far as it related to the general topics of interest it was in English. After an hour or two at the table, as they had other engagements, the men left one at a time or in pairs, after either settling for the cost of the meal, or, as in the case of one or two of the most regular visitors of the restaurant, jotting down their own reckoning in a space in some flourish in the design of the homely paper that covered the wall. Such accounts as were kept thus on the wall were settled weekly or monthly by the painter when his ship came home.

But with the erection of fine modern studio buildings up town a few years ago the artists who long had inhabited that part of the city of which the venerable Tenth Street Studio Building was the center, moved away one after another and the real art center of the younger painters is now in West Fifty-fifth and Fifty-seventh Streets. Many of the old timers, gray haired men like J. G. Brown and T. W. Wood, still cling to their dingy quarters in the old Tenth Street Build-

ing, the first in the city to be devoted exclusively to studios. The apartments there are both workshops and lodgings, and in the list of tenants are to be found the names of some of the best known of our American artists. T. W. Wood, the newly elected president of the Academy of Design, has for years painted his Vermont models with city surroundings there, and there it is that J. G. Brown has popularized his red-cheeked bootblack. Worthington Whitredge and Kruseman Van Elten, the landscapists, and M. F. H. De Haas, the marine painter; S. J. Guy, J. C. Nicoll, Arthur Parton, J. W. Casilear, Wm. H. Beard, the animal painter, Wood E. Perry, and many other National Academicians paint in this first home of the artists, and here it is that Wm. M. Chase, the recognized leader of the younger men, has his "show studio," quite the most expensively and luxuriously and artistically furnished of any in the city. Not far away, in Clinton Place, is the house of Frank D. Millet, the vice-president of the Academy, who has made of an old New York dwelling such a home and studio as must delight any lover of the beautiful who may be favored with entrance there. Mr. Millet's studio is on the top floor of the house, through the roof of which he has cut a great skylight, and where he paints before an old continental fireplace. The room adjoining is a vision of centuries ago. Mr. Millet has incorporated into it the paneled walls and mullioned and latched windows brought bodily from an old English country house. The benches and chairs are of antique carved oak, upholstered in stamped leather, and in the old fireplace are the fire dogs and warming pan whose first owners have long since mingled with the dust of old England.

Over in Fourth Avenue and but a block from the Academy of Design, that striking architectural copy of a famous old palace of Venice, is another studio building more modern than that in Tenth Street, but which like that is exclusively devoted to the uses of artists. J. Wells Champney, James D. George, H. and N. S. J. Smillie have studios there, while directly opposite the Academy of Design in Twenty-third Street, in the Y. M. C. A. Building, are the studios of Wordsworth Thompson, William Hart, C. Harry Eaton, J. B. Bristol, J. R. Brevoort, A. H. Wyant, and others. In the Chelsea in West Twenty-third Street, are Charles S.

Reinhart, W. T. Smedley, Charles Melvil Dewey, J. Francis Murphy, and F. K. M. Rehn.

The studio buildings included in the "Clique Quarter," so called, are the Holbein in West Fifty-fifth Street, a series of studios built over private stables on both sides of the street, the Rembrandt in West Fifty-seventh Street, a fashionable and handsome studio building, and the Sherwood at Fifty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue, one of the largest in the city. It is in these houses that many of the younger painters live, and they are so near together that they form quite a colony in themselves.

The up-town studios, for the most part, are provided with lodgings, and in some of them the married artists play at housekeeping and find respite from hard work in playing with their children. Restaurants abound in the neighborhood, where the painters dine, but as a rule they cannot be counted upon as very regular visitors at any one place. They prefer to roam about dining here or there as caprice may lead them. There was until a recent period a place in West Fifty-fourth Street over which a certain popular Madame Harroll presided, where the more social of the artists were wont to congregate at the dinner hour, and where they held their evening revelries. Nowadays Mack's is their rendezvous at night, and about whose tables there is nightly much merry talk. There is an atmosphere of art and smoke there that is simply delightful, and the company is made up of such choice and master spirits as must have frequented the Cave of Harmony when Col. Newcome was a young blade about London. But it is withal most decorous revelry and presents no suggestion of excess. In fact it would appear that the artists as a colony are much freer from any disposition to over indulgence than are any other men at all to be compared to them in their manner of life. They do not keep late hours and their amusements are indulged in very much as children take their pleasure. They pay social visits to one another, sometimes go in groups to a Vaudeville, and of a Saturday night a certain set of painters may be found at the Players' Club, where they sup and smoke, and perhaps pose, as do their actor friends, and love to hear themselves talk.

There are some of the men of the "Clique Quarter," whose names have greater vogue than their studio doorplates or the directory

alone could give them. In West Fifty-fifth Street in the Holbein studios, are Kenyon Cox, Wm. A. Coffin, West B. Clinedinst, Benoni Irwin, B. R. Fitz, W. H. Shelton, George W. Cohen, Aug. Franzèn, J. S. Hartley, the sculptor, and George Inness, Percy Moran, and H. W. Hart, while in the Sherwood are Carroll Beckwith, J. H. Dolph, Hamilton Hamilton, Otto H. Bacher, Theodore Wores, Carlton Chapman, Percival De Luce, J. H. Witt, Herbert A. Levy, and H. W. Watrous.

During the winter season there are a number of fixed events which bring the artists together socially. The Academy of Design invites its members to monthly "smoke nights," where clever men elbow one another and brighten their wits by social and congenial intercourse. Then there is the annual

dinner of the Academy and the opening of the fall exhibition of the Water Color Society, as well as the celebration of St. Valentine's night, the patron saint day of the water colorists. The only club of artists, that is the only club whose membership is confined to artists, is the Salmagundi, which has pleasant quarters in West Twenty-second Street, and where a tired painter may nearly always find an idle companion in a game of billiards. It is, in fact, a very charming organization, and its annual black and white exhibitions are delightful.

And so it appears that the painters are not without some share in the things that make life worth living, even though the problem of providing that living is one which many very happy men of their profession are unable to ignore.

## THE UNITED STATES AS A PUBLISHER OF SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.

BY J. HOWARD GORE, PH. D.

**M**R. HICKCOX in his "Monthly Catalogue of Government Publications" for March, 1889, makes this astounding statement:

The Government Printing-Office, between July 1 and December 31, 1888, delivered to Congress 819,608 bound volumes. The average consumption of printing material is 20 tons daily. The monthly cost of paper alone is \$39,000. The total number of copies of documents of all kinds printed within that period was 36,205,996 at an average cost of 3 cents per copy.

Many persons reading the above will at once think of the "Congressional Record" since so much has been written regarding its expeditious publication from the time the words leave the speaker's mouth or a report the clerk's table until the printed, stitched, and cut "Record" lies on the member's desk.

It is a comparatively easy matter to secure permission or an appropriation to print, as is shown in the case of that bureau whose allowance for printing was many times the amount of its annual appropriation. Perhaps this somewhat disproportionate printing bill was made possible by the wholesome influence members expected to exert through the presentation to their constituents of the handsomely illustrated report of this bureau, as

can also be seen in a special vote for seventeen thousand copies in addition to the usual number. It is a pleasure to record that in this instance the money was well spent and many branches of science stimulated.

Let us see what contributions to scientific literature were made during the year already referred to. Within that period there issued from the Government Printing-Office, Atkinson's "Report on the present Status of Bimetallism in Europe"; Carrington's "History of Indian Operations on the Plains"; Smith's "Forest Culture in Hesse"; several reports on sugar manufacture; Griffin's "Electricity as a Motive-Power"; a series of technical reports from the Department of Agriculture; "Medical and Surgical History of the Rebellion"; reports upon the work of the surveys, Bureau of Ethnology, National Museum, etc., making in all 106 titles and comprising 43,000 pages, equivalent to a daily publication of 118 pages.

What is the effect of this generous output? It is both injurious and beneficial. It is injurious in that it thrives under a slack censorship; no one feeling a deep monetary interest in the matter of printing, a submitted topic is accepted, an estimate of the cost of a modest octavo is approved, the size swells to a quarto with many illustra-

tions, with nothing to serve as a check except a fear that the appropriation may not hold out, and a place on the deficiency bill may be uncertain. It is also hurtful since it permits a diffusive style, in fact it fosters it, inasmuch as one would rather be the author of a book of one hundred pages than one of ten, though much padding be necessary in order to reach the former size. Fortunately many of the departments and even bureaus now have an experienced editor to correct, prune, and concentrate an accepted paper. Again, knowing that the Government is more liberal than any private publisher, many persons having a work of importance in hand, seek a place for its publication in some departmental series in order to have more room, though at the cost of two or three years' delay, thus sacrificing time to space. It is often argued that a paper in this way secures a larger circulation—that is true, but it was not until recently that one would look in a "Government Report" for a treatise on Sign Language, the Habits of Camels, or a Bibliography of the Esquimaux Language.

On the other hand, what do we receive in the way of benefits? It is impossible to answer. An idea can perhaps best be obtained from a glance at the classes of scientific publications which have emanated from the source in question. The first paper of this character was an "Essay on the Making of Gunpowder," in 1776. (The next on this subject was by Mordecai in 1845.) This initial treatise had no followers until 1792 when the output amounted to only three pages, on weights and measures and variations of the magnetic needle. The nineteenth century began most auspiciously in the purchase by the Government of the account of Pike's expedition to the sources of the Mississippi and through the western part of Louisiana to the sources of the Arkansas. The well-deserved fame achieved by the leader of this expedition stimulated other adventurous spirits whose example and reports have done more toward settling and civilizing the western section of the United States than legislation alone could accomplish. Among these we have Lewis and Clarke, whose reports and papers have reached so many editions that a bibliography of their writings has been found necessary; we have also Owen's "Report on Geological Explorations in 1840-48"; Greenhow's "Memoir on the Northwest Coast of North America," a detailed history of discoveries,

voyages, and conquests from 1492 to 1830, published in 1840; Nicollet's "Report on the Upper Mississippi," 1840; and a large edition of 10,000 copies of Frémont's "Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains" in the same year; Abert's report on his exploration through the Comanche country in 1846, followed by similar reports by Jackson, Simpson, Whiting, Adams, Reynolds, and Humphreys culminating in the twelve-volume "Report of the Pacific Railroad Survey in 1855." The chapters in this report on zoölogy and kindred subjects by Baird and others stand as monuments to their painstaking industry, while the collections made during the progress of this survey formed an important part in laying the foundation of our present National Museum. This report was considered of such value that 60,000 copies were printed for gratuitous distribution. Baird's zoölogy and Hall's geology formed an important part in the account of Emory's "Mexican Boundary Survey of 1859."

From this we see how special reports of a scientific nature became parts of the reports of exploring expeditions; later, as in the surveys of Hayden, Wheeler, King, and Powell, the exploring feature gradually gave way to the scientific investigations. Geological surveys or reconnaissances, were made by Featherstonhaugh in 1835-36, Owen in 1844-48, Jackson in 1849, Foster and Whitney in 1851 reaching to Hayden in 1867. It would be difficult as well as out of place to trace the history of the principal surveys or to give a catalogue of their publications. Besides geology and mineralogy, natural history of the past as well as the present occupies a place, as do chemistry and applied mathematics in many forms.

In the two hundred volumes published by these surveys there is scarcely a branch of science that has not been touched nor is a single subject treated without advancing it well toward its boundaries. In eight years, closing with the past fiscal year, 15,500 pages have been published by the Geological Survey, and it can be said that each page bears in a marked degree the fruits of original work.

It was properly concluded that the glory of the nation and the welfare of mankind could also be advanced by prosecuting investigations regarding peoples and countries outside of our own domain; hence we have the



United States Exploring Expedition of 1841, Wilkes' 1842, Gillis' 1838-42, and Herndon's Exploration of the Amazon in 1853.

In the early part of the century it was deemed more economical to purchase the requisite number of copies of a work from private publishers than for the Government to undertake the publication. This was done in the case of a number of treatises on gunnery, artillery, fortifications, reports on hospitals, and a volume of Medical Sketches of the War with Great Britain. There was for some time a feeling of uncertainty as to the duration of peace as is shown in the character of the Congressional Reports. All branches of war were cultivated and even something like a subsidy was in view in the report of the Committee on Military Affairs in 1824 in favor of offering Government patronage to any one who would assist in perfecting practical gunnery.

Although the theory of medicine has not been directly discussed in our Government publications, still every branch of medical science has been advanced indirectly thereby since 1816, the date of the work last named, as well as by Medical Statistics, 1856; Medical and Surgical History of the War—the first volume appearing in 1861; circulars of the Surgeon-general's Office and of the Army Medical Museum; Photographs of Surgical Cases, 1866; sanitary reports, reports on epidemics, and as a climax that monumental work of 10,188 double-column pages—the Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-general's Office. This contains not only titles of books that are in this great library but titles of articles long and short, arranged by authors and by subjects. It is a work beyond criticism, above praise.

Astronomy had its literature enriched at an early date by Government contributions. In 1810 William Lambert submitted his report on the determination of the longitude of the Capitol. His methods were not satisfactory to his critics, nor were the four different results announced during the subsequent thirteen years accepted as accurate. The faculty of Bowdoin College sent to Congress in 1826 a statement relative to the expediency of establishing an astronomical observatory. The reasons were convincing, for in the same year the committee to whom the matter was referred, in a report of twenty-six pages recommended its establishment. The outcome has been in the way of publications, a continuous series of annual reports of Astronomical Ob-

servations, Nautical Almanacs, and Professional Papers.

Astronomy furnishes a foundation for navigation, it provides elements in many of the physical problems, and an accurate knowledge of it is needed in giving places their proper position on the earth's surface. So that from a purely utilitarian standpoint, it is advisable that this science should be cultivated, and since the outlay for its prosecution is great and the benefits general it is only right that it should be fostered by Government aid, and this aid should extend also to the publication of every thing which tends toward its advancement.

Closely allied to astronomy is geodesy. In the interests of the latter we have the Coast and Geodetic Survey which began in 1816 as the Coast Survey. There were several forerunners dating back as far as 1785, but their results were published by private parties, receiving only slight assistance from the Government. The publications of the survey consist of Annual Reports forming an unbroken series from 1834 to the present time. These contain besides administrative reports a great variety of papers on hypsometry, astronomy, magnetics, hydrography, and geodesy. It would be difficult to conceive any side of the above topics that has not been discussed. Besides thousands of charts of the most accurate character, there are issued from this bureau a series of Bulletins, Coast Pilots, Notice to Mariners, and a number of special papers such as Fox's "Landfall of Columbus," 1880; Craig's "Treatise on Projections," 1882; and Gore's "Bibliography of Geodesy," 1889.

The Philadelphia Lyceum in 1838 asked Congress to make an appropriation for the advancement of Meteorology. An answer came some years later in the shape of Espy's "Reports on Meteorological Observations," and still later by the reports of the Signal Service. In addition to the prognostications and bulletins this bureau has issued a most excellent series of professional papers, nearly twenty in number, such as Abbe's "Memoirs on Meteorological Subjects," 1878, and Langley's "Researches in Solar Heat and its Absorption by the Atmosphere," 1884.

The idea which was in Smithson's mind as he wrote that clause of his will which laid the foundation of the Smithsonian Institution is strangely seen in a memorial sent to Congress by W. R. Johnson in 1838, in which he

"prays for the establishing of a national institution for the investigation and elucidation of those departments of science which pertain to the useful arts." This paper was printed in full, but no further action appears to have been taken.

Ethnology received no special consideration at the hands of the Government until the publication of Schoolcraft's "History of the Indian Tribes," 1850. Nor did this subject find further place in the list of official publications beyond forming parts of the reports of the Geographical and Geological Surveys until the organization of the Bureau of Ethnology in 1879. Since that time this bureau has issued a series of reports, contributions, and bulletins, including more than fifty special papers, which for general interest, inspiring effect, and permanent value must for years to come, stand unrivaled. In this particular science, our Government has published more than all the other governments of the world put together.

In 1857 and 1858 there appeared two isolated reports, one by Jefferson Davis, on the purchase of camels for military purposes, with best authorities on the general characteristics of the animal. It must have been regarded as a matter of considerable importance, to deserve the 238 pages which this report covered. Camels were brought into the United States for the purpose of domestication, but the effort did not meet with success nor did our public officials again seriously consider the advisability of so using them.

During the immediately succeeding years the science of war was lost sight of in its practice, finding light only in the reports of the Chief of Engineers and in an important series of Notes on the Construction of Ordnance. Of the latter there are now nearly fifty in number, which with about half as many Engineering Professional Papers has advanced civil as well as mechanical engineering in no inconsiderable measure. From this department there also appeared Allen's "Report on an Expedition to Alaska," 1887.

The Navy Department has been especially prolific. Besides the papers on astronomy and navigation already referred to, the Hydrographic Office has given out several series such as Directions, Sailing Directions, Light-house Lists, and Coast Pilots for both foreign and domestic shores, while the various bureaus of this department have published

Naval Intelligence, Professional Papers, twenty-four in number, examinations of different seas and oceans, six in number, and Navy Scientific Papers, Simpson's.

The subject precious metals was not made the text of a special report until 1867 when there appeared the "Mineral Resources of the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains." This was followed by a report on mines and mining in 1872 and since 1883 annual statistical reports have been issued by the Geological Survey.

The Bureau of Education has become a publisher of importance, issuing besides an annual report, a series of histories of higher education, another of circulars of information and of bulletins of information. Many of these treat of school architecture and school economics; however some are of scientific importance. Some of the sciences as taught in the schools have been made the subjects of special reports as for instance chemistry, which received a very exhaustive report at the hands of Professor Clark.

Contributions to scientific literature from the Department of State are not extensive. If one would take the trouble to look through the Consular Reports one would be surprised at the great variety of topics reported upon. As a rule each report would give some information difficult to obtain elsewhere. If a little more encouragement were given our consuls to investigate or observe, their reports might become of far greater value. Under the auspices of this department have been published the reports of a number of commissions to the various expositions that have been held, especially since 1869, containing chapters of scientific importance, as those on electricity, instruments of precision, and mechanics. Twining's interesting report on the "Northwest Boundary Commission," 1878, emanated from this branch of the Government, as did also the "Protocols of the Meridian Conference."

The Treasury Department has to its credit the publications of the "Coast and Geodetic Survey," "Light-house Board," "Assay Commission," "Bureau of Statistics," various technical administrative reports, and the "Cruise of the *Corwin*."

The Department of Agriculture, for so many years a very poor contributor to science, has within the past twelve or fifteen years made ample amends for the lost opportunities. The annual reports with an edition of 400,000,

perhaps the largest edition of any book of its size, contains more than purely administrative matter, while it is supplemented by a greater variety of series than belongs to any other department. These are Technical Reports, Reports on Economic Entomology, Animal Industry, Animal Pathology, Manufacture of Sorghum, Forestry Bulletins, and a large number of papers on Insect Life, Contagious Diseases of Animals, Silk worms, Tea-culture, and many forms of animal and vegetable life. The agricultural experiment stations are playing their part in the promotion of agriculture and their reports contain suggestive results.

The Fish Commission is engaged with practical matters; still its officers have time for original investigations—the results of which find an outlet in the annual reports, a volume of about one thousand pages, bulletins of somewhat smaller dimensions, and such special papers as the exigencies of the cases demand.

The National Museum during the past decade has been especially industrious along literary lines. It publishes Reports, Proceedings, and Bulletins, embracing papers

upon the greatest possible range of scientific topics, as would be expected when one considers the broad field which the Museum covers. When a paper upon a group of exhibited articles is published, a copy, surrounded as far as possible by the objects therein described, is placed on exhibition. This shows which specimens have been discussed, so that a person duly interested can procure a copy of the monograph, compare the cuts with the objects themselves, then study it at one's leisure, feeling that one has a personally certified copy. The excellent opportunities here afforded for study and the chance for prompt publication have proved such incentives to prosecute original investigations that the bibliography of the Museum and its officers for 1886 covered twenty-six printed pages.

In addition to the above types, which admit of classification, the Government has published the "Memoirs of the National Academy," "Explorations in Alaska," "Whale and Cod Fisheries," "Nicaragua Ship-canal," "Report on the Black Hills," Hall's "Arctic Expedition," and, quoting from the conventional rural sale-bill, "other articles too tedious to mention."

## THE HAWAIIANS.

BY J. N. INGRAM.

A VOYAGE of twenty-eight days from the Golden Gate brings one to Honolulu, the Hawaiian capital. It is a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, fifteen thousand islanders, five thousand Caucasians, and ten thousand Chinese. It is situated on the seashore on the south coast of Oahu, and extends along the base of tall mountain ranges. The streets are shaded with groves of tropical trees and dotted with parks. The yards are gorgeous with flowers; the groves are in perpetual bloom; and the fragrance of eternal summer perfumes the atmosphere.

The natives are a Malayan race. They have been on the islands—according to their traditions—over a thousand years, having come over the sea in canoes. They are of a light yellow color, have regular features, straight black hair, are tall and well formed. Their frank open countenances, soft and flashing eyes, simple manners, and child-like deportment win the hearts of all beholders. Their

simplicity, easy good humor, and implicit trust in nature to provide for them are characteristics found only in the people of the tropics.

They live largely on cocoanuts, bread fruit, pine apples, fish, and *taro poi*. Some of them—from the mountain wilds—still eat their fish raw. The *taro* is a purple vegetable, with a root and leaves like a turnip, and the flavor of a sweet potato. The plant is cultivated in boggy marshes, and kept, like rice, flooded with water. The natives take the roots from the ground and roast them among green leaves in piles of hot stones. The vegetables are then beaten into a mush and poured into calabashes ready for use. It is called *poi* and is the Hawaiian's bread. It will keep for days, and is a very cooling, palatable, and nourishing dish.

The natives take their meals sitting on the floor. They place their gourds of *poi* in a circle on the floor or on the ground under

the shade of the grove, and put their fish and fruit in seashells by their calabashes. The family then sit down in a row around these dishes. They pinch off a bit of fish, carry it to their mouths, then dip their fingers into the *poi*, stir them around, lift them out, throw back their heads, and close their lips around their fingers.

Their happiest hours seem to be at their meals. There they abandon themselves to their jollity of manner, and are never so merry as when gathered around their banquet gourds.

They will adopt every other innovation of civilization but to surrender their primitive method of eating. This custom of their ancestors is held as a sacred legacy and around it cluster so many treasured memories that they cling to its form with tenacious loyalty. The king himself never looks so happy as when seated on the floor with his people, eating out of the calabashes.

Many suppose that eating from the same gourds transmits disease among the natives; but the *poi* is so adhesive that all which comes in contact with their fingers adheres, and no contamination follows.

In former times any woman who presumed to join her better half at his hallowed meals, was punished with death, but now the sexes take their meals together out of the same gourds, and the women occupy favored seats at the feasts.

If a native feels in need of a meal, but is indisposed to provide one for himself, he watches the dining hours of his neighbors, walks in and helps himself. They hold every thing in common, as one great family—and everybody is related to everybody else on the islands, and their universal hospitality weakens their ambition to accumulate subsistence subject to such general absorption. They cultivate gardens of vegetables, but do not engage in any system of agriculture, and make but little attempt to acquire property.

But nature is kind. Their food grows without cultivation. The groves furnish their meals. They have naught to do but to stretch forth their hands, pluck and eat. The cocoanut, pomegranate, orange, banana, pineapple, and bread fruit trees, provide for their table, and the bays abound in fish. The rains send down water to give them drink; the leaves of the trees shade them from the sun; the grass furnishes a sleeping couch; summer is always with them; winter

never bites their fingers, and frosts never chill their blood. Scanty apparel covers their bodies, and suits their wants. Coral blocks answer for chairs, banana leaves for carpets, and reed mats for rugs. Their primitive hut is as dear to them as a palace. Their hills are always green; their flowers bloom all the time. In the morning when they awake, they reach up and shake a mangoe or bread fruit limb and breakfast falls into their laps.

They have no inducement to lay up for old age, as but few reach it. They have but little inducement to accumulate for their children, as but few have them, and nature can care for them as she has done in years past.

The huts are formed of reeds, covered with rushes and have earth floors; they are fronted with wide porches to keep off the heat of the sun. The cottages are embowered in vines, and sit along the seashore, under the shade of cocoanut trees and groves of waving palms. The dwellings cluster in continuous villages around the ocean beach, and the shores of the islands are belted with a line of houses.

The native ladies dress in flowing gowns falling in loose folds from their shoulders. Their raven black hair floats in luxuriant tresses down their necks. Their brows are adorned with wreaths of wild flowers, and their necks with chaplets of green leaves, which make them look like classic nymphs of the woods.

The island girls are fond of horseback riding and ride at a furious rate. With their hair sailing on the wind, they dash their steeds up the mountains and down the valleys at breakneck speed. In the evening, mounted on their ponies, they take their rides around the islands; and their snowy dresses are seen moving like white specks over the country roads.

These native girls have fine voices, and are fond of singing. A most attractive feature in the natives' religious services is the musical accompaniment. To stroll out in the forests on Sunday morning, and listen to the native choirs singing in their chapels, amid the roar of the surf, is a rare pleasure. The people are of a warm religious temperament, are great church goers, and enter into the spirit of devotion with enthusiasm. They rarely fail to attend the sanctuary as it gratifies their taste for music, indulges them in religious enjoyments, and gives them the delicious entertainment of exchanging gossip. Every



pathway leading to the little churches is crowded with natives on Sabbath morning. The white dresses and Panama hats of the ladies, their flower wreaths and evergreen garlands, contrast prettily with the olive color of their complexion and the jet black of their waving tresses. They do not follow the fads of fashion in its transformations of style and changes of costume. Having learned by experience that their "Mother Hubbards" are best suited to the heat near the path of the sun, they have not adopted any foreign inventions in apparel. Considering white the most pleasing to the eye and better adapted to laundry wear than faded shades of mottled colors, they rarely select gay or varied tints.

The island girls' greatest delight is sea-bathing. They are amphibious by nature, and take to the water like ducks. Bodily cleanliness is one of their virtues. As soon as the little girl can crawl she hunts for water. Along the shores crowds of little maids sport in the sea all day long. On attaining womanhood they become daring surf riders, and will brave the breakers in the ocean's angriest mood. Their home is on the sea and their joy is in the water. Both sexes bathe together, and competition in riding the rollers and rivalry in the art of scaling the tumbling waves are spirited.

The girls are fond also of their canoes. They are born navigators. They venture far out to sea, riding like sea gulls the great breakers of the Pacific and crossing in their boats from island to island. Every day the white sails of their tiny crafts can be seen passing over the channels. The canoes are hollowed out of giant trees, are beautifully rounded, and show extraordinary skill in handicraft. The ancient Hawaiian war boats were colossal in size, and were carved with flint axes and stone chisels.

Next to their canoes and surf bathing, the ladies take to dancing. They are very partial to that recreation. Island celebrations, feasts, or victories in olden times, were commemorated with dances. The chiefs and kings were infatuated with this diversion. To be a clever dancer was to be in favor at Court. Under royal patronage dancing was practiced, and carried into a fine art.

The national Hawaiian dance is performed in partial undress to display the charms of its movement, the circled rows of dancers swaying their limbs, swinging their arms,

bowing their heads and bodies like automatic mechanism. The missionaries discouraged this dance, but it is still practiced in the villages, and in Honolulu occasionally.

Outdoor amusements form the principal diversion. The groves, the mountains, the seashore, and the ocean waves tempt them into the open air. They spend but little time in their dwellings. The climate invites them constantly out under the sky.

They enjoy traveling by land as well as by sea. On every country road their cavalcades pass the traveler. As they are all one family, they are at home wherever night overtakes them. They are very kind and generous to each other and will offer their friends their last coconut or fish.

They are of a sunny disposition and prefer to look on the bright side of life. Their smiles are as cheering as the sunlight that warms their tropical islands; and as perpetual as the blooming of the flowers on their fragrant shores. From childhood to old age they are lighthearted and sympathetic, attentive to their sick, and generous to their unfortunate and afflicted. Their friendships are deep, strong, and sincere. Even in poverty they maintain a merry spirit, and in misfortune show nobility of impulse. Their cordiality to strangers is a marked characteristic. Meeting the traveler around their islands, they have always ready their beautiful Hawaiian salutation, *Aloha!* Love to you.

They are happy to see others happy. They exert themselves to put their visitors in good humor; and no one can long withstand the influence of their jovial dispositions, even though wearied with the discomforts of fatigue.

The best in the house is at the service of their guests, and to travelers no charges are made, but a present or keepsake is received and treasured. Hospitality in its purest form exists as they expect no reward for their amiability.

Needlework the ladies practice but little. Their gowns are plainly and neatly made. Embroidery and decoration are rarely attempted. Wild flowers serve for ornament. Finding more attraction in, and having more affection for the groves and sea, house-keeping is not made a study and domestic life is primitive.

Most of the natives have been educated in the public schools—the government compels attendance—and nearly every one can read

and write the Hawaiian language. They do not, however, enter the higher plane of knowledge. The elements of science and philosophy are too subtle for their grasp.

They are fond of reading, but confine it to sea stories, religious books, and newspapers. Their native papers give them a general outline of the weekly news of the foreign world.

They execute beautiful specimens of penmanship, are liberal patrons of the postoffice, and have an extensive correspondence with their friends on other islands.

It has been said by one writer—and repeated by others—that the native girls are never jealous. The claim is imaginary, for human nature is the same here as elsewhere. Love is the same on these ocean strands as love is everywhere else. It causes the same emotions, generates the same impulses, and demands the same exactions. It requires the same cultivation, appreciation, and estimation to retain the attachments of the heart among these orange colored nymphs of the groves, that is paid to their paler sisters in colder zones. And they are just as jealous of the strategies, wiles, and arts of their rivals as are the proud belles of the Caucasian race.

Years ago there was a fine type of beauty among the Hawaiian women, but civilization and its diseases have marred the original Hawaiian symmetry of form. The most attractive native girls are now found among the half castes. Their paler complexion, tinted with the red blood of the Caucasian and the almond color of the Malayan race, their erect and graceful forms make a fine type of beauty.

A number of foreign residents at Honolulu

have native wives, some having married for money, some for government position, some for official distinction, and some of the early matches were made for love.

While the native girls love their children, make kind mothers and dutiful wives, the foreigner feels that his Malayan wife is little or no company for him. Her ways are not his ways; her tastes are not his tastes; and his likes, pleasures, and ambitions are not hers. Her heart, sympathy, interest, and attachment belong to her race, their past, their history, their heroes, and their people. She does not, cannot, withdraw her identity from her Oriental pedigree, or assimilate with, and become one in sentiment with an alien race. Her heart is with her own people. Withdraw her from her race and she would die. Her joys are found among her early associates; and her pleasures are drawn from the scenes engraven on the memories of her early years. The spots where she spent her girlhood, the places and surroundings in which she grew from infancy into womanhood, are dear to her heart and are the treasures of her life. The companions of her youth hold warm niches in her soul; her morning of life is a part of herself, and her future is linked to her past in a chain which cannot be broken. Her alien lord may find her gay and happy on the shores of her native islands, contented and cheerful among her own people, but remove her to foreign climes, and when the peaks of the tropics fade from view, she becomes homesick, pines and wilts away like a plant torn from the warm embrace of the sun.

## THE OLD NATIONAL ROAD.

BY RUSH C. FARIS.

WE are familiar with maps of the United States that are covered with a network of lines representing the railroads. Our largest rivers are obscured by these heavier lines; but on older maps we find the rivers prominent, the only other lines standing for a few canals and turnpikes. There used to be one line especially that crossed the map in solitary prominence from Baltimore to Cumberland, thence across the Alleghenies to the Ohio River at Wheeling, and on across the broad states of Ohio, In-

diana, and Illinois to the Mississippi. It represented the National Road, a work that had its origin in a compact made before the organization of the government. This road was the object of as regular appropriations as any department of the government, had its standing committee in Congress, and was the battle-ground for politicians for more than a generation. In its progress it was interwoven with the political and industrial history of the nation.

When George Washington crossed the

mountains in 1753 to bear a message from the governor of Virginia to the French, he found Winchester the farthest town toward the wilderness, but he found also that already a "new road" led on to the Potomac at Wills Creek. The next year Washington with the colonial forces widened the trail beyond Wills Creek into a road for the army. With his instincts as an engineer he followed almost exactly the route that afterward became the National Road.

This first road over the Alleghenies is first mentioned in a bit of Indian talk, in a letter by Washington in 1754 to the Indian chief Half-King. "I received your speech by the buck's brother, who came to us with the two young men five sleeps after leaving you. . . . The young man will inform you where he met a small part of our army advancing toward you, clearing the road for a great number of our warriors." A few days later he wrote to Governor Dinwiddie: "We advance slowly across the mountains, making roads as we march fit for the carriages of our great guns."

The whole of this first campaign of Washington was made along the route of the National Road and the site of his Fort Necessity was long marked with remains of the stockade near the road, fifty miles west of Cumberland. There his little army was defeated by the French (July 2), and as all the horses were killed, "the warriors" had to go back over their new road afoot. Fort Cumberland was then built at Wills Creek, and in 1755 General Braddock arrived to take personal command of another expedition against the French on the Ohio. He marched by way of Frederick to Fort Cumberland; but finding that Virginia would not be able to furnish his army with either provisions or a wagon train, he urged Pennsylvania to open a road by way of Carlisle to Winchester. Governor Morris could not prevail upon the Pennsylvania assembly to construct the road, and was able to make a survey only by using money in his hands belonging to Delaware. The surveyors arrived at Braddock's camp only to be soundly berated for their tardiness. The ingenious advertising of Benjamin Franklin at length procured from Pennsylvania farmers the teams and wagons required, and the march began. In eight days the end of Washington's road was reached and it took four days to get over the next nineteen miles; for, as the colonists complained, the

British general halted to level every molehill and bridge every rivulet. Braddock soon met his fate in the battle that has made his name so familiar in western Pennsylvania, and was buried in the roadway to conceal his grave from the Indians. A clump of trees was long afterward planted beside the National Road to mark the grave.

Washington again marched to Fort Cumberland with the southern contingent to join General Forbes in the final expedition against Fort Duquesne; but that commander preferred a new route, and Washington very reluctantly marched across to join him on the Pennsylvania route at Bedford. Washington never lost sight of his favorite road, although there could be little attention given to road-making across the mountains till after the Revolution. In common with Jefferson and other Virginia statesmen, he regarded the Potomac valley as designated by nature for the great highway to the interior of the continent. Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia," took account of all the practicable routes and argued in favor of the Potomac route. Washington on his return from his very first trip across the mountains in 1754, prepared a statement of obstructions to be overcome in rendering the Potomac navigable to the mountains. By this he induced Virginia to agree to undertake the work of improvement. Washington's views were broadened during the Revolution, and at the close of the war he traveled over some of the practicable routes to see the situation for himself. He went up to Crown Point, and up the Mohawk valley to Fort Schuyler, and across the country to Lake Otsego. Then again in 1784 he went carefully over the Potomac route and across to Pittsburgh. While his conclusion was that a canal through New York was practicable and might become a necessity, he still saw no reason to change his first opinion that the Potomac route was the best. In a map he prepared for sustaining his position, he included a road over the mountains from Cumberland to the Youghiogheny—the very route of the National Road.

In 1785 Washington as one of the deputies attended a convention at Annapolis for the purpose of securing not only improvements in the river, but also the road over the mountains. Of the Potomac Improvement Company that resulted from the convention, he was president until elected President of the

United States; and he again took that position after his retirement from public life.

Virginia in 1784 was considering the surrender to Congress of her lands beyond the Ohio, and she stipulated that out of the proceeds of public land sales there should be built a road to connect the expected settlements with the seaboard. Among the good things obtained from the old Congress by the Rev. Manasseh Cutler for the Ohio Company of Massachusetts, was a renewed promise of this road; but this promise was not incorporated with the Ordinance of 1787 establishing the Northwest Territory. The matter was considered by Congress in 1797; for Washington and others feared that the new settlements beyond the mountains, "unless bound by the cement of interest" to the eastern states, might ally themselves with Spain's Mississippi colonies. The complaints of the settlers themselves were loud; but still no road was begun. Finally, in 1801, President Jefferson laid the matter before Congress. The statesmanship that soon after secured the Mississippi and the whole West for the Union was already looking toward that object.

Ohio was then seeking admission as a state and she too pressed for a road. Congress proposed to apply five per cent of the proceeds of land sales to roads leading from the navigable waters of the Atlantic to the Ohio, provided Ohio would exempt such lands from taxation for five years after their sale. Ohio modified this and it was agreed that three per cent should be spent on roads within her own borders and two per cent on roads leading from the east. Afterward the same agreement was made with Indiana and with Illinois, as each came into the Union. Gradually it came to be the understanding that the Cumberland road was to be the beneficiary of the whole two per cent fund. The appropriation bills named that fund as the source of the revenue and the government came to be regarded as a mere trustee to see that the compact was carried out.

It was not till 1806 that the original bill for the road was signed by President Jefferson. At this time not only were the counsels of Virginia statesmen in the ascendency, but the Potomac route had gained prestige from the location of the new national capital. "Braddock's trace"—all that was left of the military road—had by this time become an approved emigrant route across the moun-

tains, and there being already a tolerably good road to Cumberland, all things seemed to combine in favor of the pet project of Washington and Jefferson. The first contracts for work were made in 1806; but the route westward from Braddock's road was not determined at once, as it was the subject of great scheming. Wheeling, standing where the Ohio River was crossed by the old post road to Chillicothe, Ohio's first capital, and Steubenville, then the rival of Pittsburgh, contended for the road. The location of such a turnpike was more important in that day than that of a great railroad or of a world's fair is now. Wheeling won the prize, partly through the influence of Henry Clay, who had become familiar with the steep streets of the early town and its hospitable people in his journeys to and from Washington. Just east of Wheeling stands the Clay monument, commemorating the completion of the road; but the weather has almost entirely effaced the inscriptions, and the surmounting figure is sadly dilapidated.

In August, 1818, the first mail coach went over the road and by 1821 the whole one hundred and thirty miles between Cumberland and Wheeling were pronounced complete. So far the road had cost about \$1,700,000 while the two per cent fund set aside from the land sales in Ohio and Indiana had amounted to only \$164,507.

"Internal improvements" together with the tariff formed "the American system" around which many of the early political battles were fought. Originating with the Cumberland road bill of 1806, internal improvements were first proposed as a system by John C. Calhoun. The bill was carried, against the opposition of the Federalists, by large majorities of Republicans. President Jefferson, although he was unwilling to delay the road longer by refusing to sign the bill, expressed his opinion that it should have been preceded by an amendment to the Constitution distinctly giving the general government power to embark in a system of internal improvements. The adoption of his suggestions would have saved much later trouble, for opposition to the government's building roads and canals increased as the system developed.

In 1818, when the Cumberland road was nearing completion, the standing congressional committee on the road, in order to secure a needed appropriation, found it neces-



sary to argue that, whatever might be the opinion of Congress on the subject of internal improvements in general, the faith of the nation was pledged for work done and contracts made. By 1823 a large party, especially in the South, had arisen hostile to the internal improvements of the general government. The promoters of the National Road, as they began to call the Cumberland road, designed to continue it across the continent with branches widening to keep pace with the spreading areas of the western settlements, and therefore endeavored to keep it out of partisan politics; but although each of the parties seemed anxious to escape the blame for dragging it into politics, dragged in it was, and all but buried beneath the doctrine of states rights.

Although the road reached Columbus by 1827 and Indianapolis in 1830, its further progress was secured only by an agreement to cede each part, as fast as completed, to the state in which it lay. Thus the continuity and the national character of the road were destroyed. Very many of the early presidential vetoes were directed against road and canal measures, and while the National Road itself escaped—except that President Monroe vetoed a bill assuming jurisdiction over its branches and extensions suffered. But under the administration of John Quincy Adams the work of extending the system of roads and canals and improved water-ways was pushed to the utmost, in the belief that the powers of the government were unlimited in that direction.

Great as was the progress then made, under the stimulus of an overflowing treasury, the growth of the West was still more phenomenally rapid; and the greatest development was directly in front of the advancing road, that is, in Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan between 1820 and 1830. When Adams was succeeded by Jackson, in 1829, there were roads proposed for all sections of the country, and innumerable schemes were being gotten into shape, while many measures were well advanced in Congress. Up to this time there had been twenty-three different laws passed and \$2,500,000 appropriated for the National Road, with the approval of Jefferson and every one of his successors; but President Jackson at once surprised the country by vetoing two bills, one for an extension of the road to the Gulf and one for an extension from Cumberland eastward to tide-water.

This sudden change in the presidential attitude toward the road made it the chief topic of the newspapers and the innumerable speeches that followed. Indignation meetings were held throughout the territory especially interested. Senator Bibb, of Kentucky was hanged in effigy and the body buried in the road-way because he had supported the veto. "The veto—it has macadamized our Clay," was a popular toast among the admirers of the great patron of the road.

It has been charged that it was the excessive activity in internal improvements during Adams' administration that broke down the system; but the cause lay deeper than the waves of political storms, because due to the rapid development of railroads.

At the height of the road's prosperity in 1828, the Chesapeake and Ohio canal started alongside it across Maryland, and the Baltimore and Ohio railroad soon joined in the race. Congress was asked to help the canal and the railroad to cross the mountains; but decided to let them alone till they both should be built as far as Point of Rocks, on the Potomac, that each might demonstrate its fitness to survive as the highway of the future. The turnpike was thus early elbowed out of the race, and yet the period of the National Road's greatest prosperity was to come. The railroad reached Cumberland in 1844 and did not get across the mountains to Wheeling till 1852, while the turnpike served as the connecting link all that time.

A great part of the enormous traffic that even then was beginning to flow between the East and the West passed over the National Road from Cumberland, part turning down the Monongahela to Pittsburgh and part going on over the road to the West. The Adams Express Company first appeared with the wagons that hurried oysters and light packages from Baltimore to the West in 1835. In 1837 the government started fast mails over the road. Broad-tired Conestoga wagons, curved like Spanish galleons, bore loads of eight thousand pounds each, and followed one another so closely that fifty-two eight-horse teams were reported in sight at one time; immense droves of cattle trudged slowly eastward; while the stages swept past, making on some parts of the road nineteen miles in two hours. Clay, Jackson, Harrison, Polk, Houston, Allen, Crockett, and a host of others were frequent travelers,

and politicians eagerly watched for their coming, to seek advice—or give it. No telegraph sent the news ahead of the stage with its mail-bags, and the travelers enjoyed the luxury of telling the news everywhere to a fresh audience.

The states, seeing the eagerness of Congress to be rid of the National Road, were coy until they obtained further improvements on the road at the nation's expense. Pennsylvania and Ohio accepted their sections in 1831; Maryland and Virginia were given their parts in 1833, but afterward obtained further appropriations for incomplete portions; Indiana was given hers in an incomplete state in 1848, but with wood and stone from government land for its completion; while in Illinois work gradually stopped al-

together. In 1830 the proceeds of land sales amounted to \$37,597,000 and there had been expended on the road \$2,181,303. The ideas of the country had advanced during the building of the road and the later appropriations were for larger amounts than had been dreamed of in the beginning. Macadam's system of road-making had been invented and the successful experiments in England were promptly taken advantage of by our government. Before the government was done with the road, a round six millions of dollars had been spent on it.

Now the road has mostly been surrendered by the states to the counties traversed by it, and the iron and stone mile posts tell the distance to Cumberland in vain, for only local travel uses the neglected highway.

## THE CIVIL WAR IN CHILI.

Translated from "The Chautauquan" from "Revue Des Deux Mondes."

CHILI, as every one knows, is one of the countries of America which, at the beginning of the present century, shook off the Spanish yoke. Its struggles for independence ended, like the other colonies, it was obliged to adopt a political constitution. After several attempts there was evolved in 1833 the form of government under which, with slight modifications, the Chilians are still living. In accordance with its requirements the legislative power is composed of a Chamber of Deputies, elected by direct universal suffrage for three years, and a Senate whose members are elected for six years, one half going out of office every three years. The right of suffrage is accorded to all Chilians who have reached the age of twenty-one years, and who know how to read and write. The members of the Congress receive no salary, and their duties render absolutely impossible any other employment. The voting is by secret ballot and after the cumulative system, which gives to each person as many votes as there are candidates, and allows him to cast them all for one person if he wishes. There is one deputy for 40,000 inhabitants, and one senator for every three deputies.

The executive power is vested in a president of the republic, elected for five years by indirect suffrage, and not re-eligible unless it be after the lapse of at least one presidential term.

Chili has a population of 3,200,000 inhabitants and an area of about 340,000 square miles. Its budget for many years shows an excess of revenue collections over the expenditures. At the beginning of 1889 there was in the treasury about \$25,000,000.

The principal political parties in Chili are the Liberal party and the Conservative party. The Liberals have been in power for forty years. The chief difference between them relates to religious matters, as to whether the clergy shall have a greater or less influence in the nation. The Liberals advocate a free inquiry and consideration regarding all matters, the non-interference of the church in political affairs, public education, and maintenance of reforms; the abolition of the ancient ecclesiastical privileges, etc. The Conservatives would like to see enforced everywhere the edicts of the religious faith; they would abolish all public schools and all public assistance to reform methods. As to other matters, such as political, judicial, or local organization, the platforms of the two parties differ only as regards some very minor points.

Manuel Balmaceda was elected president in September, 1886. A deputy for many years, then senator and the leader of the ministry, he made himself renowned by his reform movements, his liberal mind, his brilliant if

superficial eloquence, and by his skill in the art of managing men and parties. His government opened under the brightest auspices, and nothing foreshadowed the later storms. All things moved harmoniously until the beginning of 1889, when everybody saw that the minister of industries and public works, considered then as the member of least importance in the cabinet, took the lead in all matters; his advice always preponderated in the cabinet meetings. The Congress and the country soon knew that President Balmaceda was using all of his influence in favor of this minister, M. Enrique Sanfuentes, as the next presidential candidate in 1891.

Such a design with reference to a man who was then holding his first public office could meet only with serious resistance. The faction of the Liberal party which had carried the former election for Balmaceda, tried to win him back to the right policy. Following these efforts, several ministerial changes were made. The influence of Sanfuentes seemed to decline, but in reality it was only dormant, ready to revive at any moment. Time passed on, and Balmaceda and his favorite thought the moment had arrived to count their friends and to put in operation the governmental machine. Profiting from the prorogation of the chambers, President Balmaceda dismissed the ministry, and in January, 1890, named another set of cabinet officers, composed of his personal friends.

During several months this ministry governed, their principal care being to secure a majority of their supporters in Congress, with a view to the regular session to be held in the month of June. In this they did not succeed, and, not being disposed to receive a vote of censure, they resigned at the end of May, 1890. But Balmaceda was not slow in replacing them by six others of his friends, who, still much more devoted to him than their predecessors, would not recoil before any obstacle. In fact, they had the courage to present themselves to both houses and to declare haughtily that they did not expect to have the support of the majority, but that, nevertheless, they were resolved to remain in power as long as they had the confidence of the President. The two houses, after an interval of two or three days, by a three-fourths majority replied by making use for the first time in a long parliamentary life, of their right to censure the ministry. The

ministry, however, yielded nothing, and they thought to continue tranquilly their administration and their efforts in favor of Sanfuentes.

Three months passed thus, and they were nearing July, the time when the budget of receipts of the preceding year expired. A new law was indispensable in order that the government might continue to collect the taxes, a constitutional regulation formally requiring it. It was also the time awaited by the chambers to make positive their authority. By a majority of three-fourths both branches of the legislature suspended the right to collect taxes until such a time as there should be a ministry appointed which should have the support of the majority of the two houses. The ministry, convinced that the chambers would retract before the dire consequences of such a situation inflicted for any length of time upon the country, resolved to maintain their power. The citizens having the incontestable right to refuse to pay their assessments, the government dare not attempt to compel them, and Chili remained for twenty-five days under an ideal régime, all the public duties being carried on regularly and the people exempted from all charges.

The situation grew more grave each day, and dangerous manifestations were not long in making their appearance. At Iquique, a port where much saltpeter is shipped, thousands of miners and workmen in the pay of government abandoned their work and gave themselves up to clamorous outbreaks. At Valparaiso, the largest port on the Pacific, on the occasion of the meeting of the two parties, there occurred a general struggle which the police were powerless to suppress. There were left upon the public square a number of dead and more than four hundred wounded.

In the face of such difficulties, the leading men of Santiago assembled not to protest or to act as partisans, but to address themselves dispassionately to Balmaceda, to appeal to his patriotism, and to show him the necessity of saving the country. Balmaceda coldly received the delegation of six citizens, and, without making any promise, simply complained of the majority of the deputies and senators and threw upon them the responsibility of the whole situation.

However, a little later, Balmaceda relented and accepted the mediation of the arch-

bishop of Santiago. After several conferences the desired result was obtained. A ministry composed of men who adopted a policy of neutrality, refraining from the exercise of all influence in the near electoral struggle, was formed and placed under the presidency of Mr. Prats, a remarkable man, a former president of the cabinet during the war of the Pacific, and also formerly a president of the Supreme Court of Justice. The Conservative party for the first time in twenty years was then represented. Everything seemed settled. The chambers passed the law of finances. The whole country manifested satisfaction and returned to its habitual tranquillity. But, unfortunately, this did not last long. Very soon the new ministers saw that they too passed for nothing in the government and that Balmaceda, leaving their cause, was shaping the campaign in favor of the official candidate. The ministers then asked of Balmaceda greater liberty of action and authority to dismiss some prefects who were openly the partisans of Sanfuentes. Receiving a negative reply from the President and not wishing to aid a policy which they were expected to end, the ministry retired on October 15. The law regarding finance having been passed, Balmaceda had no need of a parliamentary ministry, and without the least scruple he recalled his old friends. The first act of the new cabinet was the closing of the extra session of parliament called by the preceding ministry. In this fashion they put an end to any questioning and to votes of censure.

The conservative commission is an institution recognized by the Chilian constitution. It consists of a delegation of seven members of each house, whose principal duties are to see that during the time Congress is not in session, there is a proper observation of the constitution and the laws; and to present to the President all important communications. Besides, it can demand the President to convoke the houses in exceptional cases. It was by making use of this right that this commission has played a considerable rôle in the events which we are relating. Immediately on the dismissal of Congress, the national commission assembled, and after a debate which will remain celebrated in the history of Chili, it addressed to the President a note demanding an immediate convocation of parliament. The President refused. The commission con-

tinued to meet three times a week, and the conduct of the government was the subject of many brilliant discussions.

But Balmaceda had no intention of yielding, and on the first of January, on his own authority, he arranged for the budget of expenses for the year. The army, far from being dissolved, had the promise of much higher pay. All employees opposed to the policy of the government were dismissed; a state of siege was declared in violation of the exclusive right of parliament; and public gatherings were prevented by force. The two branches of Congress not being able to convene either in the legislative palace or elsewhere on account of the measures taken by Balmaceda, drew up the following declaration: "The President of the Republic, Don José Manuel Balmaceda, has shown that it is absolutely impossible that he should any longer continue to discharge the duties of his office, and consequently must cease to fill it from this day." On January 6, the resolution taken by the fleet changed the face of affairs. That organization declared that it would no longer obey the government, and after having taken on board some leaders of the opposition, it departed for Valparaiso and took possession of the provinces of the north of Chili. Later the fleet blockaded several ports, cutting off thus the income of the custom houses.

At once the telegraphic dispatches reported that all seemed to lead toward the solution desired by parliament, the dismissal of Balmaceda. Balmaceda had thoroughly prepared his resistance. He named his minister of war as general-in-chief of the army, and a great number of prefects as colonels; he dismissed all doubtful officers and promoted the rest and increased the pay of the troops. He collected the arms scattered through the country, increased the army to thirty thousand men, and threw into prison every citizen capable of heading a revolt.

The insurrecting party has only the fleet. Soon the government will have expended the resources in the treasury and those secured by the last decree, but then not being able to draw longer from the custom houses, it is thought it will be easy to vanquish. But it has still time in which to act. The latest news (at the time of writing) announced some engagements in the northern provinces, in which the government troops were defeated. These provinces being as-



sailable only by sea, the insurgents are masters of the territory in which saltpeter is found and in which are the three ports where are collected two-thirds of the Chilian customs. Thanks to these circumstances, the Congressional party has been able to organize at Iquique a government having at its head the presidents of the two chambers and to organize an army to attack the forces of Balmaceda, assembled at Santiago.

What is the end pursued by Balmaceda and his personal friends on one side and by the majority of the parliament and the people on the other? The object of Balmaceda remains a mystery. It cannot be supposed that he would sacrifice his country simply for the satisfaction of designating his successor; it is not probable that he, thought he himself might still remain in the office. He has not proclaimed any program, any doctrine, any reform, in order to justify his policy.

On the contrary, the object of those making the revolution is perfectly defined. They wished to save the country from the danger of a dictatorship established with a permanent character. It was only too evident that without the revolution Balmaceda would have organized a parliament to suit himself, in which the government would have had no control. The determination of the parliamentarians to proceed in their course grows constantly stronger, for the danger is now doubly grave.

This is one of those conflicts frequent in the parliamentary system of the English type. The president being irremovable and irresponsible to anybody during the exercise of his functions, if he once refuses to nominate a cabinet in conformity with the views of the majority of parliament, there is no remedy possible. The most powerful arms placed in the hands of the members of the houses in order to constrain the president to follow their policy, become inefficacious in effecting a solution. It is for this reason that France acted wisely in deciding that her president should not be elected by direct suffrage, but by Congress. In Chili, on the contrary, they carried so far their imitation of the English system, that the members of the constituent assembly of 1833 did not recoil before the absurdity of establishing in a republic a president who cannot be judged during his official term, even if he should be guilty of treason. It is neither more nor less than the theory of the impeccability of the H-Sept.

ruler of England, the ministers or the counselors being considered alone responsible for the resolutions adopted. And in Chili the evil is aggravated, for the necessary congress cannot be dissolved by the president in order to make new elections. This arrangement places great inconveniences upon a country in which the actions of the leader can be made to rest so heavily upon the representatives. A conflict under these conditions has no other issue than a revolution.

These are the only causes of a general character which can be assigned to the events in Chili. That these causes have not produced such results before, during all the time elapsing since 1833, is to be attributed to the enormous preponderance of the Liberal party, to the calm, cold temper of the people, and to the superiority and wisdom of the men who have served as presidents. In fact there have already been two very authoritative presidents, but both always checked themselves before the menace of an opposition majority and a refusal of the budget.

As to the probable consequences of this revolution, it is necessary to distinguish purely political consequences from those which are economical and financial. The first will vary somewhat according to the result of the struggle, but one can be assured that the institutions of the country will end by being considerably and favorably modified a short time after the close of the revolution.

Official pressure in elections will be remarkably lessened; the power of the president will be reduced, and in all probability he will be held amenable to the senate; in short, the administration which to-day rests almost entirely in the hands of the executive will be decentralized. These are reforms for which the public has wished for a long time.

The economic and financial consequences of the revolution, on the contrary, appear in a very different light, and nothing can dispel the evils which will result. It can only be hoped that a people as advanced as the Chilians will very soon put an end to this critical situation, born of the caprices of a man who, forgetting that he ought to be the greatest servant of the country, imagined that he was its master. On this condition alone will Chili be able to resume her march of progress, and to preserve the high rank which her material and intellectual development won for her among the nations of the earth.

## Woman's Council Table.

### A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

**T**HE story of the life of Winifred Howells, the eldest child of William Dean and Eleanor Mead Howells, is one of the most exquisite in literary history.

Born in Venice, whose " unearthly loveliness " seems to have entered into her nature, the spirits of love and wisdom dominated her temperament.

As a little child she was so sweet, so wise, so strangely all-comprehending ; and still as the years went by and she developed into girlhood and lovely womanhood, there was before her always a beautiful vision which pathetically eluded her grasp ; an ideal too high to be realized on earth ; and this defect in realization, which was so subtle and unusual as almost to defy analysis, is very truly portrayed in the expression of her father, who alludes to it as " her baffled and bewildered being."

Its explanation, I think, is that she had the purely ideal nature ; she was the child of poetry, of beauty, of love, of enchantment ; she was essentially a spirit and adapted to more perfect conditions than those of the material world, and there was to her a sense of sad surprise that persons or circumstances should not be all that she beheld in her transfigured vision. While this solution of it seems to me the true one, I do not mean to portray her as in any sense eccentric or as one in whom sentiment ever degenerated into the sentimental. She was singularly joyous in her nature—frank, simple, spontaneous and free—but she was born with an intense craving for ideal beauty and harmony and responsiveness, and if the wings of her spirit beat against the bars of crude materialities she sank, baffled, sad, before them.

The feeling I am trying to interpret is exquisitely reflected in a little poem she wrote, some years ago, entitled " A Mood," which runs thus :

The wind exultant swept  
Through the new leaves overhead,  
Till at once my pulses leapt  
With a life I thought long dead,  
And I woke as one who has slept  
To my childhood—that had not fled.

On the wind my spirit flew ;  
Its freedom was mine as well.  
For a moment the world was new ;  
What came then to break the spell ?  
The wind still freshly blew ;  
My spirit it was that fell.

These lines are Shelley-like in their ethereal beauty. They were set to music by Mr. Frank Booth, under the title of " The Wind Exultant," and have proved to be a favorite song with lyric artists.

The exquisite sensitiveness of Winifred Howells to beauty and art was of course fostered by the atmosphere in which she grew up. It was a spiritualized literary atmosphere, so to speak. Mrs. Howells herself is an artist with pencil and brush ; her brother, Larkin S. Mead, is known as an eminent sculptor ; Mrs. Howells was studying art in Rome when Mr. Howells—then in the first flush of his literary fame—met her, and they were married in Paris and set up their household gods at once in Venice in an old palace on the Grand Canal. It was here that Winifred was born into an atmosphere of literature and art, the guests of the house, as well as the parents, being naturally men and women of letters.

Then followed years of childish life in Cambridge when almost daily the little maiden with the starry, luminous eyes, met Mr. Lowell, Mr. Longfellow, Mr. James, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, Mr. Fields, and Mr. Aldrich, and her first little poem brought to her from Mr. Longfellow a note which, as her father has said, made her " wildly happy."

Henry James, the elder, was especially fond of the quaint child. One of her stories particularly diverted him, " and he laughed over it tenderly," Mr. Howells relates, " with a sympathy for all she meant and failed to express. To his most religious presence I used to go, as to a church," continued Mr. Howells, " and I have still the sense of her little hand in mine as I led her with me. He praised her and laughed at her and made her heart dance homeward with her feet."

Withal this sweet daughter of the great nov-

elist had a most joyous childhood,—radiant with privileges of lofty companionship, and her days were illuminated with beautiful visions. She must have been almost touchingly trusting, and her father relates of her this little incident :

"Once there was to be a Sunday-school fair and she said she would write a book of poems and sell that. I was too fondly touched by the simple notion and encouraged it. She came back from the fair with the poor little manuscript in her hand and flung herself upon me in a wild burst of tears. 'Oh, papa ! nobody wanted my book.'

"Afterwards," added Mr. Howells, "she grew accustomed to rebuffs. She came to have a fine courage, and sent her poems to editors, under false names, so as not to profit with them by any supposable weakness for her father's name ; and when they came back, as they often did, no one knew, from her at least, what pain it gave. It was her noble pride unalloyed with vanity, her beautiful, never-failing dignity of heart and mind, which enabled her to do this ; but this we know now was the lightest part of the suffering she kept from us. Her life was deeply interior ; it sank more and more beyond our sight ; and it is only the records of it which teach us how intensely poetical it was."

Perhaps the most artistic expression of this phase of her life that Winifred made was in a sonnet called "Past":

Then as she sewed, came floating through her head  
Odd bits of poems learned in other days  
And long forgotten in the noisier ways  
Through which the fortunes of her life now led ;  
And, looking up, she saw upon the shelf  
In dusty rank her favorite poets stand,  
All uncaressed by her fond eye or hand ;  
And her heart smote her, thinking how herself  
Had loved them once and found in them all good  
As well as beauty, filling every need ;  
But now they could not fill the emptiness  
Of heart she felt even in her gayest mood ;  
She wanted once no work her heart to feed  
And to be idle once was no distress.

In the first declining years of her health, which came soon after passing her twentieth year, Mr. and Mrs. Howells took this child of their tender love to Venice, hoping that the air of her native city would work its miracle for her, and incredulous that anything less than

happy youth and radiant strength should lie before their darling. They had passed a winter in Florence, but there she could not sleep ; a month's sojourn at Sienna proved no better ; but the air of the lagoons gave to her peace and quiet. There was a radiant May-time there in all the glory and the gladness of spring in ethereal Venice. She dreamily glided in gondolas, and breathed the atmosphere of beauty that so charmed and soothed her soul.

In all this absorption in beauty she did not lose any of the tender sympathies that cling to humanity. It was not the mere esthetic instinct which is often not unallied to the sensual,—but it was the truly artistic which is closely allied and is even identical, with the ideal. The esthetic nature, that loves to steep itself in mere beauty, is too often a selfish one. The artistic nature is ideal and spiritual.

The first check—for \$5.00—ever sent to Winifred for her writing was for a poem entitled "Magnolia," and when her father cashed it for her in a gold piece and they looked to see her buy some memento of her first literary earning, she brought it instead to her father asking that it might be sent to the destitute negroes flocking into Kansas. Mr. Frank Garrison sent the coin—and the story with it—to Messrs. Kidder and Peabody, and five or six years later Mr. Kidder showed the coin to a friend saying he had been so touched with the story that he could not part with it, and sending a check of his own in its place he had carried it in his pocket since that day.

One of her nearest friends describes Winifred as slender and rather tall, with an oval face of the mediæval type, densely black hair growing low on her forehead, which was of an exquisite mold above the level eyebrows, and eyes "of a strange starry, wondering purity." Mr. Lowell said, "All New England looks from her beautiful eyes."

Of this beautiful life of only twenty-five summers, her father says: "She was on the earth, but she went through the world aloof in spirit, with a kind of surprise."

Truly of Winifred Howells might the words of Whittier be written :

And half we deemed she needed not  
The changing of her sphere  
To give to heaven a shining one  
Who walked an angel here.

## Woman's Council Table.

### WASHINGTON A LITERARY CENTER.

BY ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH.

WILL Washington, the national capital, ever become a center of literature, art, and science? Such was the question which arose in my own mind when I turned my thoughts toward Washington as the Mecca of enthusiasm, the source of historical investigation, and as the city that offered the peacefulness and economy of a quiet home combined with the conveniences and facilities of a city residence. After the close observation of repeated visits to Washington, followed by a residence of two years in that city, I feel justified in answering the question with an unqualified yes. The National Capital will naturally and necessarily become a center of literature, art, and science in America.

Boston has lost much of its prestige as a literary center, and is superseded by New York. This is mainly due to the business facilities of the great metropolis for printing, illustrating, and publishing. Such advantages have attracted many leading men in literature and art. The men of science still cling to the university towns, but they are gravitating to Washington, where many special students in science are now at work, enjoying the privileges of the Smithsonian Institution with its scientific and historical treasures and its lectures.

The Academy of Science meets at the capital every year; the International Congress of Science held its first meeting in America in the same place in the past summer, as did also the National Society for the Advancement of Natural Science.

Washington cannot claim the business advantages that New York offers to students and artists; but its nearness to New York, with constantly increasing facilities for reaching that city, permit business arrangements to be adjusted with ease and rapidity. It affords unusual opportunities for study and investigation. Access is easily obtained to all the privileges of the vast Congressional Library and to the universities here of long established reputation, while the great universities recently established or projected, promise much for the future.

For those persons interested in historical research in American records, the State De-

partment and the War and Navy Departments hold the original documents of priceless value which will authenticate the wonderful facts of our national progress.

These resources of the student are well known, but others of less prominence are equally significant. There are in the city well established societies in science and literature which will develop into organizations of national importance. The Geographical and Anthropological Societies, the Shakspeare and French and German clubs, besides other circles devoted to historical study and to general literature, are not mere transient organizations for social purposes, but are permanent and are engaged in serious work.

Students of art have in this city free access to the Corcoran Gallery and to the school connected with it. This school has now reached a high standard of excellence. The Art Students' League is also a popular place for study, and there are artists of the best rank who receive private pupils. The Art Congress recently initiated and the great art building promised in the near future offer additional attractions to students of art.

The leading men in literature and art still find their headquarters in New York, but women, natural prophets of the race, with farsighted wisdom, are gathering in and about Washington. The women who are leaders in literature, art, science, and patriotism congregate here. This sentiment of patriotism has recently arisen in a great wave of enthusiasm which promises to bring about a solution of many problems which perplex statesmen and politicians. The questions of immigration and of naturalization, of the Indian and Negro races, and of similar subjects, now engage the earnest thought of women, and they will eventually lift these themes out of the arena of ordinary politics into the region of justice which embraces the rights of individuals and the rights of home and country. Thus in time the influence of woman's opinion and woman's effort will find acquiescence and acknowledgment from men, who will unite with the women in preserving, one might say in creating, an Americanism that shall keep our inheritance of political principles and superior opportunities intact.



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### THE FRENCH COOK IN HER NATIVE LAND.

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as they come to us from Revolutionary forefathers.

Women who are editors find Washington the true center from which to promulgate their opinions and reach their most appreciative audience. Those who have so long and bravely struggled for equal suffrage find the advantage of making Washington their headquarters. Women who are ambitious in business reside here, dealing in real estate and occupying leading places in large business houses. Of the large number who have employment in the Government Offices, it is unnecessary to speak. Thus Washington is becoming each year more truly the field for woman's best and most earnest efforts, and the great capital holds out to her the fairest promises of a future which the common verdict proclaims shall be a great era of woman. This development of opportunity for woman in Washington has been one of natural and easy growth, hence the permanence and importance of its results.

The social precedence and influence of women in this country in the past have found their broadest and highest exercise in and about the social life of Washington. This has attracted many brilliant women to the capital, and those who were independent by means of money or of a strong will, and those who could persuade fathers or husbands to bend to

their wishes, have remained, making it a permanent, or at least a winter, residence. From social power there has gradually developed a power in politics, in business, in affairs generally. Women of established position have been able and willing to help others who were less favored; ability and energy have found encouragement, and have also created a demand for talent. Authors, musicians, artists, doctors, lawyers, all find clients or patrons among their own sex in Washington; but adventurers have little scope; the day for them has past; society is well guarded, and such must look for a fresher field. Talent must be unusual and cultivated to a high standard; to succeed here, work must be sincere and excellent in technique as well as in purpose.

Yet it is not for woman only that Washington is becoming a center of art and literature. Men who are devoted to these pursuits are drifting here more slowly, but with the fixed purpose of remaining, since they find the requirements of an intellectual life and the pleasures of a complete home. No other city is so ideal a place of residence, where homes are so free from the noise and rush of traffic, and yet near enough to business centers for all purposes of convenience. Here is an opportunity for the development of a high type of American life, at once simple and refined.

### THE FRENCH COOK IN HER NATIVE LAND.

BY FANNIE C. W. BARBOUR.

**P**ERHAPS it will be interesting to hear from the actual experience of the writer, something about housekeeping in France, where the past four winters were spent. After one has been banished for some time from one's "ain countree" there is likely to come an inexpressible longing for a taste of home life. Finding ourselves overtaken by this feeling, we proceeded upon the advice of friends, to gratify the desire by taking a furnished apartment, or flat, as we have it in our less euphonious parlance. Two-thirds of the inhabitants of French towns live in this manner, and for the sojourner who intends to move on in four or five months, it is more than convenient.

You can enter such an apartment at a

day's notice. Indeed you may select it in the morning and enter in the afternoon, or as soon as you have signed the lease and paid down half the rent. Every thing is in readiness for occupancy, and you have nothing to do but to look over the inventory with your landlord, being very particular to note carefully every crack in the china, every nick in the toilet sets, and any weakness in the chair legs. You will usually find your rooms generously furnished with all necessities, and your bed linen, table linen, silver, and cutlery all that could be desired. As for the kitchen, with its numerous casseroles and shining brass pannikins adorning the walls, it is a pleasure to look upon it; and the anxious housekeeper will find that she has nothing left to long for, even down to the

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### THE FRENCH COOK IN HER NATIVE LAND.

regulation six white and six blue aprons for the cook.

Of course the next and most important step is to select cautiously that being who is to reign supreme in her own realm, queen of the cuisine. There is no waiting for days, looking around or answering of advertisements. You go to a first class agent, explain precisely the sort of servant you require; she sends you one after the other until you are suited, and, whereas in the morning you had no abiding place, by afternoon you are cosily settled in your own home, talking over the coming dinner in your own *salle-à-manger*, with your own cook, who at once puts to flight all your misgivings, is sympathetic and suggestive, but above all, respectful and reliable.

And now you begin to note the difference between the privileges enjoyed by our own much-spoiled Hibernian servitors, and this blue-aproned, white-capped, tidy individual. In the first place she has no day out. I have never had a French domestic ask me for an afternoon for herself, and when I have indicated to one that she may have one hour every Sabbath morning for mass, and may take two hours' outing the same afternoon, she accepted the privilege with gratitude, as if I had bestowed a favor. They never have company, and do not use my kitchen as a meeting-place for their friends, but are trained to give up their waking-hours to my service, and are in readiness to wait upon me at any time during the day or evening.

The wages of a cook in a French city vary from eight to twelve dollars per month. The latter price will command a *cordons-bleu* who can cook an elaborate dinner of twelve courses, without asking outside assistance. But I have had this winter in Nice a Parisian cook for nine dollars a month, who understands very well all kinds of family cooking,—soups, roasts, vegetables, entrées, croquettes, and desserts. I have not as yet a single failure to record on her part within the entire season. Everything has turned out just as she planned it, and always most delicious.

There are a few privileges which a French domestic considers hers by right. One is her allowance of wine. Just so many bottles (three and a half quarts per week) of the *vin ordinaire* must be provided, or there would be a strike. As this is the pure wine of the country, costing from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half per dozen (most likely wa-

tered, but not alcoholic), there is no fear of intoxication with this small quantity.

A second privilege which is hers is the "cinq per cent," or the commission of one sou on every franc, granted to the cook by all the tradesmen with whom her mistress deals. The coal merchant, the grocer, the butcher, and the milkman, all ungrudgingly bestow this money on the cook, when the bills are paid at the end of each month, *pour tenir la pratique*. She is then supposed to interest herself in their behalf to direct the custom to their shops. This is quite a lucrative business for her, for in a family where the living expenses come up to three hundred dollars a month, her gains would amount to fifteen dollars, which means much more in France than in America.

Of course the wages of a *chef* are much higher than those of a *cuisinière*. He would receive anywhere from twelve to fifty dollars a month in a private family, and in *pensions* or hotels even more.

The morning meal of the domestic consists simply of black coffee with sugar, and bread without butter; but if you should give her a dinner without soup and a salad of some kind, she would feel ill-treated. She will make this same salad for herself out of almost anything that is left over; a few slices of beet, the outside leaves of the lettuce, cold boiled potatoes, or even a few dandelion leaves; but salad she must have.

Now as to the acquirements of an average French *cuisinière*. In the first place, she thoroughly understands her work. She is no raw recruit, experimenting with the material which her mistress provides; she is a born cook, as most of the French are. Down to the ignorant peasant you will find that they know how to cook what they are able to procure, be it only a *soupe aux choux*, in a manner which makes it palatable and even delicious of its kind. The French cook will never waste anything, to the smallest crust of bread; and she will teach an American housekeeper such lessons in small but fruitful economies, as could never be learned in our land of extravagance and overflowing wealth. Then she is never at a loss. If anything is forgotten or the grocer has failed her, she will substitute something else at the last moment, and you will hardly notice the difference. Seasoning is her forte. A leaf of *laurier* here, an *échalote* there; a *truffe* or two with one dish, and a taste of *poivrot* with

another, while the white wine, the red wine, and the *vin de madère* must always be at hand for her sweetbreads or filets.

There are two great reliefs to the pressure of work in a French household. The washing and the baking are always done outside. All the house linen is given to the washer-woman, even to the dish-towels. This is not so expensive as it seems, for the prices charged are extremely low, and vary according to the size of the article. For instance, a table-cloth costs five cents to launder, while a napkin is only two, and a dish-towel one cent.

All bread is bought at the baker's, and most of the cake also, so there is no baking in the house, beyond desserts, puddings, etc. We have no extra pressure in the kitchen on

Saturdays, when our cooks at home are apt to be wrought up to a pitch of anxiety about their cake and pies. We do certainly miss the delicious home-made cake of our childhood's memory, but the delicate little fancy cakes of the French *pâtissier* are so attractive, and it is so easy and inexpensive to order them made fresh expressly for you for twenty-five cents per dozen, that one cannot complain. We can buy home made bread here which they call *pain anglais*.

But when Monday comes and there are no cold dinners, no cross cooks, or untidy waitresses, but all things running as smoothly and delightfully as on other days, then one feels that the French could teach us something if we were only willing to learn, about housekeeping made easy.

# A COLORED SISTERHOOD.

BY J. K. WETHERILL.

THE Convent of the Holy Family—the home of a colored Sisterhood—is in the French quarter of New Orleans, on Orleans Street, between Royal and Bourbon. Standing at its great doorway and looking riverward one can see the garden at the back of St. Louis Cathedral with its banana and magnolia trees and rosy-blossomed crape myrtles; and the balconies of the gray old houses opposite are gay with flowers.

It was pleasant, the day I visited the convent, to leave the noise and dust of the streets and enter the cool and dimly-lighted hall. When I explained my errand to Sister Berchmans, the portress—who, with her pale, freckled complexion, might easily pass for a white woman—she looked rather puzzled, but said cordially, "Sit down a li'l in de parlor, Madame. I run call Sister Frances."

This parlor was spotlessly neat; the floor covered with a red and white matting, and the paneled and wainscoted walls hung with pictures of the Holy Family and various Saints. Among the latter was a portrait of St. John Berchmans, "saved by a miracle," so Sister Frances subsequently told me, "when Faranta's Theater took fire, and nearly burnt us out of house and home."

As the Convent includes a boarding-school for colored girls, I was not surprised to see

several gay little pink dresses and some white muslin mob-caps lying upon a chair. I could not help smiling, however, when suddenly there broke upon the conventual quietude the sound of a piano accompaniment noisily banged, while a childish voice shrilled out that very secular ditty:

Ha, ha, ha! and he, he, he!

Little brown jug, how I love thee!

but the strain ceased abruptly, as if suppressed by some one in authority.

At this point Sister Frances entered. She is a Canadian by birth, a small mulattress with a face at once cheerful and gentle. In talking with her I found her to be a woman of quick intelligence, with a natural capacity for business, but little education; full of enthusiasm for her vocation, an energetic worker whose delight is in action.

"I've been nearly all over the United States begging for our Convent," she told me; "and I've been right successful, too."

Many years ago, when Sister Frances first came to New Orleans, she found the Order very poorly housed. In looking about for better quarters she chanced upon their present habitation, a commodious building, once the famous Globe Ball-room, where wildest revelry held sway in the old times; and afterward used as the Criminal Court.

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### A COLORED SISTERHOOD.

"The price was twenty thousand dollars," said Sister Frances, "and we hadn't a dollar when we agreed to take the house; but we were given a year's credit. That's twelve years ago, and now we've nearly paid for it," she added with pardonable pride.

Sister Frances took me through the Convent, saying that any disorder I might notice was due to the fact that to-night the pupils' annual exhibition was to take place. There are at present twenty-five children in the boarding-school; and seven Sisters are engaged in teaching them the English branches, music, French, Spanish, and fine needle-work.

"Some of the children are going to act 'The Vacant Chair' to-night," said Sister Frances, "in remembrance of Mother Madeleine, who died about ten months ago. Ah, our good Mother!" and a tear glistened in her eye, "we can't get reconciled to losing her."

Upstairs is the children's dormitory, very tidy, with its rows of white-covered single beds, and a long wooden table, running almost the length of the room, on which are disposed basins, pitchers, mugs, tooth-brushes, and other toilet necessities. Two of the younger pupils were there, one very black, with her kinky wool tied up with white strings; and the other almost white, with light brown hair which fell in pretty curls about her shoulders.

In the music-room, bending over a weighty-looking volume, was Sister Ursule, a tall, handsome quadroon with a fine profile. She was trained in the Convent of the Ursulines, in New Orleans, and is the instructor of the novices. The present Mother Superior, Mother Cecilia, is a portly, benevolent-looking yellow woman, a great worker, I was told. In one of the corridors we encountered a tall and very stout negress, the "cooking Sister." It looked rather odd to see that jolly black countenance, which expressed in its coarse features no higher virtue than animal good nature, framed by the snowy whiteness of the nun's coif.

The Chapel is very nicely fitted up, and has a pretty white and gold altar, the gift of some ladies of New Orleans, who also donated money to repair the organ, when it was injured by the fire previously mentioned. On the severe-looking wooden benches of the Chapel were seated, in silent prayer, two black-robed Sisters and three in spotless

white. The latter were to assume the Holy Habit, in a few days.

There are about forty-five Sisters in the Convent at present. The vow becomes perpetual after ten years' probation. When I asked Sister Frances if many of the postulants discover that they have mistaken their vocation, she answered: "Well, you see, Madame, there always will be discontented ones everywhere. We're very particular about one thing. Even if we bring up a girl in the convent, and she wants to join the Order, we return her to her family and let her see something of the world first. Then if she don't alter her mind, well and good. Ah! the world ain't such great things, after all."

The history of the community is interesting. It was founded in 1842, during the existence of slavery, by four young free women of color, natives of New Orleans, well educated and of respectable parentage. Full of zeal for the elevation of their race, they began by teaching the catechism, and preparing colored girls and women for their first communion; devoting their time, energies, and money unstintingly and lovingly to the work. They built indeed better, far better than they knew.

In connection with the Convent of the Holy Family there are an Orphan Asylum, a Home for Aged Women, and a day school for girls in the Third District. There is a branch of the Sisterhood at Donaldsonville, and another at Opelousas. The Order is not wealthy by any means, and with the many calls that are made upon it, funds are often sorely needed. The accommodations of the Orphan Asylum leave much to be desired, and it is the hope of the Sisters that they may, one day, be able to erect a suitable building on a vacant lot next to the Mother House.

In Louisiana there are 300,000 Catholics, 100,000 of these being colored. Of the latter there are about 25,000 in New Orleans, most of them living in the French Quarter.

By unprejudiced minds the Catholic religion must be rated as a strong factor in the moral progress of the negro race. Instead of appealing to their excitable and barbaric side, its church worship teaches lessons of mental repose, meditation, silent prayer, and self-control; while the paternal guidance of the priest is an influence for good over their childlike, half-developed natures.



### WHAT ENGLISH WOMEN ARE DOING IN ART.

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS.

I SAW for the first time the other day that interesting book "Woman's Work in America." There I found excellent chapters on Woman in Literature, in Journalism, in Medicine, in the Ministry, in Law, in the State, in Industry, in Philanthropy, but, to my surprise, not a word about Woman in Art. This is all the more unexpected since I know how very thoroughly and enthusiastically American women have studied and are studying art as a profession. I have just come back from Paris and the two *Salons*, where American women artists are well represented. We have only to look at our illustrated magazines to know how many have become illustrators and wood engravers. And as for decorative art, is it not enough to mention the names of Mrs. Wheeler and Miss Dora Wheeler?

In England women are fast becoming no less prominent in art. It is true that at present those who hold the first rank as artists are few, but the progress they have made of late years from their old slough of ladylike amateurism promises far better things for the future. It is at this season, of all others, that their progress can best be appreciated, since women are among the contributors to all the large summer picture exhibitions in London.

There are too many people who look upon art as a mere pastime or mere amusement, which sometimes, in case of a reverse of fortune, can be turned to profit. By painting *menus* and Christmas cards and little trumpery odds and ends which no one wants, the daughter of people in "reduced circumstances" can make a little money for herself without endangering her social position. But art is something more than this. It means years of hard work and hard study; it necessitates first a thorough training and then the entire devotion of one's life to it. If Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal accomplished nothing else, it at least showed the sacrifices the would-be painter, whatever his or her circumstances, is called upon to make. This is realized now by Englishwomen, who know that to succeed they must embrace art as a profession, not amuse themselves with it as a recreation.

There are women students in the Royal Acad-

emy and South Kensington schools and in most of the large private studios where pupils are admitted. Many English girls go to Paris, where the advantages are so much greater, the art education so much more thorough. The result of all this serious endeavor is the very creditable appearance women make on the walls of the Royal Academy and the New Gallery.

There is in London a Society of Lady Artists who give a show every spring. I have been to their exhibition this year. But I shall say little about it because to me it seems but a survival of the old days when women never tried to rise above amateurism. Those who can really do anything send to the large shows where they are content to be judged as artists, not as "ladies." Thackeray declared once that there was no such thing as an authoress; and so there should be no such thing as a lady artist. There is little to be proud of in the collection the society has got together. Commonplaceness is the standard, incompetency the rule. There are some few exceptions, but one wonders what they are doing there in that gallery.

It is pleasanter to turn to the Royal Academy, where one finds women exhibitors fully equipped to compete with men. Their number is large. If you run your eye down the catalogue you see name after name with the distinctive *Miss* or *Mrs.* Much of their work, it must be admitted, is not very interesting. But neither is much sent by men contributors. Here and there one stands out with distinction. Most distinguished this year is Mrs. Stanhope Forbes. She is the wife of the well-known painter of that name, but before her marriage, as Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, she had already made some little reputation both as painter and etcher. She is one of the little group of artists known as the Newlynites, who have their studios down on the Cornish coast, chiefly in Newlyn and St. Ives. But while this year for one reason or another, most of their pictures are hardly up to the mark, Mrs. Forbes has rarely shown anything finer than her "Game of Old Maid." In painting three little girls playing their favorite game at a table in front of an open window, she has given a delightful study of

light and color, and shown her mastery of technique and keen artistic perception. It has exactly those qualities which appeal to the artist, who cares less for subject than treatment. Mrs. Forbes lives in Newlyn.

Another of the same school is Mrs. Adrian Stokes who lives in St. Ives by the sea. She too comes to the fore with a striking "Annunciation"—striking because of its technical excellence and her novel conception of a theme used again and again by painters. Her Virgin, in pale sage green gown and Quakerish cape, looks like a little charity girl; the angel Gabriel stands just behind her, holding the conventional stalk of lilies. Quiet color, restrained treatment, are its most notable qualities.

Then at the Academy too, are Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, the Philadelphian who has been in London for long years and whose picture last summer was bought by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest Fund; Mrs. Louise Jopling Rowe who has a large flourishing school in her studio; Miss Clara and Miss Hilda Montalba, the two sisters who have done so much work in Venice and are always seen in all the principal English exhibitions.

The New Gallery now holds the position of the old Grosvenor—Bunthorne's greenery-gallery. It is here that Mr. Burne-Jones and the artists of his school—the Neo-Gothic school—exhibit. They are nearly the legitimate successors of the Pre-Raphaelites, whose traditions they cherish. Among them are as many women as men. Most conspicuous are Mrs. Evelyn De Morgan, a very faithful student of Mr. Burne-Jones, whose beauty of color as well as eccentricity of drawing she fortunately borrows; Mrs. Stillman and

Miss Lisa Stillman, the wife and daughter of the well-known American art critic; and Mrs. Swynnerton. The latter this year surpasses herself; she has a study of the nude which she calls "Cupid and Psyche," not only the cleverest thing she has ever done but one of the finest canvases in the gallery; in it, one is glad to see, she throws off much of the mannerism peculiar to the school in which she has been trained, to give a straightforward, realistic rendering of her subject. I doubt if her name has been heard in America but she must now be counted one of the most promising women artists in England.

But not merely the Burne-Jones group are represented in the New Gallery. Here we also have Miss Anna Tadema, who, owing to ill health I believe, is less strong than usual, though, as always, she is interesting; and Mrs. Tadema, who is as constant to Dutch interiors as her husband is to classic marbles; and Miss Flora Reid, a vigorous young Scotch-woman who paints with much individuality and power.

I have mentioned none but the principal women exhibitors of the year. To give a mere catalogue of names here would be useless. In the smaller galleries many others figure. At the Institute of Painters in Water Colors a picture by Miss Gertrude Hammond was singled out and bought by the Empress Frederick during her visit to London. A few have even made their way into the New English Art Club where the technical standard is unusually high for England, and the Hanging Committee unusually strict. Altogether, I should say that when the history of Woman's Work in England comes to be written, Woman in Art cannot be overlooked.

## PLAYING WITH HEARTS.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

SEVERAL instances, showing the results of playing with hearts, have come under my notice recently, which have emphasized in my mind the danger of being careless in such matters.

That it is natural for young men to admire and love young women, goes without saying. As well argue that we must not love flowers and music and sunlight, as to say one must not love the beauty and grace and sweetness of young womanhood.

A home to many if not most young men, means all that is restful and delightful; a place for comfort after the toil of the day; a place of companionship with some one whose interests are identical with his and whose tastes are congenial to his own. He does not wait as does a woman to see if love be reciprocal. He loves, and hopes for, and asks for a return.

The girl is apt to be less impulsive. She or her mother for her, is perhaps worldly wise,

and considers well whether the man can support her and whether he will probably make her happy. She accepts the attentions of one or a dozen, and decides among them. This is right according to our modern society, but she too often forgets whether she is giving pain needlessly.

It is too much the fashion to argue that men are not deeply touched in such matters; that full of business as they are, a refusal is easily borne, and another love takes the place.

True we read in the daily press quite often of a suicide resulting from a rebuff of a broken promise, but we seem to forget, unless perchance it touches our own home circle, and then the mother's heart breaks for her tenderly reared son or daughter.

I believe the history of the world shows that men love deeply, and with an affection as lasting as that of women. Who can ever forget the undying affection of Sir Walter Scott for fair young Margaret? He met and loved her at nineteen, and for six years worked at his law drudgery, looking forward to a happy union with her. He said to a friend, "It was a proud night with me when I first found that a pretty young woman could think it worth while to sit and talk with me hour after hour, in a corner of the ball-room, while all the world were capering in our view."

As his first year's practice brought him but \$125, his second \$290, and his third \$420, the young lady counseled waiting for better days.

Two years later Margaret was married to the eldest son of a baronet, afterward Sir William Forbes, and died thirteen years after her marriage. The cause of her change of mind is not known.

At first Scott felt that he had been wronged, but this feeling against Margaret soon subsided, and was replaced by an unchangeable affection. She became the heroine of "Rokeby" and of "Woodstock."

Thirty years later, when Europe and America were filled with praise of Scott, he met the mother of his early love. He writes in his diary, after the meeting:

I went to make a visit, and fairly softened myself like an old fool, with recalling old stories till I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeating verses for the whole night. This is sad work. The very grave gives up its dead, and time rolls back thirty years to add to my perplexities. I don't care. I begin to grow case-hardened, and, like a stag turning at bay, my naturally good

temper grows fierce and dangerous. Yet what a romance to tell—and told, I fear, it will one day be. And then my three years of dreaming and my two years of awakening will be chronicled, doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain.

When he visited St. Andrews he recalled how thirty-four years before he had carved her name in runic characters on the turf beside the castle gate, and asked himself why, at fifty-six, that name "should still agitate his heart."

I never read of stern and fearless Andrew Jackson without recalling his devoted love for Rachel Robards. With the world he was thought to be domineering and harsh, and was often profane; but with her he was patient, gentle, and deferential. Having no children they adopted her nephew, when but a few days old. When Jackson conquered at New Orleans and young ladies strewed flowers along the path of the hero, to have the commendation of Rachel was more than that of all the world beside. When he was elected President she said, "Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake, I am glad; for my own part I never wished it."

Earnest in her religious convictions, he built a small brick church for her in the Hermitage grounds, that she might gather her neighbors and servants about her for worship. Mrs. Jackson died suddenly just after her husband's election to the presidency. He could not believe that she was dead. When they brought a table to lay her body upon it, he said tenderly in a choking voice, "Spread four blankets upon it. If she does come to, she will lie so hard upon the table."

All night long he sat beside the form of his beloved Rachel, often feeling of her heart and pulse. In the morning he was wholly inconsolable, and when he found that she was really dead, the body could scarcely be forced from his arms. He prepared a tomb for her like an open summer-house, and buried her under the white dome supported by marble pillars.

While Jackson lived he wore her miniature constantly about his neck, and every night laid it open beside her prayer-book at his bedside. Her face was the last thing upon which his eyes rested before he slept, and the first thing upon which his eyes opened in the morning through those eight years at the White House. He made his will bequeathing all his property to his adopted son, because, said he, "If she were alive, she would wish him

to have it all, and to me her wish is law."

Two days before he died he said, "Heaven will be no heaven to me if I do not find my wife there." He used to say, "All I have achieved—fame, power, everything—would I exchange, if she could be restored to me for a moment."

Washington Irving cherished forever the memory of Matilda Hoffman, who died at the age of seventeen. He could never hear her name mentioned afterward. After his death a package was found marked "Private Memos." In a faded manuscript of his own writing, were a lovely miniature of Matilda and a braid of fair hair. For years Irving kept her Bible and prayer-book under his pillow, and to the end of his life these were always carried with him on his journeys.

In the faded manuscript one reads :

The ills that I have undergone in this life have been dealt out to me drop by drop, and I have tasted all their bitterness. I saw her fade rapidly away; beautiful, and more beautiful, and most angelical to the last.

I seemed to care for nothing, the world was a blank to me. I abandoned all thought of the law. I went into the country, but could not bear the solitude, yet could not endure society.

. . . I seemed to drift about without aim or object, at the mercy of every breeze; my heart wanted anchorage. I was naturally susceptible, and tried to form other attachments, but my heart would not hold on; it would continually recur to what it had lost; and whenever there was a pause in the hurry of novelty and excitement I would sink into dismal dejection. For years I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless regret; I could not even mention her name; but her image was continually before me, and I dreamed of her incessantly.

For time makes all but true love old;  
The burning thoughts that then were told  
Run molten still in memory's mold,  
And will not cool  
Until the heart itself is cold  
In Lethe's pool.

The memory of Ann Rutledge never faded from the heart of Abraham Lincoln. Years after her death he was heard to say, "My heart lies buried in the grave of that girl. I can never be reconciled to have the snow, rains, and storms beat upon her grave."

Gruff Samuel Johnson worked in his garret, a most inconvenient room, after his "Letty" died, because, said he, "In that room I never saw Mrs. Johnson." Her wedding ring was

placed in a little box, and tenderly kept till his death.

Michael Angelo's devotion to Vittoria Colonna will be told, perhaps, even after the wonderful statues of Day and Night are lost or destroyed. "He bore such a love to her," said his pupil, Condivi, "that I remember to have heard him say that he grieved at nothing so much as that when he went to see her pass from this life he had not kissed her brow or her face, as he kissed her hand. After her death he frequently stood trembling and as if insensible."

All lovers of art know of Saskia whose life was to Rembrandt like the transcendent light he threw over his pictures; whose death left him forever in the shadow of shadows.

If men give such affection as these men gave—and tens of thousands do—then the affection is worth the most careful consideration; accepted, if possible, with gratitude that one has been thought worthy of homage; refused, if necessary, with the utmost delicacy and kindness.

Young women sometimes, perhaps because of youth, do not realize the far-reaching influence of what the world is pleased to jest about as "love affairs."

An acquaintance of mine, pretty, intelligent, and reared by a Christian mother, became engaged to two young men at the same time. One of course was refused, with, to him, bitter heart-ache. She married the other, led a wretched life with him, and finally was divorced.

Another received for years the attention of a worthy and wealthy young man. Another young man visited her, for whom she possibly had a preference. Both offered themselves to her, and both were accepted, she doubtless hoping to choose later, the one who pleased her best. Both discovered her plan, were indignant, and left her to make other conquests.

These cases are far from isolated. I do not believe they arise from the heartlessness of women, but from lack of thought and care. A man can offer a woman nothing higher than a sincere love. While she need not assume that men who offer her attention wish to marry her, it is a mistake to keep one's eyes shut, and open them only to find that a heart has been hurt temporarily and perchance permanently. Good common sense as well as principle, are necessary in matters pertaining to hearts.



## Woman's Council Table.

### THE WAIFS' PICNIC AT CHICAGO.

BY ADELAIDE G. MARCHANT.

ONE of the most marked signs of the progress of the world in humanity is the increased attention paid to that class of children, found in all large cities, who are practically homeless. One of the ways in which Chicago is showing her interest in this subject is in the Waifs' Picnic, which has become an established custom, taking place in Jackson Park, the broad expanse of lawn there offering an excellent opportunity for games and races of all kinds.

This picnic was originally an outgrowth of the Waifs' Mission, a Sunday school held at nine o'clock Sunday morning, where, by offering the attractions of music and free lunch, an effort is made to gather the neglected newsboys and bootblacks of the great city into classes and impart some degree of religious instruction. As might be expected, the teachers in this school have labored under great difficulties in the way of obtaining order and attention. Nevertheless, much good has been done.

The annual outing given to the members of this school has been extended to include many others; every child, in fact, whose appearance indicates that he is a stranger to home comforts, is welcomed. In this work, the sympathy of all is enlisted, with no distinction as to religion or sect. The railroad furnishes a special train, free of cost; several business firms and daily papers furnish suits for a certain number of boys, and if they choose to mingle a little judicious advertising with their charity, by having their names placed prominently on the garments, surely no one will object, for the boys are happy and proud of their suits. Contributions of food, ice cream, and lemons are made by other firms and individuals. There is never any lack of these essentials to a picnic. A free bath and hair-cut are also given every boy applying for the same at the rooms of the mission. This operation adds much to their appearance if not comfort.

Young America is never so happy as when he can march, and these street urchins are no exceptions to the rule. The march from the place of meeting to the station where they board the train is one of the features of the

day. Many carry flags, while others bear banners of their own devising, some of the mottoes expressing their confidence in the success of the World's Fair, others their own needs. This year the hearts of the boys were gladdened by the presence of two visiting bands, those of Detroit and St. Louis. These amateur musicians made a very fine appearance, although they were composed of newsboys. The Park officials also contributed a number of small pony carts, which were highly appreciated by those fortunate enough to occupy them. This motley pageant of boys of all ages and sizes attracted much attention.

To see the true inwardness of this picnic, however, one must be on the ground. Four or five thousand children present many different types of humanity, most of them, alas! showing sadly the want of home influence and mothering that is the most pitiful feature of the life of these gamins. A foreigner, whose English has been acquired from grammars and select literature, would doubtless have difficulty in understanding many of the expressions heard here. The compiler of "English as she is Spoke," or of choice specimens of slang, would find a wide and rich field.

In spite of these characteristics, there is an evident air of enjoyment, from those of larger growth, eagerly arranging for a game of baseball, to the small boy, who is contented to lie on his back on the grass and kick up his heels.

Moving about among the crowd of boys, many little points are noted, small in themselves, but suggestive of their daily life. At first sight, it appears strange that bootblacks should burden themselves with their outfits when coming on an excursion of pleasure; a second thought will bring the explanation that they have no homes in which to leave them. A number of the boys have bruised faces or black eyes, reminders of recent fights. Some have attempted a suitable attire for the day by twisting a piece of red, white, and blue cloth around their hats; one girl is seen with a wisp tied around her head. For there are many girls in this company, not all of whom, perhaps, sell papers.

Not only the homeless children are included, but many of the very poor. Numbers of poor women with their families have taken this opportunity to visit the Park, and if they have provided no lunch, it is freely served to all from the abundance. Here a baby lies on its back, sound asleep, with arms and legs stretched out straight, showing that it is not accustomed to the restraints of a crib, there three little girls are passing around one handkerchief with which to wipe their warm and perspiring faces.

The dinner is the most exciting event of the day, of course. To serve lunch in the ordinary picnic fashion would be impossible in a company of this size. Therefore, in an improvised enclosure of unpainted boards, the teachers and helpers are busy cutting and buttering bread, slicing ham, and preparing cake and other dainties. A bountiful supply of each of these is placed in a paper bag and passed to a boy, who fills up the chinks with popcorn. When all is ready, by great effort on the part of several stalwart policemen and others, a line is formed and the children pass through the enclosure, each is handed a bag containing the luncheon, and departs to eat it in his own time and place as best suits him.

Previous to the dinner, ice cream was served in wooden butter dishes. Much ef-

fort was required to keep order here also, but some semblance of a line was obtained. Sometimes a dish would contain two spoons and be served in common. In other cases, one spoon did duty for several or one dish furnished refreshment for an entire family.

After dinner was disposed of, the company were free to do as they liked, many preferring to play ball or run races, while others were content to enjoy the fresh air from Lake Michigan and walk over the green grass, which for the day was all "common." The number of cripples noticed shows the liability of the street boy to accident; but no elaborate crutches or artificial limbs supply the place of the missing members. A piece of board smoothed and cut into shape usually does duty for a crutch or is strapped on at the knee to walk on.

Such an undertaking involves much work on the part of those entrusted with its management, but is cheerfully given for the sake of the pleasure thereby brought to these unfortunates, who through no fault of their own, lead lives of misery and ignorance. The world is beginning to realize that the best interests of the community demand that something be done toward lifting them out of this condition to a higher and happier life. A day's holiday in the Park is only one of the means to an end.

## WOMAN IN LITERATURE.

BY DR. KLARA KÜHNAST.

Translated from the "Frauenberuf" for "The Chautauquan."

THE spirit of every epoch is reflected in its works of art; yet while ideas contained in painting and architectural art are intelligible to only a comparatively few, thoughts expressed in literature are accessible to all educated people. Indeed, literature is so good a mirror of its time that in those works which writers in remote lands and in bygone centuries have handed down, the features of life at that time are evident to-day.

Literature, therefore, offers a rich treasure for the study of every phenomenon of social life; and it is of great interest to see in what manner the life of woman is represented in poetry.

Observance of the literature of modern civilized people from the time when they began

to crystallize as nations, about the beginning of the middle ages, until about the middle of this century, reveals a point of great importance, namely, that man, acting and suffering as a personality, commands an interest in himself, while woman is, almost exclusively, of interest only in her relation to others. As sweetheart, wife, mother, and sister she plays a very real, an indispensable rôle, but of herself, as a personality, she is nothing.

In the oldest epics of the German race, which originated in crude, uncivilized times, women are not mentioned. War and murder fill the poems; so also in the song of Hildebrand, and in the northern saga of Beowulf.

The first women characters are met in the Nibelungen tradition. Feelings of love and of hate, even of truth come forth with elemental force, as the storms of winter roar through the old oak forests, and the sea thunders on the barren crags. Terrible reality is given to the portrayal of how grief for a murdered husband changed a lovely gentle maiden into a terrible woman in whom all other feelings, even motherly love, are crushed to the background in the struggle for revenge. In Kriemhild is shown the whole might of rampant passion, yet unrestrained by religion and morality.

A charming counterpart to Kriemhild is Gudrun, who is decked with all the feminine virtues, and in spite of the hardest trials remains true to her love; a clash between inclination and duty is spared her, for when she follows her heart she does right at the same time. But this contradiction between an overpowering love and forbidding duty forms the principal problem of the third great saga of the north, the Frithjofsaga. Ingeborg, one of the loveliest characters of old literature, does not remain true to her beloved, but submits to the command of a cruel brother to give her hand to the gray-headed king. It is not so much the outward aim which she follows as the monition of an inner voice that holds the reader's full interest. To-day the maiden wins most sympathy who gives up outside aims and worldly interest and holds fast her love; and that justly, for conditions have changed. But in Ingeborg's time woman was rooted in the family and could not lead an independent life. She herself pictures this, as she declines Frithjof's glowing proposition to escape with him, with the poetical figure of a water lily. As long as the flower remained rooted fast in the ground it had luster and color, but when it tore itself loose it faded and died and drifted at the sport of the wind and the wave.

It could not be otherwise in so crude a time, when might made right, and when the noble Frithjof for a long time maintained himself and his people in a manner which according to modern ideas can be designated as nothing else than sea-robbery. A strong, untiring love is shown by Ingeborg, who conquered the second temptation to meet again with Frithjof, but it is refined by a higher conception of life than the desire for personal gratification.

In the very gradual development of the culture of the middle ages, we encounter a period which stands alone in its kind. It is the youthful age of to-day's humanity overflowing with lively feeling, which is expressed in lyric effusions of the troubadours of sunny Provence and of the German minnesingers. It passes through the time of aspiration to be fancifully resigned to anything, and this aspiration finds its expression in the three great inclinations of the age of chivalry; devotion to God, devotion to men, devotion to love,—an epoch in which the mere sight of a blooming meadow in the evening splendor impresses the passing knight in such a way that he resolves to go into a cloister and devote his life entirely to purity and the saints. Such an epoch makes comprehensible the high degree of exaggeration in vassal fidelity and still higher in woman worship.

From their power of expressing emotion the poems of the minnesingers have a high poetical value; but it were over-rash to draw from this fanciful worship a favorable conclusion in regard to woman's general position. In this enchanted moonlit night, feeling always came into notice first, and then the object, which lost its importance, when feeling had vanished. It should not be forgotten that many of the most gifted minnesingers had women at home whom the poem ignores.

The Italian poet Petrarch was full of this idea of respect for womanhood. The great Dante, a victim of the religious and political movement of his time, and very deeply affected by the fearful disorders of his native country, pictures the existence of the human soul in all its vicissitudes; he descends into hell and ascends into paradise, and the beautiful and significant part of it all is that while Virgil leads the poet through the horrors of hell and purgatory, Beatrice is the heavenly form which hovers before him, pointing the way to heaven. In the works of the third great poet, Giovanni Boccaccio, women in general do not appear in a very favorable light; and the men certainly do not.

After a time of poetical decline, following upon the epoch of lyric poetry, came the drama,—a classic period, as it was called in most lands. In Spain are found Calderon and Lope de Vega, who wrote their many wonderful dramas at the end of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

It will excite no wonder that in Spain, where, in consequence of a seven hundred years' rule of the Arabs, Oriental influences are evident yet to-day, woman's position at that time was not specially favorable. Neither is it surprising that in the country where Don Juan's saga exists and was first treated dramatically, woman appeared in poetry almost exclusively as an object of love. Yet it is remarkable that Calderon does not introduce a mother in one of his numerous important dramas. Children appear as seldom. The mothers usually are dead at the beginning of the play, and in the single instance where a mother occurs, in "The Daughter of the Air," she is the enemy and opposer rather than the mother of her son. It seemed an impossibility to the first dramatists of Spain to fit into poetry a character like that of Isabella in the "Bride of Messina," Volumnia in "Coriolan," or even the mother of Emilia Galotti.

The women are always young, intriguing, quick-witted, and yet cannot say the right word at the right time; the servant girls are cunning, without principle, and bribable. Cruelty is not unusual. In the "Devotion of the Cross," one of Calderon's most celebrated religious tragedies, Julia flees from the cloister to follow her lover and for no other reason but to make sure of their silence, she suffocates five harmless, well behaved persons who have given her shelter and attendance. Her father Julius, who has heard nothing of these murders, wants her to die for another crime, while he finds not a word of blame with his son, who has committed the same wrong. It goes to show that at this time in Spain there was a different standard for men than for women.

In nearly all plays, as mentioned before, love forms the principal point of interest, but it is not that great, deep, overruling feeling which is found in German, English, or even in French dramas, but a rashly inflamed ardor, light trifling, knightly gallantry, and humble submission. This love flits easily from one object to another, and excuses the charge with the very popular comparison, that the moon ceases to be bright after one has seen the flaming face of the sun. Often without cause worth mentioning, through mere tiresomeness, this love turns into hate, which is just as ardent; for instance, Don Juan's archetype in Gomez Arias, who sold his faithful Dorothea to a robber, and sent

the purchase-money to another lover, whom he silently condemned to a similar fate. Yet retribution finally overtook him and he was beheaded.

A motive that almost always accompanies love, and in such excess is made an almost incomprehensible point of honor by other nations, is jealousy. This is so often the case that a large number of Calderon's plays may be called jealousy tragedies. The most important of these is "The Physician of His Own Honor." This physician operates so peculiarly that it is worth while to learn his method. Don Gutierre suspects his wife Mencia of infidelity to him. Appearances are against Mencia, and although she is perfectly innocent, she intrigues so unfortunately to avoid this appearance that her husband is only strengthened in his suspicion. An open statement of facts is neither asked nor given. Believing his wife guilty, Don Gutierre writes to her that she must die and gives her two hours to prepare for death like a Christian. He locks the doors and retains a surgeon whom he compels, on pain of death, to kill Mencia by bleeding, in order that her reputation shall not be compromised to outsiders. He fostered the plan, never disapproved in a play, of murdering the surgeon so as not to be betrayed, and only forbears because crossed by two men, one of whom is king. The latter knows through the supposed lover of Mencia, that she is innocent, and explains so to Don Gutierre. But when he contradicts, the king urges him no further, finding his deed quite justifiable. No investigation takes place, the innocent one is not avenged. Don Gutierre evinces neither repentance nor despair, but without delay marries Leonor, with whom he formerly was well acquainted. And that is "the physician of his own honor"!

How different in Shakspeare! In the greatest of all jealousy tragedies, "Othello," the passion rises and wanes; it is made intelligible through the glowing temperament of the African, who is systematically charmed by the villain Iago, and cunningly cut off from every possibility of an explanation. And then as his terrible resolve comes to maturity within him, he does not shut up his victim two long, dreadful hours, and without faintness of heart have the deed committed by a strange hand, in cold blood, but in a rage of despair he thrusts the dagger himself into his wife's breast. Then as her innocence



comes to light, his sorrow is as boundless as his rage, and he expiates his crime with his own death.

In Shakspeare's time, when the great Elizabeth ruled land and sea, the women almost all show a freely developed character, and for the most part are given an important introduction. They do not submit silently in sorrowful resignation to the fate imposed upon them, but taking the rudder of their life's boat in their own hands, they guide it independently, whether for good or for ill. The wide-awake Portia through her decision and cunning rescues her husband's noble friend from a frightful death; the gentle Juliet devises a bold adventure to join Romeo, who has given up to hopeless despair. Beatrice in "Much Ado about Nothing," firmly believes in the innocence of her cousin hero, when all others despond, and does what is in her power to bring the truth to light. Viola attires herself in men's garments to get through life easier, and Lady Macbeth entices her husband to crime to satisfy her insatiable ambition. In all of Shakspeare's plays the women show themselves equal in importance to the men; but in the historical dramas, where great political matters are more or less considered, they are decidedly placed in the background.

A very different apprehension is met in the great French dramatists, Racine and Corneille. Representing the maxim that noble tragedy is played only in bygone centuries, or at least in remote countries, as in Turkey, they picture women as models. In consequence the closely proved agreement of place and time seems to have a certain uniformity of characters which effect is heightened by the fact that all the plays must be rehearsed in the presence of the court. The authorities there went so far as to choose their places on the stage along the movable scene; this gave much trouble to the author and actor. Since everything that could be construed as a disagreeable hint had to be avoided, it consequently happened that the women characters were taken from the realm of fancy. When they are good, they are very good, as Camille, Monime, Andromache; when they are bad they are very bad, as Medée, Phèdre, Athalie. But these classics have not that wonderful mixture of good and bad, of bravery and weakheartedness which it has pleased Providence to place together in the human heart. To be exact there are no

individualities, but only perfect characters. Yet this representation is preferable to Calderon's delineation. Here, too, love naturally is woman's chief emotion, but it is nobler than among the Spaniards and is not completely dominant. Other feelings too are made much of, and among all wild passions, Andromache's mother-love shines like a star, when all the rest of the sky is dark and stormy.

On the other hand, true, unvarnished human nature is shown in Molière, the third excellent dramatist. He does not take his characters from the realm of fancy, but reaches down into real human life. This great reader of human character has studied men and women with equal care. He has investigated woman's social position and her claim to scientific culture, hence in a certain measure the woman question of his day; for at that time other points of view regarding cultured positions had not come into observation. To woman's position in marriage, the only civic position which deserves special mention, he devotes two of his important moral comedies—*L' Ecole des Maris* and *L' Ecole des Femmes*. In both plays the injustice is the men's fault, who by selfish narrow-minded restrictions seek to crowd woman back into slavery.

A true masterpiece in the portrayal of such a lord is a scene in *L' Ecoles des Femmes* between Arnolphe in ripe age and the seventeen-year-old Agnes, whom he has taken for his bride, a scene in which he does all the talking and she never says a word.

His chief cause of disquiet is the fear that his wife will be untrue to him, a fear which might be well founded by the light morals of that time and the bad example of the court; for in most of Molière's plays it is mentioned as a sort of natural condition. But the foresight and vigilance displayed in bolted doors and paid wardens is illy fitted to generate love and confidence in the young heart, and this method almost always fails. Repeatedly the author indicates that a deserving freedom and a perceptible confidence alone are suited to ensure the constancy of the bride or wife.

But deeds speak louder than these excellent words. Attracted by his wisdom, of her own free will the young Leonor prefers the gray Ariste for the object of her youthful adoration; in both plays the young lovers manage with wonderful skill but with much good luck to deceive the unfeeling watchers and rivals.

## Woman's Council Table.

### A PLEA FOR ADVANCED WOMEN.

BY M. A. WADDELL RODGER.

A RECENT writer in THE CHAUTAUQUAN says that "the marked decline of politeness to women in public conveyances is a frequent topic of conversation in the East." Then she jumps at the conclusion that this is due to the influx of "advanced women" into business circles and the professions.

We agree with her that "woman's true realm is the home," but the stern fact remains that thousands of women must earn their daily bread for themselves, their children, and often for husband and parents.

Many years spent in the British Isles have lead us to conclude that it is the "advanced women" who are best fitted to make beautiful homes, companionable wives, and wise mothers. Many trades and professions open to women in America are closed to them here. A social career (woman's *bête noir* for centuries) is about the only one sought here. If we go below the business stratum we find women competing with men in turning hay, binding corn, hoeing and picking turnips, spreading fertilizers, gathering potatoes, picking rags, and even working about the coal mines and brick yards. For these are all occupations in which hundreds of women are engaged here. Women have been competing with men in these menial occupations for centuries. It is only since they have entered the more lucrative and honorable professions that we find objections raised against their advent.

The young woman who would rather have her sister "cook in a restaurant, or scrub floors, than work in a building full of men and talk business with them," had probably never cooked or scrubbed. Those who cook and scrub seldom meet with more respect and courtesy than the reserved, self-respecting woman engaged in business.

Among my acquaintances are two mothers, each left with a family of five little ones to support. Mrs. Quinlin's parents gave their daughter a superficial education, for they were firm believers in the oak and vine theory. When her husband died she was left penniless. She could do nothing well. In despair she turned to the washtub. Now her children run in the streets while she goes out

washing, for unfortunately there are no "advanced women" in that neighborhood to start a day nursery or kindergarten for such children.

Mrs. Matthews, through great personal effort and sacrifice on the part of her parents, gained a thorough college education, with careful training in domestic economy. Her husband was superintendent of a large state institution, and she found time to manage her home and assist him in his work. Their married life was a royal companionship, which was brought to a sad end by the untimely death of her husband. The trustees assured Mrs. Matthews that they considered her quite capable of filling her late husband's position, which they accordingly offered her at half his salary. Being an "advanced woman" she gladly accepted the offer even at half the salary. To-day her children are useful men and women filling prominent and honorable positions.

Now which is better fitted to make her corner of the world a better place than she found it, the "advanced woman" or the woman who prides herself on having no interest outside her own home? Is it true that "men have less respect for themselves when placed in competition with women"? Is it not rather that man's self-esteem is lessened and his respect for the ability of women increased?

Again, the poor woman is advised not to seek to advance herself, but to "make poverty beautiful by dainty devices, by an economical and at the same time artistic *cuisine*," etc. The writer overlooks the fact that the poor woman must be greatly advanced before she has any thought or desire for "dainty devices" or an "artistic *cuisine*." She must be brought to this stage by a process of evolution. The dormant mind must be awakened, she must begin to think and have ideas of her own and then, alas! she will become one of those odious "advanced women."

Is it a fact that "men are becoming more effeminate"? True, we have not quite so many cases of wife-beating as twenty years ago. The English common law does not now allow a man the "right to beat his wife with

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### A PLEA FOR ADVANCED WOMEN.

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a stick as thick as his thumb." But we had supposed that this and some other signs of improvement were due to the adoption of certain principles promulgated some eighteen hundred years ago by the Prince of Peace.

Chivalry is a very pretty flower, but the fact is it has always been an exotic, grown in conservatories for the beautiful, wealthy, and powerful. In the old days the mass of women never saw it, much less caught its odor. To-day the teachings of the Prince have given us a hardy and more vigorous plant of Christian courtesy, which blossoms by every wayside where He is honored. Nay, more, it is only where this fragrant flower blooms that *all* women are shown a tender courtesy *because* they are women.

The "marked decline of politeness to women in public conveyances" is cited as an effect of the influx of women into business. But if the writer will visit the land of the "canny Scot" where "advanced women" are a rarity, she will find that "politeness to women in public conveyances" is practically unknown. In Edinburgh I have again and again seen students keep their seats in the street car, while white-haired ladies old enough to be their mothers have stood for half an hour. In the same city I have seen delicate looking young mothers stand in the car, holding in their arms a heavy baby and two or three packages, until one of their own sex offered them a seat, while seven or eight well-dressed, corpulent gentlemen (?) sat at ease.

A few years ago when the Woman's Medical College was established in Edinburgh, the lady students were hooted and even stoned on the streets by the male medical students. But, mark! it was not association with "advanced women" which led to such manifestations of chivalry. A residence of many years in New England never showed me a masculine selfishness that approximated this Scottish variety. Yet the cause, as given by the writer in THE CHAUTAUQUAN is almost entirely lacking here; whence the effect?

But let us go a little farther east—to Turkey for instance, where "advanced women" have not yet been dreamed of and where man's highest conception of woman is that of a set of pretty dolls shut up in a harem to while away his leisure hours; what do we find? Logically, Turkey ought to show us

the most charming domestic life, the noblest women, and manliest men. But alas! alas! Turkey is "rotten": morally, socially, and politically "it smells to Heaven." Woman is well protected here, but instead of being man's "helpmeet, companion, and counselor" (only the "advanced woman" *can* be that) she is his slave, his toy; and man and woman are alike ignorant and degraded.

It is not by repressing woman and remanding her to Oriental seclusion that the world will be peopled by manliest men and womanliest women, but it is by opening every avenue to woman and giving her equal opportunities with man to engage in the work or profession for which her Creator has best fitted her. The world may not see so many marriages for money, convenience, support, etc., but it will see fewer ill-assorted couples, unhappy homes, and divorces. The double standard of morals which now prevails will be abolished. Independent, self-poised, intelligent gentlewomen will demand from man the same virtue that he demands from woman. Chivalrous men will be no less chivalrous, while the majority of men, who are not chivalrous, will respect woman more because of her independence and ability. Hence the mass of women will gain more than they lose, in bettered conditions for themselves, their children, and the race.

The protection theory reaches its logical outcome in Turkey. The protection theory pays woman one half or one third less for the same amount and quality of work, than it pays to man and for centuries has deprived her of aught but a smattering of education. Even in the church the protection theory says "woman may do all the work she will," but let her look longingly toward the honors or emoluments and listen to the outcry, "Every time you put a woman in you put a man out"! Fitness is of no account. Doubtless some Levite coveted Deborah's place when she ruled Israel.

All that the "advanced woman" asks is not a false protection, but justice and the opportunity to develop the talents with which her Maker has endowed her. Nature will see to it that the supply of wives and mothers does not run out. But because of the broader opportunities, the widened horizon, the greater responsibilities, we shall have better wives and mothers, and a nobler humanity.

## EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

### EXECUTIONS BY ELECTRICITY.

ON the 27th of July at the Place de la Roquette, Paris, two young men were executed upon the guillotine. Three hundred policemen, one hundred mounted police, and two hundred and fifty soldiers were required to keep a multitude of spectators in something like order. It is difficult to find just the right words to describe the dreadful scene on the scaffold. Best not describe it at all. At the end the crowd broke through the line of guards and fought among themselves for a handful of the horrible sawdust in the basket. The effect upon the people of France who saw these executions or read about them in the papers, the effect upon the people of England and the United States who will read translations of descriptions of the scenes in the Place de la Roquette, can never be estimated. It will be a vast sum of morbid curiosity, false sentiment, and weakened conscience. The morally feeble will make heroes of the criminals who made their exit before such an audience.

On the 7th of July four murderers were executed at Sing-Sing, New York. Each man was in turn placed in a chair and carefully fastened there. A few seconds later some unknown person in another room turned a switch and in an instant later the man sat in the chair dead. In place of the howling mob in the open street, there were as each man died only a few serious and silent men in a room in a prison. No noise, no multitude, no array of police, soldiers, and executioners, no possible chance for any dramatic or sensational exhibitions. No use to "die game" for there was no audience to be impressed, no reporters to spread the "last speech" over the reading world. Moreover, there was at Sing-Sing a sudden and probably a painless death. No man has come back to report that any death is painful. Natural death, like birth, is probably absolutely painless. Instant death, like that from a current of electricity, is, as far as we can ever know, without pain.

If there must be a death for a life taken, which is the better way, that of Paris or Sing-Sing? Which is the more civilized com-

munity, France or New York State? The executions by electricity at Sing-Sing are now sufficiently remote to get the right perspective. In the days immediately following, certain papers contained descriptions of the supposed scene in that quiet room in the gloomy prison. It seems to be clear now that the actual scene was decorous, solemn, and in a certain sense mysterious. It does not appear, so far, that the persons who actually saw the executions could explain how or why the men died. They were placed in a chair, the current came in silence, nobody knew precisely how or when, and the unfortunate lives were gone. The actual vital part affected does not matter. Perhaps the heart stopped. It is enough that the deaths were sudden and apparently quiet.

It is quite aside from this matter whether it is best or not to take a life for a life. In some states the people lawlessly take the matter into their own hands. In law-abiding communities it is left to certain authorities. So long as, in the general opinion, it must be done, so long is it necessary that the community command through the laws that it be done in the best way. Comparing extreme cases, like those at Paris and Sing-Sing in the same month, there can be no question as to which is the best. Best for all. Best for the people at large that they have no chance to be witnesses at the last moment, that they do not even have the chance to read sensational accounts of the execution. Report it by all means, but let the reports be brief and exact. Best for the morally weak. Such minds are braced up to crime by the vanity that pictures an audience to see how "game" they can die. No actor can do his best in an empty house. It is the inspiration of the audience that counts. If those infirm of moral purpose see no chance to "die game," they will hesitate to venture on the path that leads to such a flat and inglorious end. Merely to sit in a chair surrounded only by doctors and guards is not heroic. It isn't worth while to risk such a death. Moreover, the death itself is so strange, so sudden, so mysterious, that the very thought of the electric chain is a deterrent.

Efforts have been made to cast doubt upon



this new and humane method of execution. Happily these efforts have failed. There can be no doubt that the electric execution is practical, really humane, and entirely proper. Its very privacy, suddenness, and mystery are in every respect advantageous. The hangman does not belong to this century any more than do the scenes at the Place de la Roquette. Sing-Sing, at least, points to a better way.

#### WE REST WHEN CONGRESS IS NOT IN SESSION.

AMONG the blessings for which good men are grateful and bad men ought to be, is that Congress is not in session during the summer months. Summer is America's period of rest,—not that there is not a great deal of work done in June, July, and August, but the season is not that in which any one with a heart in the right place would like to impose extra worry upon a fellow-being. It is a natural period of rest—a time in which the mind, if not the body, seeks repose. It is the season when the people rest; consequently we are glad that Congress is not in session.

Not that Congress is a nuisance, for it is far from it. It is not even a necessary evil; it is a constitutional necessity, as any one knows who has read the Constitution of the United States. So long as laws must be made, and nobody doubts that they must, Congress must make them. Looking deeper into the question it must be admitted that we the people, perhaps with too much help, occasionally, from bosses and other wire-pullers, make Congress, so if its doings are not entirely to our satisfaction we have no one but ourselves to blame. Nevertheless we as a new people and a new nation need a great many new laws; we are as nearly "in the air" as a nation can be which has a continent practically to itself with no bad neighbors and nothing to do but attend to its own business. We make our congressmen, as we make our lawyers, doctors, teachers, and preachers, from the material nearest at hand and apparently best fit for the purpose; if the timber isn't sufficiently tough and seasoned, we are quite as much to blame as the timber. The wonder is not that Congress does not do better, but that it gets along as well as it does. Many hard things have been said about recent Congresses, yet a

little more than a hundred years ago George Washington would have thought himself in luck could the best Congress of his period have been as good as the worst of ours. Still, Congress is not in session now. We rest.

Nothing seems to the average citizen so easy to do as that which some other man is doing. To most of us Congress is that other man. No man understands politics so well, in his own estimation, as the good fellow who can free his political ideas in words instead of embodying them in laws. Congress indulges, it is true, in much irresponsible talk, but it also charges itself with law-making, and until we know the worst—that is, what the laws are to be, we are "in a state of mind." Congress, during the session, is all politics, Washington is all politics, but now, and until the beginning of the next session, congressmen are making hay, or at worst making fences, and the people are at rest.

How much more interesting the newspapers are when Congress is not in session! Of course every man reads politics—there are times when he can't find anything else in the daily papers if he tries—but it is possible to get too much of any good thing—except religion and Chautauqua—and by the time a man has read all the political news which his favorite newspaper publishes during a session of Congress he has reached a deplorable stage of mental indigestion. It does not much matter what is the subject before the House or Senate; the newspapers act upon the principle that the people pay the expenses and are entitled to all the results. During the session a paper may not give more than ten lines to some moral or social endeavor with far-reaching possibilities, but it always can find a column in which to repeat a pointless squabble between two members of one House or the other; now, however, while the members are safe at home or safer at the nearest summer resort, the newspapers have space in which to tell us about all that is going on in the world; and the people, taking a delightful rest from political agitation, are learning of many interests quite as attractive and beneficial as party politics.

These good times cannot last—neither can the summer vacation and the welcome benison of the summer season. Americans do not shirk their duties, among which politics is an important one, but they do enjoy a period of rest according to the labor and tur-

moil which preceded it. Next December we shall all again be on the edge of the fight, applauding or denouncing Congress, according as we approve or disapprove its doings. While, however, we have the chance to rest, let us rest and improve the opportunity to pick up the ends of threads which we dropped when Congress met last winter. We have none too much time in which to do it.

#### WOMEN AS MORAL REFORMERS.

It is not many years since the direct and personal participation of a woman in any public enterprise was looked upon as unseemly, as unsexing her, according to the cant of the time. The great temperance and other moral reform movements of the first half of this century proceeded without the help of women as active agents. Women contributed to them their prayers and their influence in domestic life, but they were listeners and not speakers at the meetings. The women who originated the woman's rights movement, Mrs. Stanton, Miss Susan B. Anthony, and their sisters, were irreproachable in character and unselfish in motive; and yet they were jeered at by the public as unfeminine monsters. In the churches women constitute two-thirds of the membership, but the organization of the church is in the hands of men. The Christian Fathers of the third and fourth centuries declared it to be disgraceful for a woman to assume to meddle in such a matter. She was admonished to keep within doors, except when duty absolutely called her abroad, to hold her peace in the house of God, to cover her head even when she prayed, and as one of the Fathers expressed it, to be ashamed of her very sex, the sex of Eve, the tempter of man. When women first began to appear on public platforms, and it was only a few years ago, people shook their heads and prophesied degradation for society as the inevitable consequence. Women would so far unsex themselves, said the gloomy critics, that they would lose their feminine charm, homes would be neglected, and manners would be roughened. A favorite picture of those days was of a distracted husband tending the baby while the mother was off battling for her rights. Good and conservative people really thought that the disposition of women to exercise their full powers in society and to attain the fullest intellectual development was the sign of un-

told and untellable evils to come on the race.

To the young people of this generation, such prejudice may seem childish, but when they were born it was still in existence and was the dominant feeling. The entrance of women into business and professional life was resisted by it with something like violence. Women's colleges are a recent experiment, and only within a very few years have the old colleges opened their doors to feminine students. A generation ago it was a rare and brave girl who ventured beyond the narrow sphere within which conventionality confined feminine activity. Men must work and women must weep, was the prevailing sentiment, or, at least, women must not attempt to take hold of any labor or any occupation which had been regarded in the past as specifically masculine.

Nowadays all that has changed, and the change has come with surprising rapidity. In every employment where rude strength is not requisite, women have appeared as the competitors and assistants of men. They are not blacksmiths, masons, and stone cutters, the drivers of drays, stevedores, hod carriers, brakemen, and locomotive engineers, but any work, manual or intellectual, is deemed suitable for them if they can perform it. The appearance of women as speakers on public platforms and as organizers and directors of public enterprises is taken as a matter of course. Ladies of social distinction will serve on committees of the Chicago World's Fair. Women commissioners to that exhibition are appointed by the governors of states. Clubs and societies of women discuss questions of public reform in all parts of the Union. Women are acting as school officers. The churches are coming to the conclusion that not to employ their activity and consult their judgment is to waste a tremendous force available for the service of religion. The present temperance movement is largely, if not chiefly in the hands of women, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union being foremost in the good work. The meeting of the Women's Council and its cognate associations fill Washington with an enthusiastic crowd like that in attendance on a national political convention. At political meetings seats are set apart for ladies concerned as to public questions, and there is hardly a movement, secular or religious, which starts or proceeds without calling in the aid of feminine energy.

This introduction of the feminine element into the work of the world, and more especially the work of moral reform, involves a new phase of civilization. It means that the forces of reform are to be strengthened and enlarged to an enormous extent. The half of the race which of old was counted out of such movements is now to be counted in. Women have thrown off the shackles with which long-time custom, convention, and prejudice bound them. They have found out their strength, and they will exert it for the benefit of society. Social opinion and public sentiment do not now stand in the way of their progress and the accomplishment of their purpose, and hence the occasion for their former timidity about taking part in public enterprises has passed away.

It looks, therefore, as if we were now entering upon a new stage of civilization, in which the feminine influence will be powerful everywhere, and with it will come a higher

moral tone, a keener and more sensitive moral sentiment, and a profounder and more pervasive sense of moral obligation. In quiet and unobtrusive ways, in the home and in society, women have always been doing their best to reform individual men. Now they are extending the sphere of their exertions and seeking to reform all men. They are also working with a tenacity of purpose so great and with so much intelligent zeal that they are moving the world by their concerted and altruistic efforts. Whether they get the suffrage or not, or rather whether that duty is imposed on them sooner or later, apparently they are destined to be the chief agents in bringing about the reformation of society, its elevation, and its purification. They have taken the forward step and they will not go back. They will move ahead steadily and irresistibly. The woman's age, as Victor Hugo called it, is in its beginning only.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE - BOOK.

WITH this number of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* the present volume ends. The yearly subscription of a great many people has expired. We do not continue to send the magazine unless the subscriber renews by sending in his or her name; when a list of subscribers runs up into tens of thousands, as in the case of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, it is the only good business policy. It has worked well the past ten years; therefore we shall continue the practice. *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* will be more brilliant the coming year than ever; it will be illustrated and a large corps of distinguished writers will enrich its pages with their ablest papers. The time to renew subscription is when it expires; it should be done with promptness; do not brook delay.

THE visit of Emperor William of Germany to his royal grandmother, Queen Victoria, July 4-13, has been made an occasion by the English of national demonstration of hospitality. His arrival at Port Victoria was greeted with a naval welcome rendered by the pick of the British navy, and all along the railway route to Waterloo Junction the stations were nearly hidden under masses of floral and flag decorations. Great enthusiasm met the Emperor everywhere, while on his

part he openly admired the military exhibitions and the troops which he reviewed. He expressed his pleasure also in the attention shown him and in his whole visit. But a few disagreeable surprises occurred, even in the presence of royalty, such as the accidental whizzing of a bullet past the Emperor's head while he was reviewing the Eton Volunteers, or the partial deluge at the Royal banquet at Windsor Castle by the bursting of a large waterpipe. Barring these mishaps the Emperor received consideration more befitting a mature model of virtue, wisdom, and power, than a young soldier-emperor. Two things, however, he has done: Made an African treaty with England involving some rather extensive concessions by England, which may explain his being greeted as a conqueror there; and renewed the Triple Alliance. Apparently one of the most important events of the Emperor's sojourn in England is his visit to Lord Salisbury at Hatfield. The purport of this meeting is surmised to be intrigue between the two men who virtually govern the two greatest powers of Europe.

THE passage of a special act to provide for the admission into France of American pork products, marks a triumph for Mr. Reid, the

American Minister in Paris. It will open immediately to American producers a market in which formerly they sold several million dollars' worth of products a year and which the present partial failure of French crops promises to make unusually important the coming season. Mr. Reid met the protest of unwholesomeness with the facts that some of the most profitable French products are adulterated and injurious to the health. Those interested in maintaining the exclusion in France used the new American tariff as a pretext for opposing a change as long as possible. Then they objected that it was unnecessary in view of the new French tariff, which soon would go into effect. But the passage of a special act was necessitated in order that American producers might enjoy the benefits of a change some months, probably, before the French tariff went into effect, and it was obtained only after persistent and wise efforts had shown the exclusion to be futile and unfair. The Germans also give evidence of readiness for a change of policy, and it is generally expected that Germany will accord an equally favorable decision. The American Minister, Mr. Phelps, has skillfully used similar tactics, and has carefully referred the German authorities to the efficiency of recent American laws for the inspection of export meats.

EX-VICE-PRESIDENT HANNIBAL HAMLIN, one of the last of the old anti-slavery generation of statesmen, died July 4, at the advanced age of seventy-three. He leaves a long and enviable record of faithful service for his country, having begun public life at twenty-six. Beginning soon after his admittance to the bar, he was elected to five successive Legislatures, in the last three of which he was Speaker of the House. He then wielded influence as Congressman, where he early disclosed his anti-slavery views,—and later, as United States Senator, in which capacity he acted for twenty-five years all together. Mr. Hamlin's connection with the Democratic party was practically severed with the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and he naturally sided with the Republican party, just then coming into life. In 1857 he was made Governor of Maine, which office he resigned to resume his seat in the Senate. The campaign of 1860 established Hannibal Hamlin Vice-President with Abraham Lincoln President. He afterward served twelve years as Senator and was minister to Spain in

President Arthur's administration, retiring in 1883. The life of this patriot is memorable for his unimpeachable integrity, his strict attention to business, and adherence to his principles.

THE growing list of precautions for the safety of travelers on the sea is not a small index of increased international intercourse and interests. The proposed investigation of the advisability of the transportation of cotton on passenger steamships is of vital importance to the safety of travelers on the sea. The English House of Lords has made a motion for the appointment of a commission to inquire into this evil. It is so dangerous that some of the trans-Atlantic vessels already have abandoned it in the competition for patronage. However, it probably will be continued by some companies until prohibited by law. It is a disputed question how the fire originates which frequently breaks out in cotton cargoes, whether by spontaneous combustion, of which the conditions are not fully understood, or from smoldering sparks from the pipes or cigars of careless workmen. It cannot be denied that cotton bales are often handled carelessly in the southern ports. Nevertheless ample and dearly bought experience teaches that any system of inspection of the cargoes hitherto in vogue has not been perfect enough to warrant the safe transit of this highly inflammable substance. The enterprise is one in which the United States would do well to take part.

COMMISSIONER MORGAN has acted wisely in his decision as to the distribution of Government funds, to deal directly with the individual contract schools rather than through a Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions at Washington, as has always been the custom. The Catholics, by far the most active religious sect in Indian mission work, have accordingly received the greatest share of the Government money. In 1889 they were given \$342,689 of the whole sum of \$554,558 devoted to the contract schools; last year, \$363,349, and it is now proposed to give them for next year about \$400,000 or more. Commissioner Morgan's decision affects only the Catholic method of spending the funds, not the amount of appropriation. They will be spent under the supervision of the Government instead of by ecclesiastical authority. The Catholics will be treated just like other religious bodies, under the same rules and



regulations. This work of the Government was begun in 1876 with an appropriation of \$20,000, at a time when the only work of Indian education was kept up by sectarian contributions. The Government unfortunately divided her strength between sustaining these schools and establishing non-sectarian and non-partisan schools of her own. In 1889 out of a total appropriation of only \$1,364,568 for educational purposes, the sectarian schools received \$554,558, or 40 per cent. Though they certainly accomplished less for the money than the public schools, this objection shrinks in sight of the greater one that it is wrong in principle; the American spirit revolts at the use of public funds or any public property for sectarian purposes.

THE friendly attitude of the British Society of Authors toward the Copyright act was very timely and acceptable to Americans. But the English press has been discouraging and verged on coarseness in its manner of considering the concessions made by Americans. Judging from *The London Times* the real end and aim of the act has been overlooked by the British while seeking to get control of the publishing business. This paper says that where ten votes had been secured for the Copyright act by considerations of honesty and fair dealing, thirty were got by prospect of advantage to American authors, and sixty by the desire of the legislators to protect paper manufacturers and to curry favor with trades unions. The bill gives the foreign author equal rights with the American author, granting him protection in any arrangement for the publication of his works here. Though some were disposed to be more liberal, all felt that this was conceding enough. It seems that it did not occur to Congress that it should relinquish a large and profitable American publishing business in order to secure British approval of a measure for justice to the British author; nor is there any reason why a foreign author wishing to enjoy the profits of an American market should not introduce his productions through an American publisher.

THE hard dealings which Fortune occasionally metes out to those who at one time seemed to be her favorites is strikingly shown in the case of the French Count Ferdinand de Lesseps. A short time ago, holding the admiring attention of the whole en-

gineering world for the vastness and boldness of his Panama Canal scheme, he is now virtually on trial in a criminal court for willfully deceiving his fellow countrymen into investing their money in an enterprise which he must have known would prove a dead failure. To have the whole undertaking collapse and sink out of sight under a wide-spread financial disaster, was surely a sore enough punishment to fall upon a too aspiring genius, without submitting him to the ignominy of fighting to save, if possible, his name from being tarnished. Having surmounted the immense difficulties of constructing the Suez Canal, how was he to know that those in the way of a like construction across Panama were absolutely insurmountable until he learned it by experience? It is a sorry ending of a great enterprise, and one deeply to be regretted.

THE anomalous spectacle of a republic ruled by an absolute despot is presented to the world by Hayti. Hippolyte by his acts is covering with ignominy the title of president, which he has borne since 1889, and deserves to be severely dealt with by other nations. Owing to his persecutions of those who remain friendly to Legitime, his predecessor in office whom he overthrew, there are frequent insurrectionary movements in the country, and he has adopted the plan of dispatching after the manner of the Reign of Terror those participating in these revolts, or giving in other ways evidences of disapproval of his methods of government. It is said that he gave orders for the execution without any form of trial, of more than three hundred persons between May 18 and June 1.

To invite himself into his neighbor's domains and then to attempt to manage his neighbor's affairs to suit himself seems to be the dodge that the Prussian, Herr Cahensly, is attempting to carry out in the United States. His plan is to make such arrangements that the Prussian immigrants to this country shall be organized into congregations by themselves; shall have bishops appointed over them who shall speak to them in their own language; and that in these little communities the Prussian customs shall be preserved *in toto*. In short, it is simply a scheme for the transportation of a miniature Prussia into America. He is seeking to win the assent of the Pope to his plans. Nothing more un-American in spirit could be devised.

It is high time that this country take strict measures regarding all immigrants, especially those who do not seek these shores with the full purpose of becoming Americans.

THE directors of the World's Fair will receive the sympathy of intelligent people everywhere in their conflict with the organized labor of Chicago. The labor organizations have been making periodical threats of a boycott since the first estimate for work was submitted, and they make the absurd demand that the directors issue a proclamation warning workmen away from the city on the ground that the supply of labor is already excessive and that if more workmen go to Chicago starvation will ensue. The Fair directors are men of sense and their judgment will not be influenced by the somewhat erratic demands of the labor organizations. The fundamental law of supply and demand will in all probability regulate the Chicago labor market in the future as it has in the past.

APPROPOS of the government persecution of the Jews in Russia, it is reported that Baron Hirsch, the Hebrew philanthropist, has purchased an immense tract of land in South America, with the object of establishing there a colony of Russian Jews. That the Russian government is emphatic in its disposition of this particular class of population there can be no doubt. All Jews residing in St. Petersburg have been ordered to leave that city, and the only paper in St. Petersburg which stands firm in defense of the Jews has received a "second warning" from the ministry of the interior. The attitude of the Russian government upon this question is not of a kind calculated to strengthen its reputation among the civilized nations of the earth.

SHALL a city own its illuminating gas works—which light homes and places of business—is one of the living questions for most of our municipal governments. It seems, from information furnished by Dr. Bemis, that only nine cities in the country have risen to this distinction and own the machinery and manufacture their own gas; they are Philadelphia, Pa., Wheeling, Rich-

mond, Danville, Charlotteville, and Alexandria in Virginia, Bellefontaine and Hamilton, Ohio, and Danville, Kentucky. It is presumed that more cities will soon own gas works, for the following reasons: The city gets its gas cheaper and furnishes it to the individual consumer at a lower rate, besides in some instances becoming a source of revenue to the city. Over sixty cities own their electric light plant, and more than half the cities in the country own their water works.

WITH the increase in the number of conflicts between labor and capital, and the various demands made by one upon the other, the fact should not be forgotten that the labor question, so-called, is in no sense a problem of only one class or locality. Relations exist in some form or other between labor and capital in almost every sphere of social action, and it should be remembered that the labor question is but a part of the industrial problem, the source of which is traced to a larger social field, embracing art, science, and religion.

THE oil business of the world is now almost entirely controlled by an American syndicate, the Standard Oil Company. From recent developments it would seem to be the object of the great company to absorb every branch of the oil trade both in the United States and Europe. First, it got control of the American well owners and refiners, then of the American export business, next of the private shipping interests, then of the European importing business, then of the export from European ports, and now it seems to be trying to secure the entire retail trade. The oil business of Bremen, one of the greatest oil markets in the world, has been for a long time controlled by the Standard Company and by a system of combination the entire business of Germany has been absorbed. Russia appears to be the only country not yet committed to the international monopoly and if the Standard Company succeeds in buying out or combining with the men who control the production of Russian oil, then the supply of the world will be subject to the direction of the American syndicate.

# CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE COURSE OF STUDY.

FOR 1891-1892.

Subjoined is the completed course of study for 1891-92. Slight variations may be made in the order, but the books and topics for the magazine readings will remain as given.

## October.

American History.  
Social Institutions.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

- "Battles for American Liberty." I.
  - "The Town Meeting."
  - "The History of Political Parties in America." I.
  - "George Washington, the First President."
  - "Colonial Life of the United States." I.
  - "Sunday Readings."
  - "Life." I.
  - "National Agencies for Scientific Research." I.
  - "Science, the Handmaid of Agriculture." I.
- Post Graduate Course :
- "English Literature."
  - "The Theory of Fiction-Making."
  - "The Classic and Romantic Movements in English Poetry."

## November.

American History.  
Social Institutions.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

- "Battles for American Liberty." II.
  - "The Shire System."
  - "The History of Political Parties in America." II.
  - "Thomas Jefferson. The Declaration of Independence."
  - "Colonial Life of the United States." II.
  - "Sunday Readings."
  - "Life." II.
  - "National Agencies for Scientific Research." II.
  - "Botany." I.
- Post Graduate Course :
- "Novels and Romances."
  - "The New Birth of Poetry after 1750."

## December.

American History.  
Social Institutions.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

- "Battles for American Liberty." III.
- "Grants made by the King."
- "The History of Political Parties in America." III.
- "States Made of Colonies." I.
- "Colonial Life of the United States." III.
- "Sunday Readings."

"Life." III.

"National Agencies of Scientific Research." III.

"Botany." II.

Post Graduate Course :

- "The First Novels in English."
- "Cowper."

## January.

American History.  
Social Institutions.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

- "Battles for American Liberty." IV.
  - "Trading Companies."
  - "The Church Older than the Government." I.
  - "States Made of Colonies." II.
  - "Colonial Life of the United States." IV.
  - "Sunday Readings."
  - "Life." IV.
  - "National Agencies for Scientific Research." IV.
  - "Botany." III.
- Post Graduate Course :
- "Jane Austen."
  - "Coleridge."

## February.

American History.

The Story of the Constitution.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

- "Battles for American Liberty." V.
  - "Holland Land Co., Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay Co."
  - "The Church Older than the Government." II.
  - "States Made of Territories." I.
  - "Colonial Life of the United States." V.
  - "Sunday Readings."
  - "Physical Culture." I.
  - "National Agencies for Scientific Research." V.
  - "Botany." IV.
- Post Graduate Course :
- "Dickens."
  - "Wordsworth."

## March.

American Literature.

The Story of the Constitution.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

- "Battles for American Liberty." VI.
- "Land Tenure in America."

"The Growth and Distribution of Population."  
 "States Made of Territories." II.  
 "American Morals."  
 "Sunday Readings."  
 "Physical Culture."  
 "The Development of Our Industries Through Patents."  
 "Vegetable Pathology—How to Save Fruits."  
 Post Graduate Course:  
 "Thackeray—Scott."

*April.*

American Literature.

Two Old Faiths.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Battles for American Liberty." VII.  
 "The Financial System of the United States."  
 "States Made of Territories." III.  
 "American Morals."  
 "Sunday Readings."  
 "Physical Culture."  
 "Patent Office—Organization, Personnel," etc.  
 "Chemistry—The Adulteration of Foods."  
 Post Graduate Course.  
 "George Eliot—Byron."

*May.*

German Literature.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Battles for American Liberty." VIII.  
 "The Financial System of the United States."  
 "Slavery—Anti-Slavery."  
 "Sunday Readings."  
 "Physical Culture."  
 "Application and Granting of Patents."  
 "Scientific Uses of Foods."  
 Post Graduate Course:  
 "Modern Tendencies."  
 "Shelley."

*June.*

German Literature. Finished.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Battles for American Liberty." IX.  
 "Our Educational System."  
 "The Southern Confederacy."  
 "The North in The War."  
 "Sunday Readings."  
 "Physical Culture."  
 "Animal Industry."  
 Post Graduate Course:  
 "Keats."

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882—1894.

CLASS OF 1891.—"THE OLYMPIANS."

"So run that ye may obtain."

OFFICERS.

*President*—The Rev. J. M. Durrell, D. D., Manchester, N. H.

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*Class Trustee*—The Rev. J. S. Ostrander.

CLASS FLOWERS—THE LAUREL AND WHITE ROSE.

A MEMBER of '91 in her "fifties" writes: "In the summer of '87 I joined the Class of '91 and became a member of a local circle. So many years of my life had passed without much thought of intellectual improvement, I really did not know how to begin or whether it would be a success. But I did begin in earnest, reading each day the required lessons and, penciling the questions off on a bit of paper, I carried them with me about my work to memorize them. I could retain the reading better and prepare to answer the questions in our circle. In this I

took an active part, and it has been a great help to me. In the last four years I have stored away so many new thoughts in my head that it seems like the golden age of my life. I never spent four years that I could look back upon with so much satisfaction."

DR. H. R. PALMER, the director of the Department of Music at Chautauqua, has written a song for the Class of '91 which will be sung by the Class on Recognition Day, August 19.

FROM New York State: "Please send me a circular of the course in the Gospel of John; I think I shall take it up. I have just finished my four years' study in the C. L. S. C. and intend to review this year. I wish I could have had this course when I was thirty. You can't imagine how I have enjoyed the reading. It seems like bidding an old friend good-by."

A MEMBER of '91 from one of the large eastern cities reports that although much hindered she has been able to finish not only the four years, but the White Seal memoranda as well. She adds, "Owing to large social obligations, it is through many obstacles that I carry on my reading through the winters, but when the social



season ended this year I gave my housekeeping into the hands of servants and shut myself up to Chautauqua work. I must acknowledge that the hours thus spent have been the pleasantest of the year. I shall hope to go on till the seals are all completed, and even then to go on. To this now acquired habit of reading good literature, I am greatly indebted to Chautauqua."

AN Oregon '91 writes: "I have not had the advantages of a circle a part of the time and have missed it very much. I know that all are lifted up by the C. L. S. C., and I pray that it may ever widen its influence and help all as much as it has helped me."

#### CLASS OF 1892.—"THE COLUMBIA."

"Seek and ye shall obtain."

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*First Vice-President*—Prof. Lewis Stuart, Ill.

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*Class Trustee*—Mr. J. P. Barnes, Rahway, N. J.

CLASS FLOWER—CARNATION.

A WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT:—AN assurance, which in the experienced is unaccompanied by doubt, is that every one who keeps up with the Chautauqua course will know the truth of '92's motto, "Seek and ye shall obtain." Yes, you will obtain as personal benefits all and more than the glorious Chautauqua founders promise.

I trust that every '92 will be continuously zealous in attending to all duties innumerable on class members, also in forming circles and maintaining them, and in aiding every other wise movement for the expansion of Chautauqua influence, and particularly in pursuing the course in a broad and comprehensive manner, thereby accelerating personal, moral, and intellectual development.

The efficient, devoted Chautauqua management make constant improvements; and every class ought to be in thoroughness of accomplishments a little ahead of its predecessors. It is our duty to attain that standard. If every member's duty is properly performed the result will be a bountiful harvest in which, from the operation of wise, immutable laws, the member who does best obtains most.

#### CLASS OF 1893.—"THE ATHENIANS."

"Study to be what you wish to seem."

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*Assembly Treasurer and Trustee Union Class Building*—Geo. E. Vincent.

*Building Committee*—The Rev. R. C. Dodds; Mrs. H. M. Anthony, Ottawa, Ill.

A '93 WHO says she has "unfortunately no special occupation, not a graduate of any school, simply an individual reader," adds, "Allow me to say that I for one am truly thankful for the inestimable advantage which the C. L. S. C. offers and find the reading delightfully interesting and entertaining, as well as useful."

THE Class of '93 in the Stillwater Penitentiary recently enjoyed a visit and an address from the "prison secretary" of that class. After the address a vote of thanks was given to the chaplain, Mr. Albert, who has been untiring in his devotion to the prison Chautauquans, and to Miss Gowdy, the founder of the C. L. S. C. at Stillwater.

THE Chautauqua Circle at the Lincoln Penitentiary reports the best year's work it has yet done. There are fifty-four men in the class, whose persistent efforts have been greatly promoted by the untiring interest of Lincoln Chautauquans. Twice a month throughout the C. L. S. C. year members of the Lincoln S. H. G. or undergraduate circles have met with this circle conducting reviews, hearing papers, giving recitations, and in every way co-operating with them. The reading is accomplished under difficulties which few of us can fully appreciate and the C. L. S. C. people of Lincoln feel that this work is only the beginning of greater things yet to be achieved. During the months of June and July Frank Beard, Principal Hurlbut, and Miss Kimball visited this Chautauqua Circle, saw something of the work for themselves, and came away with a determination to see that it did not languish for want of support. The state of Nebraska makes no appropriation for educa-

tional work in the prison, and upon the Lincoln Chautauquans has fallen the burden of providing the books. They have thus far responded right loyally with some help from outside. Eighteen sets of books will be needed next year—one set to every three men. Any member of '93 or of any other class whose "tenth" can spare a small contribution to this noble undertaking, can send the amount to the C. L. S. C. Office at Buffalo and it will be used to the best advantage.

A VERY interesting letter comes from a member of '93 whose occupation, that of steward in a large hotel, taxes his time severely. He writes: "I have felt a hundred fold repaid for the money invested in the course of reading the last two years and hope for health and liberty to pursue it during the coming year. I have gained intellectually and my faith in Bible truth has been strengthened by careful reading of the 'Walks and Talks in the Geological Field.'"

#### CLASS OF 1894—"THE PHILOMATHEANS."

"*Ubi mel, ibi apes.*"

##### OFFICERS.

*President*—John Habberton, New York City.  
*Vice-Presidents*—The Rev. A. C. Ellis, Jamestown, N. Y.; the Rev. R. D. Ledyard, Steubenville, Ohio; (third vice-president to be selected by New England Branch C. L. S. C.); the Rev. Mr. Cosby, Neb.; the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. Helen Campbell, New York City; the Rev. J. W. Lee, D. D., Atlanta, Ga.  
*Secretary*—Miss Grace B. Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.  
*Treasurer*—Mr. Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.  
*Class Trustee*—W. T. Everson, Union City, Pa.  
*Building Committee*—William T. Everson, Union City, Pa.; Henry M. Hall, Titusville, Pa.; Mr. C. Foskey, Shamburg, Pa.; Miss Grace Fowler, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE following from a member of '94 ought to encourage members of this class who work against heavy odds. "I have at last filled out my memoranda, having enjoyed the readings very much. I am an engineer in a factory, arise at 4.30 a.m., go to my work, have one half hour for breakfast, the same for dinner, and get home from work at 6.30 or 7 p.m., and as I have a family to look after it gives me very little time for study, but I propose to continue in the good work, and enclose 50 cents for membership fees for '91-2."

"THE Chautauqua Course of reading is such a wonder and delight to me, I feel that I must write you how thankful I am to have the advantages of such a circle. The readings have been a great solace to me in the midst of trouble, having lost husband and home since I joined the circle. I do not know what I should have done but for the pleasant old English acquaintances made during the winter, and the 'Walks and Talks in the Geological Field.'"

MEMBERS of the Class of '94 who are just completing their first year send varied accounts of how the course has proved itself adapted to their needs. Extracts from the following letters reveal such a variety in the surroundings and equipment of students that they will find echoes in the experiences of many other '94's. From New York State: "I am a farmer having absolutely no time in the day, and when the night comes I am tired and can read only a short time. I read systematically as given in the programs for each week, but when the spring work came, I fell behind. Now between spring work and hoeing there is a little breathing time in which I will try to catch up and will."

A MOTHER speaks her mind as follows: "I desired some years ago to become a member of the circle but a friend said, 'Oh, wait until your children are grown. It is such an undertaking.' In an evil hour I listened to this advice and now I consider those years precious time lost, for I have fully demonstrated that I could easily have read the course without neglecting my home, my children, or my duties to the world. Indeed, I feel that I am a better mother, a more intelligent friend and companion, a more useful citizen than when I began. Besides increasing my knowledge it has strengthened my powers of thought."

#### GRADUATE CLASSES.

NEXT year the Class of '82 celebrates its decennial at Chautauqua. Let "Pioneers" everywhere keep this fact in mind and plan to celebrate their anniversary by attending either Chautauqua or some other Assembly.

New badges have recently been prepared for the members of the Guild, League, and Order. They are made of garnet ribbon just the width of the graduates' badge, and are to be worn at the top of the garnet badge, just above the monogram. They can be secured from the Buffalo office for ten cents each.

THE Society of the Hall in the Grove has made its influence strongly felt in many cities, and always with good results. Members of the S. H. G. are urged to organize themselves into a local body whenever possible. If there are only two or three members of the S. H. G. in a place they should form a simple organization, welcome all new graduates, and do all in their power to extend the work of the C. L. S. C. and to uphold a high standard. In many cities undergraduates look forward with real pleasure to their admittance into the fellowship of the S. H. G. It is a strong bond of union among Chautauquans. Let us make the most of it.

## THE SUMMER ASSEMBLIES.

FOR 1891.

**BEATRICE,** An attendance twice as large **NEBRASKA,** as in previous years, marked Opening Day as an auspicious beginning for the third annual session of the Beatrice Chautauqua Association, June 23—July 6. The large number present thus early seemed to have come in expectation of study as well as pleasure, and happily welding the two, immediately laid a good foundation for the summer school. The leaders' tried proficiency and the general enthusiasm made organization easy and effective. Prof. C. C. Case, one of the best musical directors in the country, banded the musicians together into a chorus of not less than 200 voices, and Prof. Carnes organized his elocution class with a membership of 100, which later was nearly doubled; Superintendent Eaton had about 1000 pupils in the Sunday-school. More than two dozen orators graced the platform, among them Sam P. Jones, Dr. A. A. Willits, Mr. Robert Nourse, Dr. P. S. Henson, Dr. Frederick D. Powers, ex-President Hayes, the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, Leon H. Vincent, Prof. John C. Freeman.

Exceptionally fine music was furnished by the chorus, band, Swedish Male Quartet, Madame Rosa Linde, soloist, and Mr. Lehmer, solo whistler.

Recognition Day, July 2, was worthily observed. The C. L. S. C.'s formed in procession at Whittier Hall with nearly one hundred and fifty little children carrying bouquets of flowers, marched around the Golden Gate, through which only the graduates passed, and through three arches erected in the Tabernacle, where Prof. J. C. Freeman gave the address, followed by the presentation of diplomas.

It was generally admitted by those in attendance that a fine program had been prepared, and capable persons assigned to carry it out. Success was so decided a feature of the Assembly that it refused to be drowned or blown away by the terrific storms which occurred. Such was the high spirit of the occasion that these latter seemed only to offer new and unexpected opportunities for enjoyment.

The grounds were well kept. The handsome Willard hall was just finished. Many buildings had been repaired and new ones erected. Electric motor cars were built connecting the grounds with the city. Active measures were taken to promote next year's session.

**CHESTER,** SOUTHERN Illinois Chautauqua **ILLINOIS,** at Chester, the first one ever conducted by a woman, opened with more than five hundred in the audience and all but two of the expected Assembly helpers on the platform.

All the schools formally opened on July 6th and from the first hour of the first day until the last hour of the last day praises were heard on all sides. The various classes grew larger daily, some overflowing the boundaries of the tents erected for school purposes. The charming location of the Assembly grounds also received favorable comment.

The Press in St. Louis and southern Illinois were liberal in their reports, some expressing all the enthusiasm of a local organ.

The Assembly Directors were Prof. H. S. Jacoby, Prof. N. Coe Stewart, Miss Mary Allen West, Prof. Stevens, Miss Libbie McMasters, Miss Gregory, Miss Lizzie Holbrook. On the list for lectures and entertainments were the following names. Ben Hur Tableau Co., Col. James N. Brown, and Col. David Murphey, Jahu De Witt Miller, Charles T. Underhill, James Clement Ambrose, Miss Tiebold (soprano), Mrs. William Moore (contralto), the Rev. G. H. Tucker, Mrs. Zerelda Wallace, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, the Hon. John Baker, and the Hon. Owen Scott, and the Rev. Dr. Edwards; the Rev. Dr. D. M. Hazlett, was in charge of the Assembly Church Congress, and Mrs. Clara Holbrook Smith of the Assembly Woman's Council.

The stereopticon lectures, "Picturesque Washington" and "Scenes in the Life of Christ" by the Rev. Charles N. Cate were pronounced by old Assembly goers as unsurpassed on any platform. The audience on closing night numbered nearly twelve hundred.

Immediately at the close of the Assembly a charter was applied for and preliminaries of permanent organization effected. Thus the Southern Illinois Assembly takes its place on the list of permanent Chautauquas, with the prestige of attendance equalling an Assembly of five years' standing.

The efficient work of Prof. H. S. Jacoby enrolled fifty names on the list of members for '95, some of these names representing leaders of other Circles to be formed in various localities of Southern Illinois—all of whom became staunch supporters of this local Chautauqua Assembly.

**FREMONT,** The Central Chautauqua Assembly at Fremont, Nebraska, held its first session June 23-July 6. It was a pronounced success and has already attained the features of permanency enjoyed by much older assemblies. Fremont, a thriving western city of eight thousand people, is most favorably located for the establishment of a strong Assembly, being a railroad center at which twenty-two passenger trains from all directions arrive each day, and also having, within a radius of fifty miles, two hundred and fifty thousand people who are yet to realize the advantages of a Chautauqua Assembly. The beautiful grounds were planned and laid out by J. T. Hunt, the landscape architect of Chautauqua, N. Y.; they are conveniently located just outside the city limits and reached by street car. The permanent improvements are a fine auditorium, with a seating capacity of three thousand, and twelve other buildings erected this year including hotel, cottages, and offices. Before the recent Assembly closed plans were perfected for a better program and a greater success if possible the next season. The Rev. G. M. Brown, of Omaha, was re-elected General Superintendent and a number of workers and speakers were engaged for the year of '92.

The Rev. A. W. Patten, D.D., of Aurora, Ill., won many friends by his pleasant administration as Superintendent of Instruction. The general work of the Assembly may be summed up as follows: Forty-seven lectures and addresses; forty hours of Normal work, forty hours given to the work of the Teacher's Retreat, seventeen hours to chorus work, ten hours to a Young People's Conference, besides the regular work of the Round Table held each day, and a W. C. T. U. School of Methods.

Among the workers and lecturers were Dean Alfred A. Wright, Leon H. Vincent, Prof. M. R. French, James Clement Ambrose, Rev. Conrad Haney, Mrs. Mattie M. Bailey, Prof. E. S. Shelton, Mrs. E. A. Blair, Prof. and Mrs. J. A. Hornberger, Mr. L. A. Torrens, Milton D. Carroll, Chancellor C. F. Creighton, Dr. W. F. Crafts, and Miss S. A. Swanson.

The daily sessions of the Round Table conducted by Dr. Patten were full of interest and Chautauqua enthusiasm. Recognition Day, July 2, was a great occasion. The arches were erected and the graduates passed through the Golden Gate in due form. At the auditorium after the regular Recognition Day service had been observed the claims and advantages of the C. I. S. C. work were faithfully presented by Dr. Patten and at the close of the exercises many came forward and gave their names for membership in the Class of '95.

It is not saying too much that the interest in the work increased from the first to the closing service and that despite the annoyance caused by an unprecedented storm lasting several days during the Assembly, the people were enthusiastic to a wonderful degree and went away convinced that the success of this first session is a prediction of greater things in the future.

**GEORGETOWN, TEXAS,** The result of the first session of the Georgetown, Texas, Assembly is to place it far beyond the experimental stage. Though there is not a large number of C. I. S. C. readers in the state, the interest awakened culminated in a contribution of \$1,000 for the sustenance of the Assembly, and in the sale of several thousand dollars' worth of lots on the grounds.

The program, carefully prepared, went off without a break. Between opening and closing days, July 1-18, the Assembly was visited with showers of good things, interspersed with cyclones of wit and wisdom.

The orators were Prof. A. H. Merrill, the Rev. W. B. Palmore, Col. L. F. Copeland; the music was furnished by the Chicago Convention and Concert Company, assisted by a well-trained chorus.

A day was devoted to an inter-collegiate oratorical contest, and an afternoon to an elocutionary contest.

Recognition Day's impressive service was observed July 15.

**GLEN ECHO, WASHINGTON, D. C.** The magic growth and beauty of Glen Echo and the success attending the session June 16-July 4, were it not for the vivid substantiality of every detail, would have given the Assembly the character of a meeting in Wonderland. From five hundred to nine hundred workmen were employed on the grounds in a week. An electric railway has been built which soon will reach the grounds, and another is already projected. All the buildings and avenues are supplied with electric lights. The buildings are beautiful, and many of them constructed of massive granite quarried on the spot.

Opening Day relieved the promoters of the enterprise from any anxiety concerning the welfare of the Assembly. Large and enthusiastic crowds continued to take possession of the grounds, and in various ways showed their enjoyment of the proceedings. The great new organ, the orchestra, the celebrated Marine Band, and solos and choruses added their music to the harmony of the occasion. Washington ministers vied with each other in their addresses, and Chancellor A. H. Gillet, the Rev.



T. DeWitt Talmage, and other popular speakers entertained and instructed appreciative audiences.

Competent teachers in the several branches of physical, social, economic, musical, spiritual, and general science won high approval in their respective departments. To the skill and experience of Dr. A. H. Gillet, who was chosen Chancellor, a large degree of the rapid and perfect organization of the Assembly is due. No expense has been spared to further the cause, and the welfare of the enterprise seems assured.

#### KANSAS, TOPEKA, THE seventh annual KANSAS.

session of the Kansas Chautauqua Assembly, held in Oakland Park, a suburb of Topeka, June 23—July 2, in spite of rain preceding and in part accompanying its exercises, drew large audiences and presented a very strong program. On the platform were Robert Nourse, the Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, the Rev. Egerton R. Young, Samuel W. Small, Dr. B. B. Tyler, the Rev. E. B. Graham, the Rev. Dr. A. J. Palmer, Bishop Thomas, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Rev. Dr. J. F. Berry, the Rev. Dr. H. A. Gobin, the Rev. Dr. E. C. Ray, the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, and Dr. Jesse Bowman Young, who also served for the sixth year as Superintendent of Instruction, and taught the Normal workers a special series of lessons on the Life of Saint Paul. Miss Eva M. Moll, of Hiawatha, taught the children; Prof. F. W. Phelps, of Washburn College, represented Dr. Harper's School of Sacred Literature; Dr. Young conducted the C. L. S. C. Round Tables and urged the formation of circles in every locality in the state. The happy graduates received their diplomas from the hands of Bishop Ninde on Recognition Day, which was the crowning day of the Assembly. The new officers of the organization are: President, Bishop W. X. Ninde; Secretary, the Rev. A. P. George, D.D.; Treasurer, Chas. S. Elliott. Dr. J. B. Young, it is expected, will serve also next year as Superintendent of Instruction, and plans are already inaugurated which will, it is believed, make next year's session of the Assembly the overtopping and climax-touching point in the whole series.

**MISSOURI, THE** Missouri State Assembly reports good work from the extensive plans made. The rolling and well-wooded grounds are connected with Warrensburg by a line of coaches. The springs were as attractive as ever; pleasure boats glided over the large artificial lakes.

The Rev. J. W. Geiger and Mrs. D. K. Steele took charge of the Chautauqua Normal Union work; the Rev. W. H. Shaw of the C. L. S. C. J-Sept.

work; Prof. S. H. Perkins conducted the music.

The departments of instruction provided for Greek and Hebrew by J. W. Ellis, elocution by Prof. R. I. Fulton, physical culture and fencing by Miss May M. Pierce. The School of Methods prospered under the management of Mrs. A. S. Benjamin and Mrs. Clara Hoffman, and Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Ketchum pleasantly guided the Kindergarten. The platform was occupied by the Rev. Ira Hicks, Dr. Robert Nourse, Mrs. Hoffman.

Recognition Day proved a notable event; on that day after the address, delivered by Bishop E. R. Hendrix, about twenty-five persons received diplomas. Grand Army Day was most enjoyable.

#### NEBRASKA, CRETE, THE Nebraska Chautauqua Assembly held

its tenth session at Crete, Nebraska, from June 30—July 10. The President of the Assembly is the Rev. Willard Scott, of Omaha, and the Superintendent of Instruction the Rev. Jesse L. Hurlbut, D.D. The heavy rains before the Assembly opened made the grounds more beautiful than ever before, but they swelled the Big Blue River to such a degree that entrance to the Assembly was almost impracticable during the earlier days of the session. Visitors were compelled to ride across five hundred feet of water more than a foot deep, but the attendance was large, and the Assembly successful.

The speakers included Dr. A. J. Palmer, the Rev. J. DeWitt Miller, Mrs. Von Finkelstein-Mountford, Prof. J. C. Freeman, the Hon. W. M. Cumback, Senator J. J. Ingalls, the Rev. Egerton R. Young, Mrs. C. H. St. John, the Hon. W. J. Bryan, and Dr. Geo. W. Miller. Classes were held in Bible study, Sunday-school Normal work, Primary teaching, in musical training, drawing, and painting. Mrs. Helen A. Beard conducted a most successful Ladies' Club.

The Chautauqua work was carried out in every detail. Dr. Hurlbut held a daily Round Table; Mrs. M. H. Gardner presided at the C. L. S. C. headquarters, and the program for Recognition Day was fully observed. Miss Kate F. Kimball, the secretary, gave an admirable recognition address, after which four graduates received diplomas. As a unique feature, a Class Tree was planted by the graduates and officers. The Crete Assembly holds fast to Chautauqua traditions, and proposes to be in every respect a true Chautauqua Assembly.

#### OTTAWA, THE Ottawa Chautauqua Assembly, at Ottawa, Kansas, fifty-

seven miles from Kansas City, opened June 16 and closed June 26, under the presidency of the Rev. D. C. Milner, D.D., and the superinten-

dency of Dr. J. L. Hurlbut. Although rain had fallen almost incessantly for a month, and continued to fall on eight out of the eleven days of the Assembly, and although those who attend the Assembly live in tents, yet the audiences were nearly as large as during any previous session, and the interest and enthusiasm were like the river, up to high water mark. The program of classes was extensive, consisting of Sunday-school Normal, English Literature, Hebrew, Greek, the English Bible, Primary Teachers, Young People, Children, Little People, Drawing, Vocal Music, Elocution, etc., besides a Ministers' and Church Workers' Institute, conducted by Dr. Geo. P. Hays, and the Woman's Club led by Mrs. Helen A. Beard. The Christian Endeavor and the Epworth League were also recognized in daily meetings. The total daily attendance at the classes was more than twenty-five hundred.

Among the lecturers were Dr. McClintock, J. De Witt Miller, the Rev. Sam P. Jones, Frank Beard, the Hon. Will M. Cumbach, and the Rev. Geo. P. Hays, D. D. The C. L. S. C. held a daily Round Table; and the office on the grounds was in charge of Mrs. M. H. Gardner of Kansas City. Recognition Day was duly observed, with all the forms,—arches, flower misses, processions, camp-fire, and the traditional "ghost procession" in the evening. The Recognition Address was given by the Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, of Omaha, and thirty-eight members of the Class of 1891 received diplomas. The Ottawa Assembly is inferior to no others in its zeal for the Chautauqua idea.

#### PACIFIC GROVE, SAN JOSÉ, THE PACIFIC CALIFORNIA.

Grove Chautauqua Assembly in session from June 24-July 10, was more largely attended than on any previous year. Each morning dawned on a perfectly cloudless California day.

The program published in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for June was fully carried out, and the departments progressed with great satisfaction to teachers and students. Notably the Art Class, under Prof. J. Ivey, was full of animation. The Teacher's Retreat was successfully managed by Prof. W. S. Monroe, this being the first attempt to carry it on at Pacific Grove. Much amusement was given by Dr. P. S. Henson in his humorous lectures, but his Sunday sermon showed him a master in earnest scriptural teachings as well. Dr. Withrow, leader of the Canadian Chautauquans, gave two admirable lectures, and indeed all the lectures and entertainments were excellent, as was the music by the Berkeley University Glee Club. Perhaps the most popularity was gained by Dr. David Jordan, who

told in a plain and severely simple fashion the story of his ascent of the Matterhorn. He also addressed the School of Methods upon the College Curriculum. The Assembly welcomed with delight Dr. Homer B. Sprague. Dr. A. C. Hirst, President of the Pacific Coast C. L. S. C. was greatly missed, but imperative business called him east, and the responsibility thus thrown upon others was met in true Chautauqua spirit.

#### SILVER LAKE, ALL parts of western New YORK.

York were represented Opening Day, July 7, at Silver Lake Assembly. The formal opening services, which took place in the Auditorium at 7:30 p. m., showed splendid preparation and were well received. After the introductory remarks by the Superintendent of Instruction, the Rev. Ward D. Platt, Miss Alice Everett sang several fine selections, followed by the address by the Rev. J. A. Smith.

Large classes patronized the schools of shorthand, penmanship, typewriting, physical culture, and language. Theology and music received much attention.

A lively session characterized the Convention of Sunday-school Workers, presided over by the Rev. Samuel McGerald.

The Silver Lake Local Preachers' Association, of the Genesee Conference, arranged for permanency as an organization with the Rev. L. Myles president, and the Rev. E. W. Sears, secretary.

Among the lecturers were Alice Moore, Dr. Waterbury, Prof. W. L. Sprague, M. J. G. Halaphan, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Losey, the Rev. J. L. Davies, Prof. Fred W. Root, and Prof. Putnam.

The music was rich and varied. Miss Alice Everett's songs were rendered with charming effect, and the three favorite musicians, Signor Guiseppe Vitale, violinist, Signor Panelli, harpist, and the Chevalier de Kontski, deserve special mention.

The elocutionary contest for the Demorest gold medal was a good effort and won great applause, the first prize being awarded to Miss Fanny Boughton.

The business department of the Assembly denotes a wonderful progress.

A bright array of faces was to be seen in the Auditorium at the School Teachers' Convention, where able and eloquent addresses were delivered by Dr. Waterbury and Dr. J. M. Cassidy, Miss May Catton presiding at both morning and afternoon sessions.

The Teachers' Retreat won the approbation of school commissioners and principals; talent and experience were represented in its meetings and a large and attentive audience was present.

## THE LIBRARY TABLE.

### A TRIP FROM LONDON TO EDINBURGH.

*Edinburgh, September 9, 1889.*—Scotland again, and never more beautiful than now! The harvest moon is shining upon the grim old castle, and the bagpipes are playing under my windows to-night. It has been a lovely day. The train rolled out of King's Cross, London, at ten this morning, and it rolled into Waverley, Edinburgh, about seven to-night. The trip by the Great Northern Railway is one of the most interesting journeys that can be made in England.

At first, indeed, the scenery is not striking; but even at first you are whirled past spots of exceptional historic and literary interest—among them the battlefield of Barnet, and the old church and graveyard of Hornsey where Tom Moore buried his little daughter Barbara, and where the venerable poet Samuel Rogers sleeps the last sleep. Soon these are gone, and presently, dashing through a flat country, you get a clear view of Peterborough Cathedral, massive, dark, and splendid, with its graceful cone-shaped pinnacles, its vast square central tower, its lofty spire, and the three great pointed and recessed arches that adorn its west front.

The country is so level that the receding towers of Peterborough remain for a long time in sight, but soon,—as the train speeds through pastures of clover and through fields of green and red and yellow herbage, divided by glimmering hedges and diversified with red-roofed villages and gray church towers,—the land grows hilly, and long white roads are visible, stretching away like bands of silver over the lonely hill-tops. Figures of gleaners are seen scattered through fields whence the harvest has lately been gathered. Sheep are feeding in the pastures, and cattle are couched under fringes of woods. The bright emerald of the sod sparkles with the golden yellow of the colt's-foot, and sometimes the scarlet waves of the poppy come tumbling into the plain like a cataract of fire. Windmills spread their whirling sails upon the summits round about, and over the nestling ivy-clad cottages and over the stately trees, there are great flights of rooks. A gray sky broods above, faintly suffused with sunshine, but there is no glare and no heat, and often the wind is laden with a fragrance of wild flowers and of hay.

It is noon at Grantham, where there is just time enough to see that this is a flourishing city

of red brick houses and fine spacious streets, with a lofty, spired church and far away eastward a high line of hills. Historic Newark is presently reached and passed—a busy, contented town, smiling through the sunshine and mist. In a little while magnificent York bursts upon the view, stately and glorious, under a black sky that is full of driving clouds. The minster stands out like a mountain, and the giant towers rear themselves in solemn majesty—the grandest piece of church architecture in England! The brimming Ouse shines as if it were a stream of liquid ebony. The meadows around the city glow like living emeralds, while the harvest fields are stored and teeming with stacks of golden grain. Great flights of startled doves people the air—as white as snow under the sable fleeces of the driving storm. I had seen York under different guises, but never before under a sky at once so somber and so romantic. . . .

All trace of storm has vanished by this time, and when, after a brief interval of eager expectation, the noble towers of Durham Cathedral sweep into the prospect, that superb monument of ancient devotion, together with all the dark gray shapes of that pictorial city—so magnificently placed, in an abrupt precipitous gorge on both sides of the brimming Weir—are seen under a sky of the softest Italian blue, dappled with white clouds of drifting fleece.

Durham is all too quickly passed—fading away in a landscape sweetly mellowed by a faint blue mist. Then stately rural mansions are seen, half hidden among great trees. Wreaths of smoke curl upward from scattered dwellings all around the circle of the hills. But the scene changes suddenly, as in a theater, and almost in a moment the broad and teeming Tyne blazes beneath the scorching summer sun, and the gray houses of Gateshead and Newcastle fill the picture with life and motion. The waves glance and sparkle—a wide plain and shimmering silver. The stream is alive with shipping. There is movement everywhere, and smoke and industry and traffic—and doubtless noise, though we are on a height and cannot hear it. A busier scene could not be found in all this land, nor one more strikingly representative of the industrial character and interests of England.

After leaving Newcastle we glide past a gentle, winding ravine, thickly wooded on both sides, with a bright stream glancing in its depth.

The sun is sinking now, and over the many-

colored meadows, red and brown and golden and green, the long, thin shadows of the trees slope eastward and softly hint the death of day. The sweet breeze of evening stirs the long grasses, and on many a gray stone house shakes the late pink and yellow roses and makes the ivy tremble.

It is Scotland now, and as we pass through the storied Border we keep the ocean almost constantly in view—losing it for a little while at Dunbar, but finding it again at Drem—till, past the battlefield of Prestonpans and past the quaint villages of Cockenzie and Musselburgh and the villas of Portobello, we come slowly to a pause in the shadow of Arthur's Seat, where the great lion crouches over the glorious city of Edinburgh.—*William Winter.\**

#### A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

"HAS you made out what to do with yourself, Miss Rebecca?"

I can see Columbia now, as she looked when she used to ask me that question, day after day, standing with her dark head sharply silhouetted against the whitewashed wall. She had been given to tears—poor Columbia!—ever since the time when we, who had been accustomed to believe that the universe was our own, had been disabused of that notion.

In those days, something very unjust took place,—we never understood what,—and our pale, sensitive father, who was like a reed shaken in the wind, when the smallest thing went wrong, was broken to the earth, never to rise again. Our invincible stepmother was a widow then with a widow's right to her thirds; but it turned out that the only property my father left to be divided was Dick and Cam and Milly and me.

Contrary to the usual feeling among heirs, my stepmother was magnanimously allowed to keep the whole estate, against which she generously protested. She was not without comfortable means of her own, but these she had carefully managed, not at all with a view to bestowing the results upon Dick and Cam and Milly and me. Her first economy was to dismiss our old Columbia; and after that we wouldn't have been surprised if she had dismissed all the rest of us, for Columbia seemed to belong in our home as much as we did.

Dick and Cam were presently sent to a good school where the poor boys work to pay their expenses, and little Milly was taken by a lady in Worcester. How closely I held her in my arms all the night before she was carried away!

\* *Gray Days and Gold.* New York: Macmillan & Co.

and in the morning her pretty yellow curls were quite wet with my tears.

Then there was only myself, the oldest, left, and as I was seventeen, and was supposed to have had very good advantages, it would be a pity, I thought, if I couldn't take care of myself. Columbia had taken a little hut of a dwelling for herself, and took in washings. I went nearly every day to talk over my prospects with her. There was not the least clamoring for my assistance coming from any quarter whatever, though it had been confidently offered, it seemed to me, from shore to shore of the continent, in almost every capacity of which a young lady could be conceived to make a resource; as a companion; as a teacher of a little music, a little drawing, a good deal of Kensington embroidery, and at length simple reading and spelling; as one who would do various kinds of writing and sewing; who would read aloud to invalids and blind people. Any genteel or respectable mode of attendance upon humanity at large, which would put into market almost any power of a girl's mind or body, was, in effect, hopefully considered, until it seemed as if the Chinese question, the Irish question, the great Future State question, itself, fell into insignificance beside the stupendous inquiry,—*What is to be done with this young woman?*

I sat up nights to devise an answer to it, unaware that the world was studying a similar problem, and even began to write feverish treatises calling the attention of mankind to the fact that the avenues were all closed to a girl who wanted to earn her living, while a boy could sell newspapers and black boots. If all my dumb, struggling passion could have poured itself out, the woman's branch of the sociological question might have found a voice which would have been heard above that of Mr. Henry George.

At length, one day, when I paid my visit to Columbia, I carried something in my pocket which represented my first opportunity; yet it was a very unwelcome one.

She began with the usual formula,—*"I s'pose you hasn't found out anything, Miss Rebecca?"*

*"I've had a situation offered me."*

*"Oh, Miss Rebecca!"* she cried, resting on the corner of the wood-box, as the most available offer of support, and almost turning white with the double emotion of terror at the thought of losing me, and joy at the prospect of some provision for me. *"What kind of an offer is it? What to do?"*

*"To engage in the cheering-up business."*

.....

*"Who's to be cheered up, dear?"*

*"Aunt Maria."*



"The dismallest cretur on this side o' the yarh," she groaned. "But we're all of us what we was cut out to be, I expect," she said, "so I do' know who's to blame. If it's the Lord's work, I know He'll forgive me, though some say He's turrible quick-tempered. But them ain't my views. Hows'ever, I must say yer aunt Maria's sech stuff that I should think He'd be ashamed to own her. An' she ain't real smart neither, for here's a chance to do the thing that seems to be most sot by up above, an' have it said to her, 'I was poor an' needy, an' ye took me in.' She might have done something for her soul an' you too, but she's put on the wrong shoe, an' I reckon 'twill pinch her. Hope so, I declar'!"

We decided that it would be best to try Aunt Maria, or let Aunt Maria try me,—there would be a severe trial on both sides, probably,—and when I went back to Mr. Preston's I was thinking that there might be other openings in the world for the same business, for, said I to myself, if one is really disposed to bring cheer to sad or fretful humanity, it is wonderful how frequent are the opportunities for repeating and resuming the pleasure—or the occupation. One *might* make a business of it.—*Mary Catherine Lee.\**

#### A FRENCH FESTIVAL.

M. DE MONTPENSIER gave a fête this evening in the Parc des Minimes, in the Forest of Vincennes.

It was splendid and delightful. The fête cost the Prince two hundred thousand francs. In the Forest had been erected a multitude of tents borrowed from the Government Repository and French Museum of Arms, some of which were historical.

The tables were laid out under some other tents; there were ample refreshments, and buffets everywhere. The guests, while numbering more than four thousand, were neither crowded nor few and far between. Nowhere was there a crush. There were not enough ladies.

The fête had a splendid military character. Two enormous cannon of the time of Louis XIV. formed the pillars of the entrance. The artillery soldiers of Vincennes had constructed here and there columns of pikes, with pistols for chapters.

The principal avenue of the Park was illuminated with colored glass lamps; one might imagine that the emerald and ruby necklaces of the wood-nymphs were to be seen among the trees. Sap-matches burned in the hedges and

cast their glimmering over the Forest. There were three tall poplar trees illuminated against the dark sky in a fantastic manner which created much surprise. The branches and leaves were wafted in the wind amid a brilliant scenic display of lights.

Along each side of the great avenue was a row of Gothic panoplies from the Artillery Museum; some leaning against the oaks and the lime-trees, others erect and with the visor shut, seated upon dummy studs, with caparisons and coats-of-arms, with trappings and dazzling chamfrons. These steel statues, masked and motionless in the midst of the rejoicings, and covered with flashes and streams of light, had something dazzling and sinister in their appearance. Quadrilles were danced to vocal music. Nothing more charming could be conceived than these youthful voices singing melodies among the trees in soft, deep tones; one might have fancied the guests to be enchanted knights tarrying forever in this wood to listen to the song of fairies.

Everywhere in the trees were suspended colored lanterns, presenting the appearance of luminous oranges. Nothing stranger could be imagined than this illuminated fruit appearing suddenly upon the branches.

From time to time trumpet blasts drowned in triumphant tones the buzz of the festivities.

I think this fête will be remembered; it has left a certain uneasy feeling in my mind. For a fortnight previously it had been talked about. Yesterday, from the Tuileries to the Barrière du Trône, a triple hedge of on-lookers lined the quays, the streets, and the Faubourg Saint-Antoine as the carriages of the guests passed by. At frequent intervals this crowd hurled at the gilded and bedizened passengers in their carriages shouts of disgust and hate. It was like a mist of hatred amid this splendor.

Every one on his return related what had befallen him. Louis Boulanger and Achard had been hooted; the carriage of Tony Johannot had been spat into; mud and dirt had been thrown into the open carriage of General Narvaez. Théophile Gautier, so calm and impassive, so Turk-like in his resignation, was rendered quite thoughtful and gloomy by the occurrence.

It would not seem, however, that this grand display had anything impolitic in it, or that it should have proved unpopular. On the contrary, the Duke de Montpensier, in spending two hundred thousand francs put them in circulation for the benefit of the people; they ought to be gratified.

Well, it is not so. Luxury is necessary to great states and to great civilization, but there

\*In the Cheering-up Business. Boston and New York: Boughton, Mifflin and Company.

are times when the people must not see it.

But what is luxury which is not seen? This is a problem. Magnificence in the background, profusion in obscurity, a display which does not show itself, a splendor which dazzles no one's eyes; is this possible? This must be taken into consideration, however. When the people have luxury paraded before them in days of dearth and distress, their mind, which is that of a child, jumps to a number of conclusions at once; they do not say to themselves that this luxury enables them to get a living, that this luxury is useful to them, that this luxury is necessary to them; they say to themselves that they are suffering, and that these people rejoice; they ask why all these things are not theirs; they examine these things; not by the light of their poverty which requires work and consequently rich people, but by the light of their envy. Do not suppose that they will conclude from that—Well, this will give us so many weeks' wages and so many good days' employment. No; they, too, want not the work, not the wages, but leisure, enjoyment, carriages, horses, lackeys, duchesses! It is not bread they require, but luxury. They stretch out their trembling hands toward these shining realities, which would vanish into thin air if they were to grasp them. The day on which the distress of the many seizes upon the riches of the few, darkness reigns; there is nothing left, nothing for anybody.

This is full of perils. When the crowd looks with these eyes upon the rich, it is not ideas which occupy every mind, it is events.

That which specially irritates the people is the luxury of princes and young men; it is, in fact, only too evident that the first have not experienced the necessity, and that the others have not had the time to earn it. This seems unjust, and exasperates them; they do not reflect that the inequalities of this life prove the equality of the next.

Equilibrium, equity, these are the two aspects of the law of God. He shows us the first aspect in the world of matter and of the body; He will show us the second in the world of souls.—*Victor Hugo.\**

#### THE LAST DESPATCH.

Hurrah! the season's past at last!  
At length we've "done" our pleasure.  
Dear "Pater," if you *only* knew  
How much I've longed for home and you—  
Our own green lawn and leisure!

\* Things Seen. New York: Harper & Brothers.

And then the pets! One half forgets  
The dear dumb friends—in Babel.  
I hope my special fish is fed;—  
I long to see poor Nigra's head  
Pushed at me from the stable!

I long to see the cob and "Rob,"—  
Old Bevis and the collie;  
And *won't* we read in "Traveler's Rest"!  
Home readings after all are best;—  
None else seem half so "jolly!"

One misses your dear kindly store  
Of fancies quaint and funny;  
One misses, too, your kind *bon-mot*;  
The Mayfair wit I mostly know  
Has more of gall than honey!

A change of place would suit my case.  
You'll take me?—on probation?  
As "Lady-help," then let it be;  
I feel (as Lavender shall see),  
That Jams are *my* vocation!

And NO. You know what "*no*" I mean—  
There's no one yet at present:  
The Benedick I have in view  
Must be a something wholly new,—  
One's father's *far* too pleasant.

So hey, I say, for home and you!  
Good-by to Piccadilly;  
Balls, beaux, and Bolton-row, adieu!  
Expect me, Dear, at half-past two;  
Till then,—your Own Fond—MILLY.  
—Austin Dobson.

#### THE MOUNTEBANK AND HIS DOG.

A CERTAIN charlatan, who gained his livelihood by traveling about the country, and exhibiting the tricks of a little dog which he had trained up to his purpose, was one day showing this curious little animal in the public marketplace of the city to a delighted and wondering populace. He made his dog, who was perfectly well taught, display a thousand tricks; all of which he performed with such ready understanding and attention to his master, that he seemed endowed with human intellect. Epictetus the philosopher was among the spectators, and seemed particularly delighted with the amusement. This raised the wonder of those present who knew the dignity of his character; but their wonder ceased when Epictetus, whose peculiar method was to draw excellent morals from the meanest things and most trifling circumstances,

\* At the Sign of the Lyre. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.

exclaimed: "Oh! the glory of knowledge! Oh! the great felicity of the most serene virtues! The only rich patrimony of mankind! Rejoice with me, my good friends, at this instructive sight, which shows the excellence of learning; since you see there that the little knowledge which a man has been able to beat into a dog, is sufficient not only plentifully to maintain his master, but to furnish to him the noblest enjoyment of which a great soul is capable by enabling him to travel through all nations, and see the wonders of nature!"

APPLICATION.—We may perceive by this the importance of a good education, which had been the means of raising a poor little brute to become the admiration of mankind. For notwithstanding that education may not be supposed to add to the original portion of intellect with which nature has at first endowed us, yet it may and certainly does concentrate those powers that we have; like as the lens collects to a focus the scattered rays of light, and brings them to a burning point, which otherwise would be dissipated, and lose all their power. This is chiefly what education can do: it draws to one object the wandering energies of the mind, be they great or small; stores the memory with useful knowledge; fills up that time which otherwise would be wasted in idleness, or what is worse, employed in mischief, directs us to a nice discrimination of right from wrong, fits us for the most enlightened society, and enables us to pass through this difficult life with comfort and reputation.—*James Northcote, R. A.*

#### THE BEAUTY OF THE SKY.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not

producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; . . . but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright, nor good for human nature's daily food"; it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us, is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought. . . .

I fully believe, little as people in general are concerned with art, more of their ideas of sky are derived from pictures than from reality, and that if we could examine the conception formed in the minds of most educated persons when we talk of clouds, it would frequently be found composed of fragments of blue and white reminiscences of the old masters.

If there be one characteristic of the sky more valuable or necessary to be rendered than another, it is that which Wordsworth has given in the second book of the *Excursion*:

"The chasm of sky above my head  
Is Heaven's profoundest azure. No domain,  
For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy,  
Or to pass through;—but rather an *abyss*  
In which the everlasting stars abide,  
And whose soft gloom and boundless depth,  
might tempt  
The curious eye to look for them by day."

And, in his *American Notes*, I remember Dickens notices the same truth, describing himself as lying drowsily on the barge deck, looking not at, but *through* the sky. And if you look intently at the pure blue of a serene sky, you will see that there is a variety and fullness in its very repose. It is not flat, dead color, but a deep, quivering, transparent body of penetrable air, in which you can trace or imagine short, falling spots of deceiving light, and dim shades, faint, veiled vestiges of dark vapor.—*John Ruskin.*

## TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Religious. "What has been done can be done," is the line of argument taken in "Christian Missions in the Nineteenth Century,"\* to prove false the assertion frequently made, that to evangelize the pagan nations is to attempt the impossible. Away back in history it is shown how the Anglo-Saxons and other nations were converted by missionary efforts. Many valuable lessons are also drawn from the teachings of the past as to the best methods of this branch of Christian work. The book is an encouraging one,—especially in that it shows how mistaken and wrong efforts have been overruled for good, and how even the wrath of man has been made to praise God.—A series of lectures delivered to the students of Union Theological Seminary in Bangor on the "Evidence of Christian Experience"† has been published in book form. The task set by the author for himself was that of acting as the interpreter of the best thought of the age in the department of theological investigation. Other systems of religious beliefs are examined, the good in them admitted and commended, and their fallacies pointed out. Granting to the adversaries of Christianity the same rights that he takes himself, he candidly states their objections to the Christian system, and carefully considers and fairly answers them. The work is searching, careful, strong, and sound.—Bishop Foster has ventured into a new field of investigation in his "Philosophy of Christian Experience."‡ Little reference is made in the work to the Bible, the argument being built up on self-consciousness—on the soul itself. His first step is to give clear definitions of the leading terms involved; he then examines the grounds of Christian experience, traces its history, and studies its principles and elements. The clear, keen, sound arguments carry conviction with them, and the author fully realizes his hope to show that Christian experience is capable of rational interpretation and defense.—A thorough search into the question whether the Christian hope rests upon a true foundation is

made in "Credentials of the Gospel."\* Evidence is sought in individual experience and in the outside world; Christianity, other religions, and history are explored; objections are stated and answered. The arguments are forceful, logical, and such as to strengthen faith in the Divine Word, and to enable one the more readily to give a reason for the hope that is in him.

—A book to teach boys to be, not to seem, is "Under the Lantern at Black Rocks."†

Biography. Charles Wallace French's latest history‡ bears for its title the magic name Abraham Lincoln. All the material in hand is admirably arranged to focus its light upon this noble man, whose great achievement in erasing slavery from America gives him a sacred place in history like that of Moses; whose insight and activity in national affairs rank him with the world's greatest rulers, and whose individual life offers a shining example that does not tarnish with time. This favorite theme is handled ably, almost reverently, in a style direct and unobtrusive, sometimes welling forth in conspicuous beauty. The book is one to develop rapidly one's bump of acquisition.

—The history of "Theodoric,"|| an important character in the Story of the Nations, begins at the middle of the fifth century. This "Barbaric Champion of Civilization," born in Pannonia, is an important arbiter in the destiny of Italy. The hero of a series of brilliant exploits, he was the son of Theudemir, one of the chiefs of the Ostrogoths settled on the banks of the Danube. At the age of eight years he was sent as hostage to the court of Constantinople. Finally he established his rule in the whole peninsula of Italy. Under his care, Italy flourished again: in agriculture, industry, literature, and art. The facts are important, are handled vigorously, concretely, and will attract the younger students of history. The trend of events is clearly shown. —In the series *Makers of America*, the volume

\* *Christian Missions in the Nineteenth Century*. By Rev. Elbert S. Todd, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton, Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, 75 cts.

† *The Evidence of Christian Experience*. By Lewis French Stearns. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.00.

‡ *Philosophy of Christian Experience*. By Randolph S. Foster. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, \$1.00.

\* *The Credentials of the Gospel*. By Joseph Agar Beet. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, \$1.00.

† *Under the Lantern at Black Rocks*. By Rev. Edward A. Rand. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, \$1.25.

‡ *Abraham Lincoln*. By Charles Wallace French. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Price, \$1.50.

|| *Theodoric, The Goth*. By Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.50.



entitled "Alexander Hamilton" \* treats its subject politically and socially, considering his career more especially as statesman. The time itself of the events, is an attractive one in the history of the nation, and Alexander Hamilton's great activity, particularly in the evolution at this time of a monetary system out of seeming chaos, gives rise to a consideration of questions many of which are of present importance. The book is of great historical value, and gives a clear insight into affairs which are wont to present themselves as puzzles to the reader.—An important addition to the series *Great Explorers* is an exact and detailed account of the first circumnavigation of the globe given in connection with the biography† of Ferdinand Magellan. This explorer's life is shown to be full of noble adventure and outcome notwithstanding the prejudice which long has made him unpopular in history, and a calm retrospect of events at a time when a more generous public opinion favors fealty to the good of humanity rather than to any one country, bids fair to free his name from any stigma of disloyalty. The author has been so conscientious in giving authorities and so profuse in foot-notes that the main text has rather a dry and choppy effect, though it is new and connected. The work is illustrated and beautifully mapped and indexed.—A charm of writing like that with which Washington Irving imbued his historical works distinguishes Tarducci's "Life of Columbus."‡ The style is at once easy, natural, and graceful. The exhaustive search among all documents—including those of the latest discovery—relating to the discovery of the New World was made with the utmost pains, as the author aimed to refute the charges of imposture made against the great discoverer. His proofs are so strong, his arguments so incontrovertible, as to win a unanimous verdict of acquittal for the accused. At the same time the Italian author is no hero-worshiper; he makes no attempt to represent Columbus as a perfect man. His narrative is a faithful account of the facts of the man's life and times. The translator gives the book to English readers with remarkable preservation of its original tone. The illustrations are phototype reproductions of the paintings of Luigi Gregori.

\* *Alexander Hamilton*. By William Graham Sumner, LL.D. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Company. Price, 75 cts.

† *The Life of Ferdinand Magellan*. By F. H. H. Guille-mard, M.A., M.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Price, \$1.25.

‡ *The Life of Christopher Columbus*. By Francesco Tarducci. Two volumes. Translated by Henry F. Brownson. Detroit: H. F. Brownson, Publisher.

In his novel entitled "One of Our Conquerors,"\* George Meredith expatiates on the comedy of marriage and the tragedy of love when blundering circumstances compel a person to locate love and marriage apart. Reading character deeply, fathoming action, motive, and caprice, the author bandies with the weaknesses and strengths of frail humanity and with the reciprocal evolution of the one from the other. He resembles Thackeray in his mixture of narration with philosophical disquisition; these stand united and harmoniously, too, with the exception of an occasional jar, although they do not pretend to lead together. The book discloses wonderful resource and variety; it is deep in pathos, not wanting in sarcasm, while probes and observations fly fast. In its general effect upon the reader's mind it is one of those bright books which may be defined as one which brightens.—A charming story† of Switzerland is reproduced in a smooth translation from the French. It is a story which pleases by its naïveté, whose scenes are laid and whose characters drawn without exaggeration or weakening of nature, whose atmosphere is fragrant with the breath of rural districts, but which pleases only to disappoint, because it ends without finishing. The reader is rudely parted forever from the friends he has made in the course of the volume.—The interest in "Felicia"‡ begins to thrive in the first chapter and suffers no serious relapse throughout the novel. The love story contains a plenteous sprinkling of fun, more frivolity, and the whole is highly tintured with woe. Deep pathos is reached in describing the existence of the pet of fortune and position who marries an opera tenor. The story gathers force as it progresses and some noble thoughts are impressed. The opposition of one's reality to one's ideal is shown. The general effect is one that is not likely to be soon forgotten.—"An Idyl of War-Times"§ ought to win popularity. It attacks the reader on both the hard and the soft side of his nature, offering the bitterness of war and the sweetness of love in all their intensity; it caters to the covert desire for a wedding as a climax to the story, and yet, by a judicious variety in the fate of the several lovers, saves

\* *One of Our Conquerors*. By George Meredith. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$1.50.

† *A Question of Love: A Story of Switzerland*. From the French of T. Combe. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$1.00.

‡ *Felicia*. By Fannie N. D. Murfree. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, \$1.25.

§ *An Idyl of War-Times*. By Major W. C. Bartlett, U. S. A. New York City: Lew Vanderpoole Publishing Company.

from the satiety which usually shadows the gratification of this wish. Besides pleasant scenery and amiable characters, may be found a lesson of constancy.

**Miscellaneous.** "Adopting an Abandoned Farm"\* is the name of a bright, breezy book full of escapades and amusement, that laughs alternately at city and country people, at good fortune and ill-luck, and provokes a responsive ripple of fun and sarcasm in every reader. It does not pretend to deepness or etherealness; it is a pen caricature of ideal rural life.

A beautiful "Page in the History of the West London Mission" presents the story of the

\*Adopting an Abandoned Farm. By Kate Sanborn. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Price, 50 cts.

†The Atheist Shoemaker. By Hugh Price Hughes, M.A. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, 40 cts.

conversion to Christ of an atheist shoemaker. The account, which is true, is pure and touching, with no attempts at humor or romance and so simply told that a child can read and understand.

Art students will be interested in the new edition of the Art Dictionary,\* which will be found available for all ordinary purposes in regard to the theory and practice of art. Its conciseness enables it to cover a very large field, the definitions considering all terms used in painting, sculpture, architecture, etching, engraving, heraldry, etc. The book is attractive in appearance, printed in good, clear type, and is profusely illustrated. The lucidity and brevity of explanation and the excellent authorities for the information contained render it a reliable reference book.

\*Adeline's Art Dictionary. Translated from the French, and Enlarged. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Price, \$2 25.

## SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR JULY, 1891.

**HOME NEWS.**—July 1. Professor Lebaron Russell Briggs made dean of Harvard College in place of Clement Lawrence Smith, resigned.

July 2. Tornadoes in Iowa and Missouri.—Prince George of Greece entertained at Delmonico's by the Greek residents of New York.

July 3. Railroad accident at Ravenna, Ohio. Nineteen killed and twelve injured.

July 4. Death of Ex-Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin.—Re-union of the Army of the Potomac at Buffalo, N. Y.

July 6. A gift of \$500,000 to the University of Chicago, from the estate of Wm. B. Ogden.

July 7. Convention of Young People's Societies of Baptist Churches in Chicago.—State Teachers' Association opens at Saratoga.

July 9. Opening of the Tenth Annual Convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor in Minneapolis.—Southern Educational Association at Lookout Mountain.

July 11. Program for the dedication of the World's Fair agreed upon.

July 12. Destructive forest fires in Michigan.

July 14. The Afro-American National League meets in Knoxville.

July 15. The opening session of the National Temperance Convention at Saratoga.

July 16. Many people killed in a tornado at West Superior, Wis.

July 17. Much damage done to crops by hailstorms in Minnesota.

July 19. Death of Major-General Kelly.

July 27. Chinese discovered fraudulently entering the port at San Francisco.

**FOREIGN NEWS.**—July 1. Emperor William and party welcomed to Holland by the Queen.—Dominion Day celebrated in Canada.

July 4. Death of William Henry Gladstone, eldest son of the statesman.

July 5. Paris papers urge the abandonment of proceedings against M. de Lesseps.

July 9. The great strike of Belgian miners ends.

July 10. The Emperor and Empress of Germany entertained by the Lord Mayor of London.

July 14. The anniversary of the fall of the Bastille celebrated in Paris and throughout France.—Opening in Toronto of the Annual Convention of the National Educational Association of the United States.

July 17. The English Society of Authors celebrates the adoption of the Copyright Act.

July 19. The Wagnerian Festival at Bayreuth.

July 21. House of Commons votes \$300,000 for the relief of the suffering poor in Ireland.

July 23. World's Fair Commissioners received by Lord Salisbury in London.

July 27. Terrible railroad accident at St. Mandé, France.

July 28. Election of Claudio Vicuna as President of Chili.



# THE LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS OF FLOOD AND VINCENT MAKERS AND PUBLISHERS OF BOOKS AT MEADVILLE PENNSYLVANIA



## The Busy Man's Bible.

By GEORGE W. CABLE. 16 mo, cloth, .75.

This little volume which has for its sub-title "How to Study and Teach It," is a valuable contribution to the literature upon this theme. Mr. Cable's pen is never in the old ruts, and his work in this case is peculiarly helpful and inspiring. Every Bible student should read this book.

It is hoped that this bright and helpful work will have a large circulation.—*National Baptist*.

We wish that the book could be handed about among the Bible-class teachers in every Sunday-school in our land.—*The Golden Rule*.

It is a pleasant example of good sense and a devout spirit applied to the Word of God.—*The Congregationalist*.  
One of the most useful and suggestive of the many publications of The Chautauqua-Century Press.—*Philadelphia Times*.

## Callias: A Tale of the Fall of Athens.

By ALFRED J. CHURCH. 12 mo, 300 pages, cloth, \$1.50. Ready June 1st.

Mr. Church is an Englishman and well-known as a successful writer of historical romances and a popularizer of classical archaeology. His books, "The Story of Carthage," "Three Greek Children," "To the Lions," etc., have been reprinted in this country and obtained a wide sale. *Callias*, undoubtedly the most important of Mr. Church's writings, is printed originally in the United States, direct from the author's manuscript. The novel is intensely interesting; the plot is not subordinated to the historical and biographical matter. The time chosen for the story is the period of the Peloponnesian War and the final subjection of Athens by Sparta and the allies. This volume is sure to take a place in the same rank with the best of Ebers' and Bulwer's historical tales.

## All He Knew.

By JOHN HABBERTON. 12 mo, cloth, \$1.00.

Mr. John Habberton's *All He Knew* gives evidence that the author of "Helen's Babies" has deep sympathy with humanity. The story of a poor cobbler returning from the penitentiary to his village and living up to all he knew—a simple creed learned from the prison chaplain—is told in a straightforward unpretentious fashion which conceals real art.

Its purpose and spirit, and its practical adaption to the great spiritual needs of mankind, are so admirable that it deserves to be read and re-read and circulated widely.—*The Congregationalist*.

This is a religious story of unusual merit, and it cannot be circulated too broadly, for it will be an inspiration to all who read it. The story is cleverly written. The interest begins with the first page and is maintained to the end.—*Central Christian Advocate*.

The author succeeds in holding his reader while he pours into his ear a very telling bit of "moral fiction," which is not lacking in humor.—*The Independent*.

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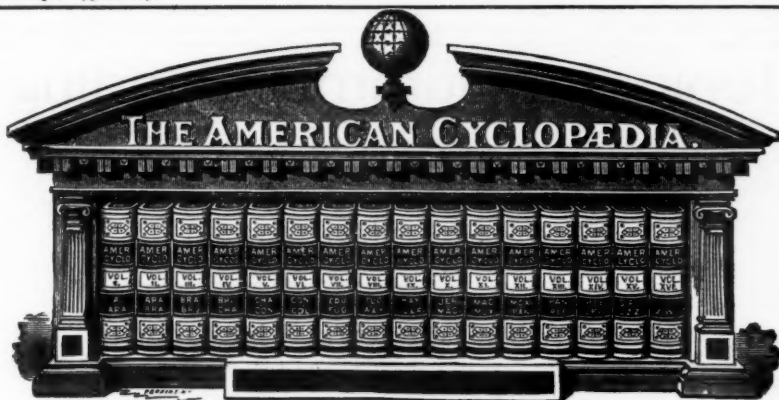
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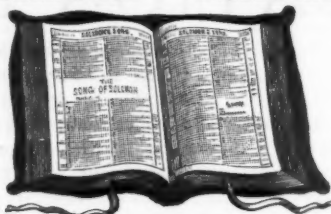
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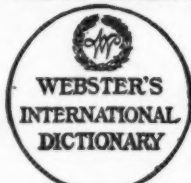
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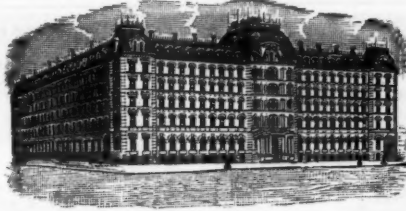
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\* For students wishing a larger life of the author, Forster's Life of Dickens is recommended.

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NOTE.—A fee of twenty-five cents for each one of the above courses, Nos. 1-4, will entitle the student to suggestions by Prof. Beers, and a short memoranda or review sheet on the books of the course. A seal will be awarded for the reading of any three of the short courses and the filling out of the prescribed memoranda. The fee for Course 5 will be fifty cents, entitling the student to the suggestions, memoranda, and seal upon completion of the work.

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And worn mothers and wives—how many such there are! Not worn with age—few of them have reached middle life—but with exhausting work and worry. For the majority, it is impossible to escape these hard conditions; but the means of successfully facing them are within the reach of every one. To sharpen the appetite, aid digestion, enrich and purify the blood, build up the system, and make the weak strong, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best of all medicines. Mary Henrickon, Park street, Ware, Mass., testifies: "For over twelve months I was afflicted with general debility, headache, and loss of appetite, followed by chills. I was scarcely able to drag myself about the house, and no medicine helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Since taking this remedy I have entirely recovered my health and strength."

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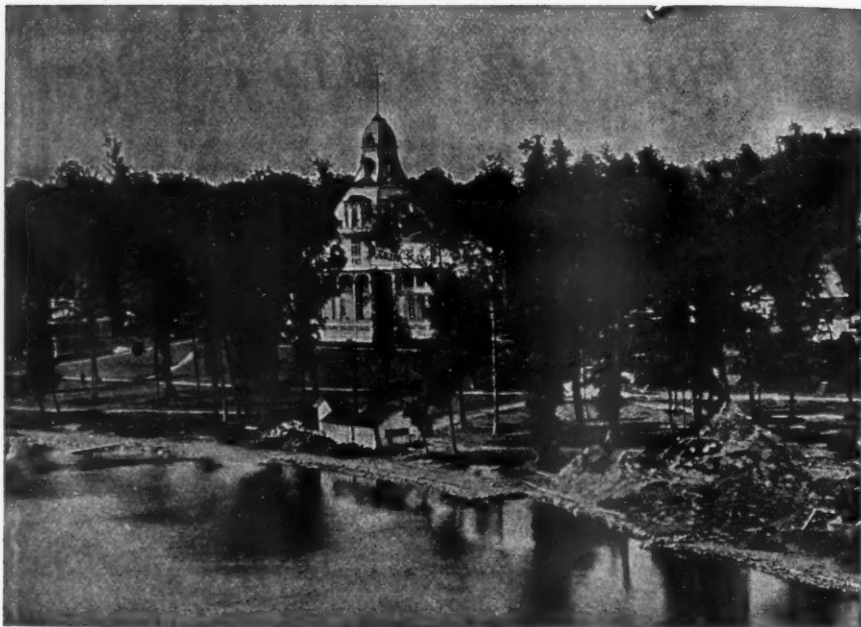
When at Stuttgart, Germany, during the winter 1881-82, I was suffering from a severe attack of Bronchitis, which seemed to threaten Pneumonia. I met, at the Hotel Marquardt, Commander Beardslee, of the United States Navy. In speaking of my sickness, he remarked: "Doctor, you can cure that chest trouble of yours by using an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER." "That may be true," I answered, "but where can I get the plaster?" "Anywhere in the civilized world, and surely here at Stuttgart." Whenever I have a cold, I always use one and find relief." I sent to the drug-store for the plaster, and it did all that my friend had promised. Ever since then I used it whenever suffering from a cold, and I have many times prescribed it for patients.

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This is not a patent remedy in the objectionable sense of that term, but a standard preparation of value. The government supplies for the U. S. Army and Indian Hospital Stores contain ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS, and the medical profession throughout the world are well aware of their reliability and excellence.

I shall always recommend it, not only to break up colds but as useful in allaying pains in the chest and in the back. It is a preparation worthy of general confidence.

*W. Thornton Parker M.D.  
late As Surgeon  
U.S. Army*



SOUTH SHORE AT CHAUTAUQUA—THE ATHENÆUM.

#### PROGRAM NOTES.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's name is a very welcome addition to the list of speakers for 1891.

Dr. Gilbert De La Matyr, of Akron, Ohio, an ex-Congressman and able speaker, will lecture August 21.

The committee of the New York State Grange have arranged with the Hon. Mortimer Whitehead and the Hon. Leonard Rhone as speakers for "Grange Day," July 31.

Dr. J. J. Lafferty, of Richmond, Va., a distinguished and brilliant minister of the M. E. Church South, will preach August 16 in the evening.

The American Sabbath Union will be represented Sunday evening, August 9, by the Rev. Dr. A. W. Ringland, of Duluth, Minnesota.

Dr. J. B. Helwig, of Springfield, Ohio, a prominent Lutheran minister, will deliver the annual address before the Sunday-school Normal Alumni, August 13.

The musical program has been strengthened by the engagement of the Apollo Quartet of Boston and Mrs. Emily R. Newman, contralto, of New York.

Twenty-five of the lecturers of 1891 have never appeared on the Chautauqua platform. Some of the new names are Watterson, McGlynn, MacArthur, Fiske, Dowling, Parker, Bishop Leonard, Woodford, Dewey, Gotheil, Mrs.

Howe, Mrs. Wallace, Miss Dodge, Miss Replier.

Members of the C. L. S. C. Class of '91 will be glad to learn that Mrs. Mary A. Livermore is to give the Recognition Day address before the Class, August 18. Dr. E. E. Hale, one of the Counselors of the Circle, will also be present.

The First American Year of the Chautauqua program will be 1891. There are ten courses of lectures offered in various branches of American History, Politics, Literature, and Scenery. In 1892 and 1893 a similar policy will be pursued.

President Lewis Miller, who in spite of the demands of an immense manufacturing concern, finds time for Chautauqua interests, will continue to conduct "The Assembly," or adult department of the Sunday-school, which meets each Sabbath afternoon for the study of the International Lesson.

The Musical Program promises to be unusually good in 1891. Marie Decca, who sings in concert August 13, will be sure to arouse immense enthusiasm. Her recent tour with the U. S. Marine Band has been a great triumph. Mr. Sherwood, Miss Park, Charles Kellogg, Miss Waltzinger, and the Apollo and Schumann Quartets will combine to make strong and varied programs.

The Detailed Program for 1891 appears in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. See pages 556, 557, 558, 559, 560.

Address for full details, W. A. DUNCAN, Secretary, Chautauqua, N. Y.



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The policy of the Chautauqua management in arranging for a series of American programs in 1891, '92 and '93 will undoubtedly meet with great favor. The plan in

general will include courses of lectures by specialists like John Fiske, F. N. Thorpe, J. B. MacMaster, J. A. Woodburn, popular single addresses by E. E. Hale, J. J. MacLaren and others, and illustrated lectures by M. L. Williston, H. W. Raymond, H. H. Ragan, etc. The illustrations of the Columbian and Revolutionary periods on this and other pages are printed by the courtesy of Prof. Williston. Although the program for 1891 is largely American, its proportion will not be destroyed. There will be the usual discussions of live topics by prominent speakers, dramatic readings of a high order, literary lectures in great variety, and

concerts in which many distinguished artists will take part.



MARIE DECCA.

Hall Wade, soprano and ballad singer, will contribute to the finest musical season Chautauqua has ever enjoyed.

The Chautauqua life aside from the public exercises is in itself delightful and all who are planning to take a summer outing would do well to consider at least what Chautauqua offers simply as a resort. Write for full details to

W. A. DUNCAN, Secretary,

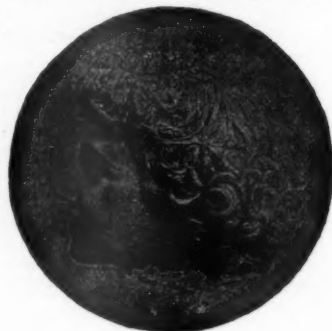
Chautauqua, N. Y.



LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

Miss Marie Decca, prima donna, is unquestionably the finest soprano that has ever been secured for Chautauqua, and her singing is sure to arouse immense enthusiasm. The Schumann Quartet of New York and the Apollo Quartet of Boston are both excellent organizations of established reputation; Mr. W. H. Sherwood, the pianist, is without a peer in the United States; Miss Annie Park the cornetist is an artiste of rare ability; Mr. Charles D. Kellogg the bird warbler and whistler is certainly a marvel.

Other soloists, Mr. Flagler, organist, Miss Waltzinger, soprano, Mrs. Newman, contralto, Mr. Cheney, violinist, Mrs. Jennie



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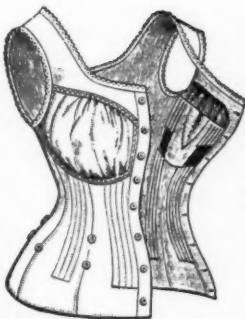
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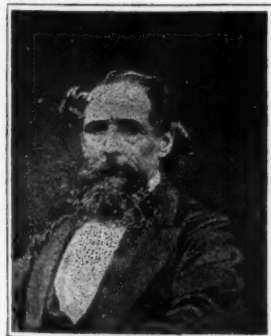
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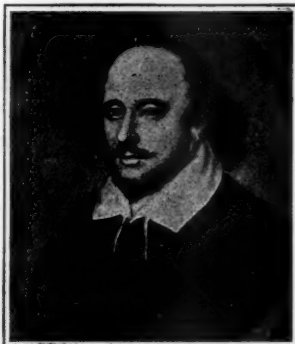
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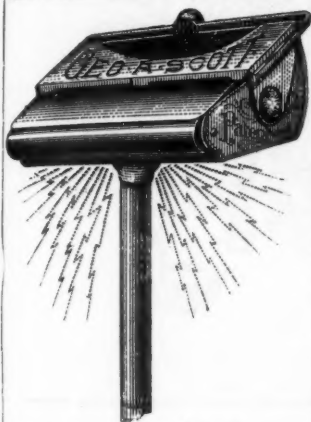
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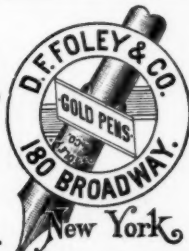
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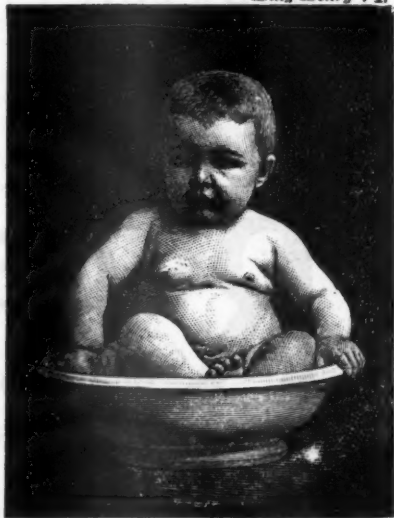
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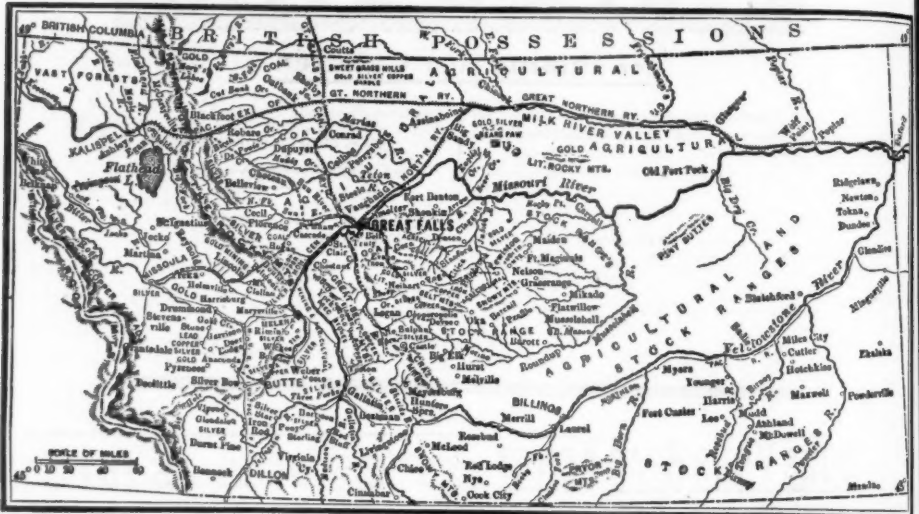
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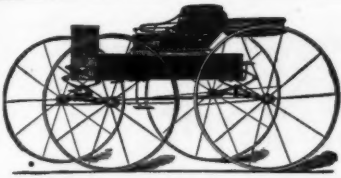
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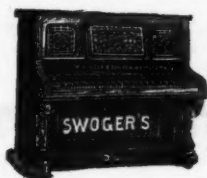
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# THE CHAUTAUQUAN

VOL. XIII.

JULY, 1891.

NO. 4.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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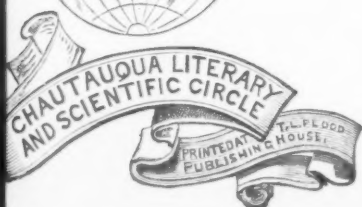
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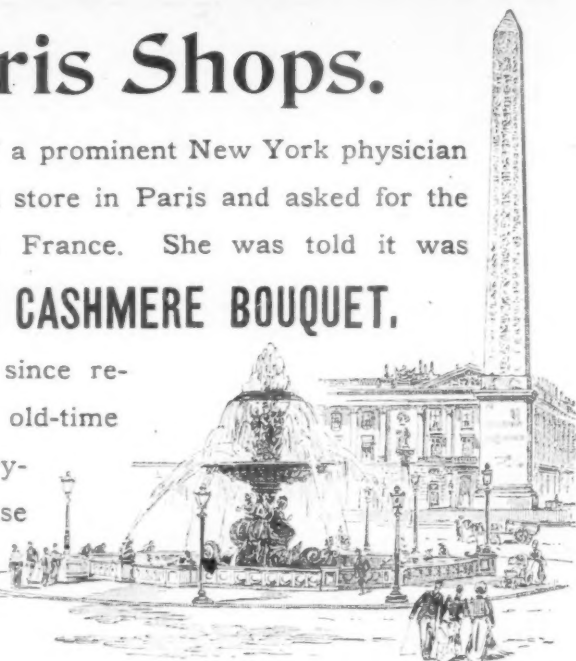
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